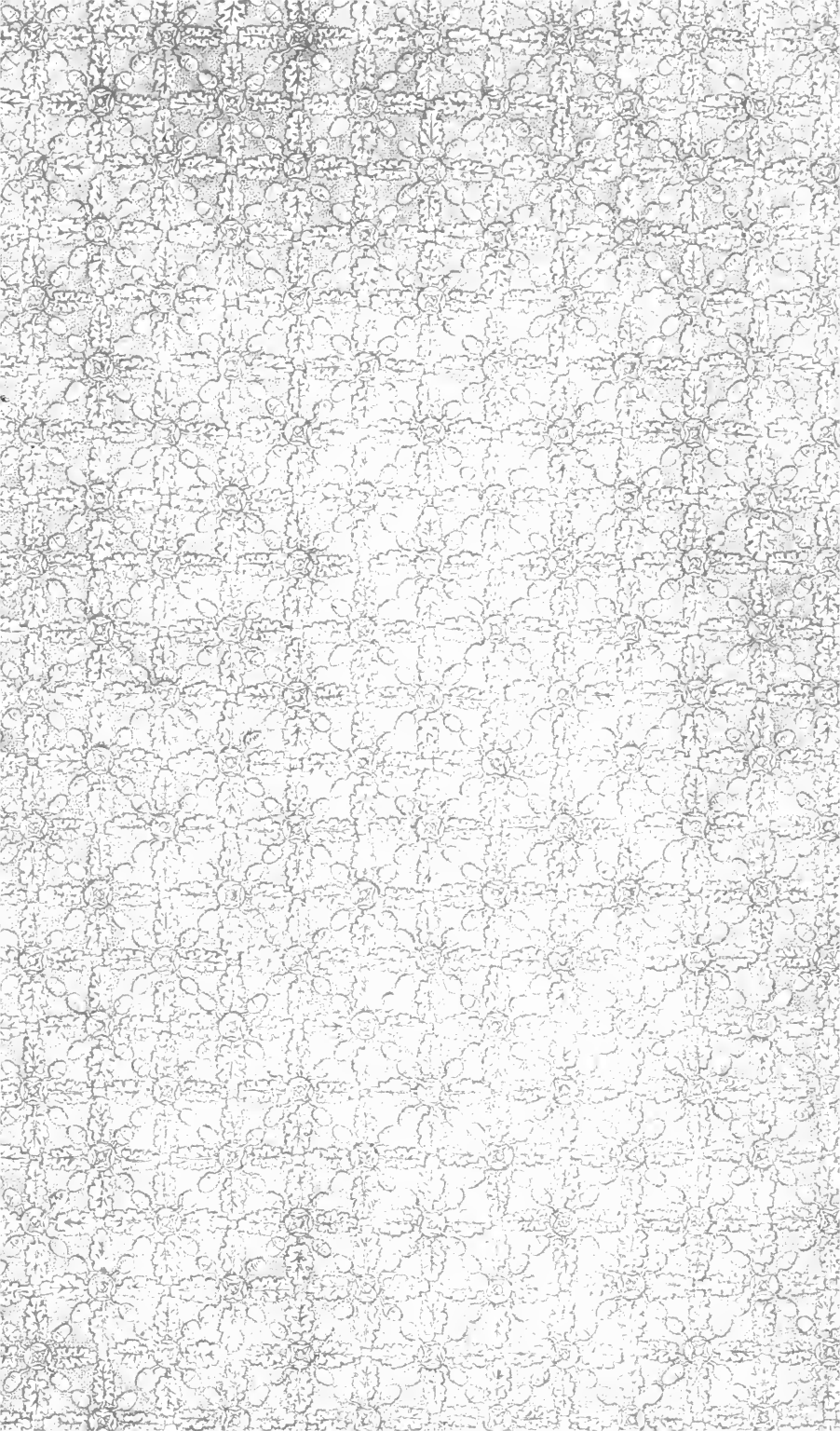


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REMINISCENCES
OF
HALF A CENTURY

BY
WILLIAM GLOVER

AUTHOR OF
"MEMOIRS OF A CAMBRIDGE CHORISTER"

LONDON
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1889

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PREFACE.

ALTHOUGH in this work I have introduced several characters and scenes which appeared in my "Memoirs," I have never taken this course without imparting additional information respecting the persons described or the incidents related.

For instance, G. V. Brooke is, in these later days, sometimes called "*Gustavus Vaughan Brooke*." Now, I submit that this very "change of front" will excite suspicion in the minds of many, and will tend to confirm my statement, concerning which I am perfectly confident.

With regard to that noblest of national pastimes, cricket, I may observe that I suggested to the Marylebone Club, in order to prevent *needless* danger and nervousness, that "each bail should be secured to the middle stump by means of a loose, flexible cord." Lord Harris kindly promised to lay my letter before the Committee; and I sincerely hope that this simple preventive may be ultimately adopted.

On the "leg before wicket" question I published a few comments, which I now reproduce, as the subject is one of special interest to the cricketing world:—

"PROPOSED NEW CRICKET RULES.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER COURIER.'

"SIR,—We used to have a childlike faith in the virtue of umpires. We still hope that they are honest, but we have

seen disputes of late such as were unknown in former times. Thus it behoves us not to increase their already great temptations and responsibilities.

“In addition to these points the new plan would undoubtedly injure that effective part of the noble game, namely, leg hitting, and would lead to ‘drawing,’ snicking, and ‘poking’ at short leg; in fact, converting a long leg fielder in a kind of long slip to the leg.

“Already the bowler has the width of three wickets for the display of his ‘twist,’ and when he attempts a greater curl, the batter ought, I contend, to be allowed to move forward and strike such a ball fairly to leg, as of old, without gaining the painful diploma of L.B.W. Any advantage gained would be equally shared by both sides. No two umpires could say positively how much twist there was on wide leg balls of different pitches; and thus the judges would either be inclined to strain a point or ignore the novel rule.

“If it be really proved that batting has conquered bowling, by all means let the wickets be widened, not raised, for many have a great objection to a high delivery; but in any case leave undisturbed one of the finest points of the game—free, open-shouldered and brilliant leg hitting.

“Yours, &c.,

“W. G.

“February 9, 1883.”

“Sir,—Before this question is decided, will you permit me to add a few observations on the reason why bowling has of late years been conquered by batsmen? I think that it has arisen from a want of variety, not in pitch and pace, but in the art of twisting both from the off and leg. Hence the failure of several bowlers and the success of one or two Australians.

“It is delightful to face bowling which has a uniform twist from the leg; but nothing is more puzzling than an occasional twist from the off, caused by placing the fingers ‘under’ the ball instead of ‘over’ it. If this dual device had been properly cultivated we should not have heard such an outcry against long scores and unsuccessful bowling; and there would have been no demand for the dangerous interference of unwilling umpires. Imagine one of them compelled to dismiss that splendid leg-hitter, George Parr, because a wide leg-ball grazed his pad. You would lose half your interest in the game by such a course.

“If the authorities postponed the question for a time, and if bowlers in the meantime studied the double twist industriously, there would be little need of wider wickets or extra, dubious precautions.

“Another point bowlers would do well to remember is that an excessive twist defeats the object in view, and fails in striking the stumps, on account of the sharp and varied angles caused by long or short-length balls. This may be easily verified by bowling at a stump, even when no batsman is present. A twist from the leg stump to the outer one, or *vice versâ*, is by far the safest and most effective method, and it would soon clear the ground of obstructionist batters.

“Yours, &c.,

“W. G.

“February 15, 1888.”

For my part, I may say that I should, for excellent reasons, rejoice to see the old and salutary rule revived, which limited a bowler’s delivery to the height of his shoulder.

With respect to St. Luke’s organ, I may observe that if the inhabitants knew the value of that instrument they would ascertain from Mr. Hill whether he could restore it, as his father revived St. Olave’s organ, and if so they

would at once provide funds for preserving such a lovely specimen in their neighbourhood. I imagine that the present musical Rector would hail with satisfaction this suggested and very desirable arrangement.

On the subject of a "double-past tense," referred to in my last chapter, I will give the following illustrations, which my readers can compare at their leisure:—

"I should have been glad to have met you, to have investigated the matter."

Now for the Palmerstonian theory:—

"I should have been glad to meet you, in order to investigate the matter."

In my list of publications I quite forgot to mention eight "Meditations" on Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," similar in style to Gounod's "Meditation" on Bach's Prelude.

The "Corsair" and "Meditations" were published by Messrs. R. Cocks and Co.

W. G.

Prestwich, May 14, 1889.

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My two volumes of "Memoirs" passed through the fiery trial of publicity with considerable success, and two or three reviewers were kind enough to say that I should not regret the appearance of my name on the title page.

Naturally, a few suggestions were made by the critics, but these were generally of a considerate and friendly character, in several cases far exceeding my most sanguine expectations.

One writer desired more frequent reference to myself; another hinted that certain personal records might have been omitted. Luckily for me, my book was written without the complicated aid of these meritorious gentlemen, or I might now be stumbling over my first six chapters, bearing upon my shoulders a much advised quadruped.

Seriously, I owe many thanks to our literary prompters for their general courtesy, forbearance, and generous commendations, so liberally bestowed upon my hasty endeavours to combine amusement with useful information.

With regard to the previous title of "Memoirs," I may say that, to prevent further debate on the propriety of this term, I have adopted in the present new volume the desig-

nation of "Reminiscences," although I am aware that various writers have not viewed the word "Memoirs" as exclusively associated with biographical narrations. In dictionaries we find the following definition:—"Mémoir—An account of transactions familiarly written." In French:—"Mémoires—Notes, memoranda."

Croker, in his "Diary," employs the expression—"Mémoire justificatif," and Charles Lever, who knew something of diplomatic language, describes in one of his novels a personage who is observing the timber on an estate, and he resolves to make a "mémoir" of the circumstance.

With respect to Cambridge traditions, I may remark that my mind was stored with local information, derived from various sources, extending over three generations. My grandfather instructed Archbishop Musgrave, and the athletic Mr. Pryor, at Trumpington, and to this ancient tutor Musgrave's father addressed the prophetic words, "My son shall be an archbishop."

Another of my relations saw Marshal Blücher embrace the blushing daughter of the master at Trinity Lodge. Many other instances might be adduced. Having possessed a wonderful memory from the time when I was but four years of age, I was enabled to treasure up a large number of details respecting Cambridge life and the neighbourhood.

I wrote the two volumes of "Memoirs" entirely from memory, without having one scrap of information to guide me, beyond the few extracts of printed matter, taken from my note book.

Trusting that these words will be sufficient for the purpose, I submit this new work to the kind consideration of my readers, venturing to hope, from various echoes which have reached me from independent sources, that my combination of gay and grave discourse has not been entirely ineffectual.

Although I felt deeply interested in portraying the happy experiences of joyous, youthful days, I certainly did not anticipate the kind reception accorded to my "Memoirs," and the tokens of approval which were manifested by independent critics, many of whom were personally unknown to me.

These encouraging symptoms convinced me more than ever that men and women remain, as of old, but children of a larger growth, and that narratives, which refer to an age of boyish and hopeful fairyland, are among the most estimable legacies bequeathed to us by our much-loved former selves.

If readers will graciously persist in demanding "more" from an author, and will make due allowance for the assumption of a youthful style, a writer can but make his politest bow and acquiesce confidently.

During my travels I was particularly struck with the conduct of certain people, called "greybeards" by courtesy; and very eccentric people they are.

Suppose in an unguarded moment you seize your pen and become guilty of "inkshed." I beg pardon for using this old-fashioned term; the correct modern designation of an author is, I believe, that of "paper-stainer."

Well, you stain your paper accordingly, imagining that you have a *carte blanche* from the mystical fairies to relate your youthful recollections with the utmost abandon, and the most confiding ingenuousness. Happy delusion, happy author, and not always unhappy reader, when he scans your most confidential surmisings concerning certain youthful and yet ever present circumstances, embellished as they may be with all the fervour and fancy of a supposed anonymous and irresponsible pen.

Father Greybeard, aforesaid, one not very fine morning espies your cogitations, neatly printed and bound, upon his library table; and he muses considerably upon the strange undertaking —

“Ahem! Rather odd title ; might have invented a better one ; boyish affair, I suppose ; scarcely worth *my* attention ; however, it will probably amuse the children.”

All very prudent and respectable, my dear Father Whitehead, but why do you not repose upon your laurels and avoid such contaminating levity ? Oh, no. That “light” volume is quietly removed, for sound “judicial” reasons, from longing juvenile eyes ; then it is silently placed in a certain capacious pocket, and afterwards diligently perused in a secret chamber. Oh, reverend Greybeard, what a self-convicted varlet art thou ! What a shallow, pretentious philosopher, thus to betray the workings of thine inner man, and thy longings for forbidden boyish luxuries.

But this is not all. A lofty reserve is still for a time maintained, and many friendly hints are conveyed in cautious language, warning you not to offend again in such a juvenile manner. Alas, ere long the patriarchal censor is disarmed. He ignobly turns Queen’s evidence, runs over to the other side, dismisses all his long-matured, manly thoughts ; in fact he becomes a traitor to himself and his carefully delivered judgments, and at last says, with a guilty, half reproachful expression,—“I think you might have given us a little more about your boyhood !” As this sketch is taken from life, I make no apology for introducing it here.

But, oh, most august and greatly dreaded monitor ! How many paper-staining crimes dost thou suggest thereby, when lending thy traitorous aid to such “dangerous” undertakings. As this picture of the sober Whitehead family is not too highly coloured, who shall wonder if scribes are sometimes tempted to paint the scenes of early life with a brush tinged with the glowing colours of vivid imagination, when wandering back to memory’s “scented vase,” where the perfume of roses still pervades the air of enchanted childhood ?

CHAPTER II.

Youth's Midsummer—Theatrical Recollections—Student Actors—Sterne—Madame Vestris and Charles the "Slender"—A Small Theatre—Beards and Wooden Shoes—A Man of Motion—Sterne Electrified—A Factotum—A Century Hater—Brooks and Brooke—A Popular Saying—Another Change of Name—The Family of Alias—"Desert" Roses—Macduffer.

OF all the entrancing memories of youth, none can exceed those which relate to theatrical associations, and thus we naturally revert to the "actors" in "life's young dream," at a certain confident period when all is a perpetual "dreamy midsummer," the result of a joyous compact made between poets, actors, and our willing selves.

We glance back into the past and write, in the present tense, of Cambridge doings fifty years ago.

A special character of that time demands our attention—one Sterne, not your sentimental "journey"-man, but a perfect master of arts peculiar and manifold; in fact, a senior fellow of the Society of Jesus Lane or one of its lateral branches; in other words, the Students' Dramatic Company. Sterne's titles would occupy a space equal to that required by the Iron Duke; I speak, of course, with regard to quantity, not quality. Both heroes, however, had their Spanish châteaux, but Sterne's extensive properties were chiefly those of a theatrical description.

There was a small theatre near the back of "The

Hoops," for thus was the hotel named in former days. I fully believe that a sign of this plural, garland shape adorned the hostelry not far from the time of which I write. I think the prefix of "Back" was attached to the straggling, irregular lane in which the theatre stood.

John Brooks and Sterne were the presiding guardians of the place. Sterne was stage manager, prompter, low comedian, singer of comic songs, dancer of hornpipes, and Sartorial Professor to the Society of Jesus Lane. He dressed on and off the stage in a suit closely befitting a harlequin; not, of course, in snaky green and yellow, but more like the "slender" appearance of the merry monarch of comedy, "Charles the Third," when he timidly asked the captivating Madame Vestris whether there were "bears i' the town," and she replied with much simplicity, "I think there be"; although we admit that an allusion to "starved apothecaries" would have been more appropriate in that very early, and well-remembered scene.

Sterne, however, anticipated Mr. Weller's advice, and avoided all widows, whether of the Wadman or dramatic species. Report said that he was never known to be still, but we know that rumour is prone to excess. For instance, beards were as rare in Cambridge as wooden shoes; hence we infer that either he was mesmerized occasionally during a certain operation, or that he did now and then deviate into comparative repose.

Speaking generally, he appeared to be nothing more nor less than an electrified radish, and ancient residents will confirm my words. He seemed to anticipate the "movement" of the future, and to say convulsively—"Sir, this is an age of motion." Watch him as he strolls through King's on a Sunday evening towards the "Backs" of the Colleges at Eastertide, just to air his new harlequin suit, imitating in this particular an ancient custom of the good Cambridge folks.

He stops for a moment at intervals. I do not say that he can rest and be thankful, but he half pauses, in a jerky, twitchy kind of way, to make assurance sure that gorgeous King's Chapel is still in its place, a joy and delight to every passer by. During this surveying process his head at least remains partially quiescent, or both eyes and brain might become confused; but his other members of the electrical body immediately conspire to seek natural compensation.

His elbows, knees, and ankles telegraph to each other in a snatchy sort of socketless way, as if to inquire: "Cannot we perform a few small capers on our own account, while our 'head' is lost in wonderment?" Of course silence implies consent, and a wriggling, restless, gymnastic performance takes place forthwith. Such was the factotum and teetotum of Cambridge amateur life, and very useful and popular was he for many years, always ready to exercise his multifarious arts, in order to assist his companions or amuse the town.

On the stage, behind the scenes, everywhere, he seemed to have a large stock of superfluous energy always on hand, and only waiting for a kindly call to display his willing services and his inexhaustible resources.

If he is still alive his age must be about one hundred and five. I mention this "fact" with the greater freedom now that a certain inveterate volunteer correspondent of *The Times* cannot conveniently travel post-haste to all parts of the world, investigating registers, provoking parish clerks, disconcerting country clergymen, in order that he may confute the oldest inhabitant, and prove to all the world that he is the best hater of the "century" known to modern times. A man of this persecuting, rummaging disposition would have disputed the traditional law of "Sir Moses" himself, impertinently refusing to grant more than a ninety-nine years' lease to any man, whether of Jewish or Gentile tendencies.

Sterne's twin Spartan ruler of the Dreary Lane Theatre is the young John Brooks, who has not yet assumed the lofty title of Gustavus Vasa. Young Brooks is full of youthful fire and energy. In time he will learn the value of restraint and moderation, but at present he is resolved to "make a noise" in the world, and he acts fully up to his resolution. He will take every position by storm and admit no truce with opponents. He is prepared for all emergencies, whether to out-Richard Richmond, or warn his hearers not to tampt a "dasperate man." At a moment's notice he can swell out with intense dramatic pride, tragically cut off ducal heads, or hiss out withering contempt for Buck-ing-ham. Time will, however, try him in its fiery furnace, separating the gold from the dross, and bringing to light much pure and sterling metal.

One fact was indubitable with regard to young "Gustavus" and his change of name. Youthful, popular sayings bandied from mouth to mouth, often convey more historical information than many parchments.

One of these phrases was certainly current at the time I speak of, and it assumed the following expressive, if not elegant form:—"A little less of the 'Jack,' if you please, and a little more of the Gustavus Vasa."

I have a distinct recollection of this gossiping quotation, and I mention it because I have seen several sketches of the actor, all of which contained no allusion to a fact well known to elderly Cambridge men, namely, his change of name. I could mention another popular performer who afterwards changed his "Cambridge" title.

The companions of Gustavus Vasa were nearly all undergraduates. Their deeds were known to many, and their voices undoubtedly reached to the farthest corners of their Temple of Fame, but for certain prudential reasons their names remained unknown to all who were outside the magic circle.

To judge by the programmes, the dramatic art seemed to be confined to a very few families. Except the noble houses of Brown, Jones, Blank, Dash, and Alias, I cannot give you the name of one scholastic actor, for the life of me.

Even when a powerful representative appeared and made his mark in divers senses, thundering at the gates of victory, the registering trumpeter merely gave a transient blast, and made his passing note of the fact by simply recording "X" against the name of one who would have been immortal but for this "clerical error."

Now a college Roscius would loudly call upon a "super" graduate for a horse, offering in stentorian tones to pledge his pasteboard kingdom merely for the loan of such a very useful quadruped. Now another would call louder still in opposition to that cry. A third performer, terribly in earnest, would alarm his friends and terrify his enemies by eclipsing all competitors, until in a torrent and whirlwind of emotion he seemed to say —

"Lay on, Macduffer;
And blest by the 'gods' be he
Whose lungs are tougher."

CHAPTER III.

The Norwich Company—The Smiths, Father and Son—Gill and Martin—A Jovial Editor—Smith as George the Third—An Expensive Avenue—Martin and Old Time—Among the Weeds—Humility—A Silver Medal—Gill and Martin as Actors—Change of Taste—Gill in Manchester—A Farcical Meal—The Author of *Box and Cox*—A Merry Restoration.

WHAT a stupendous era was it when the Norwich celestials came to town ! What a delirium of expectation seized all hearts ! There was the fine old English gentleman, Father Smith, the sole proprietor of all these gorgeous scenes and dazzling jewels of the stage ; the triumphant leader of this glorious band. He, his son, and the favourite comedians, Gill and Martin, were usually entertained by a certain jovial and hospitable editor. How many aspiring juveniles envied his happy lot ! What a superhuman honour, thought not a few, when gazing in mute astonishment at the brilliantly lighted windows, to be allowed to speak, and sit, and sup with such sublime immortals !

And when the reports of all these grandeurs were confirmed by positive, printed, glowing, undisputed documents, truly it was thought that to one preferred and favoured man the “lines” had fallen in very pleasant places.

At the theatre Father Smith appeared in an enchanted, blissful avenue, his snow-white hair just waving in the

wind. He was dressed like "portly" Mr. Farren, or gracious George the Third, wearing a broad-tailed coat, silk stockings, and silver buckles to his shining shoes. In these days, let me remark, the science of "deportment" was seriously studied and fully understood.

The patriarchal man smiles serenely and affectionately as each embossed presentation card is handed to a courtly official, and with his royal assent the privileged guests pass on to view the glittering "stars" of this poetic firmament. How shall I depict this lengthy, if not lofty corridor? If fancy deceives me not, the walls must have been lined with satin!

A tempter whispers over my shoulder the name of a certain colour used by artists of the broad-brush school, and called by them "liquid white." But surely we are not doomed to lose all our early traditions and dreams of fairy land. No, the instinct of fitness convinces me that Aladdin's entrance hall was lined with satin. Martin was first "Smith's" Prizeman in the Comical Tripes. He remained at a certain age for a very uncertain length of time. In fact he beguiled the Old Mower himself by telling him funny stories and whispering in his ear, "Turn not, Old Time, thine hour-glass," so that when the sandy tell-tales were exhausted, the ancient Scythian was convulsed by another joke, and, like dinnerless Sir Isaac Newton, he vainly supposed that he had done his duty to society by replenishing his glass.

All renowned potentates are not proud. Martin was similarly minded. After cultivating many flowers of fancy upon the stage he volunteered to superintend the "weed" department near the house of Mr. Pryme, M.P. (the noted "economist"), opposite Trinity Church. Notwithstanding Martin's exalted position, he was kind and condescending. He openly stood upon his lofty doorstep free of charge and smiled gratuitously. He gently raised his eyes as if to contemplate the floating rings

which arose from his choice Havanna, and through these mystic circles he surveyed the spire of yonder church with a serenity of expression which fascinated all beholders.

He posed like a veteran upper graduate, affable to all those who came to wonder and remained to pay. In fact he would have spoken to any man above the rank of tax-gatherer. Indeed, he spoke once distinctly when an oblivious "client" presented him with a German silver medal; but a happy allusion to the great "York and Lancaster" match soon restored him to his genial self, and he accepted a sterling Queen's shilling like a genuine patriot.

In this tranquil state of mind he would be at the service of Nabobs, like Wordsworth, in case they should call for a packet of choice Latakia or a prime old Principe cigar, on their way to see *Box and Cox*.

Apart from all this friendly badinage I may say that Martin and Gill were unmistakably born comedians. In their particular walks I have seen no performers more racy and natural. They were also thoroughly at home with their audiences, and were highly esteemed in the oriental counties. Their advent was anticipated by many as a joyous occasion, and nowhere more so than in the old Cambridgeshire town. Long acquaintance had endeared them to their auditors as exponents of a merry department of the art, calculated to produce that old English feeling of genuine hilarity which is now, in a great measure, banished from our national stage.

There seemed to be no effort in their performances, no striving after manufactured results, and, as in the case of good cricket or good art of any kind, their characters appeared, as it were, to play of themselves without betraying any of those vain attempts in the "art of concealing art" which are so often evident in actors more generally known. Too many of our modern artists appear to have one eye anxiously fixed upon their audience and the other directed to the "business" of the piece.

The previous flattering remarks are not merely the remnants of boyish enthusiasm. Many years later I saw Gill at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. He was then long past his prime, and appeared to be somewhat doubtful of his audience in a district unknown to him; we therefore missed something of the fresh, unrestrained, rollicking fun which had been so joyously manifested in former times. But the old fire of comic talent still lay smouldering within, and he only needed time and a fuller acquaintance with his novel position in order to reproduce the old mirth-provoking effects, which are nothing if they are not perfectly free and spontaneous. Oddly enough his old chief's son, the younger Smith, was stage-manager in Manchester. Doubtless Gill obtained many tidings of his old companions, several of whom were much esteemed in the north. For some unexplained reason Gill did not remain long in his new position, and he therefore had not the necessary opportunities for displaying his talent and winning his way to popular favour. Another point to be considered is the fact that even at that period the once popular form of broad comedy was threatened by the modern deluge of burlesques and farcical pieces, as though our younger playgoers desired to dine, tea, and sup on a series of courses nearly all of one flavour, instead of partaking first of the more substantial roast beef of old England, and concluding the festival with hearty merriment and harmless jocularity.

When we reflect that for one man who could write a sparkling, popular farce, there were twenty who could produce tolerable dramas and burlesques, it is not to our honour that one who has amused and delighted so many thousands, from the monarch to the peasant, should find no convenient market for his theatrical wares, but on the contrary should be compelled to publish them on his own account, and indirectly solicit that support and encouragement which ought to have been voluntarily offered without delay by a discerning and grateful public.

Surely these facts will not be lost sight of by wealthy patrons, whose duty it is to reward talent in every branch of an innocent and diverting art. We may hope that, before it is too late, the witty author of the famous *Box and Cox* will receive tangible evidence of popular appreciation and regard, in accordance with the habits of Englishmen when a liberal course of action is clearly pointed out. [These words were written two years ago.]

Let us hope soon to see our old theatrical customs resuscitated, in order that we may once more enjoy an elevating, intellectual banquet suggestive of goodly deeds and lofty thoughts, while we provide, at the close, a lighter entertainment suitable for the young and gay.

Doubtless these sentiments will be cheerfully echoed by a large number of our readers —

“ Let wild burlesque
And tedious fooling cease ;
But reinstate our play
And jovial after-piece.”

CHAPTER IV.

The Stage Coachman—A Benefactor to Cambridge—An Ode
“Improved”—A Dramatic Apothecary—The Local Kemble
—A Hospitable Shylock—His Open Table—Brandy and
Salt—A Fair Solution—A Nautical Comedian—Youthful
Hopes.

SEVERAL local amateurs displayed considerable talent at Cambridge. Foremost among them was the noted “stage coachman” alluded to in my early pages. As a graceful and gentlemanly lover he invariably won the hearts of his audience as well as those of his theatrical heroines. In fact, in this polite branch of the art a clever and refined amateur often equals if he does not exceed in genuine effect the efforts of regular practitioners, and I have no doubt that a vacancy of this kind is one which a manager often finds it most difficult to fill.

Certainly our hero appeared to have been “coached” with no ordinary care, and it was evident that, in addition to the benefits of needful instruction, he combined a natural taste for the art with that mysterious something which is not to be imparted by teachers. I believe that he was a benefactor to the Cambridge Free Library.

In his case both preceptor and pupil were abundantly gratified; his insinuating manners triumphed over all our visitors, from the fair Helen downwards; and, as usual,

when both lovers advanced to the front and claimed with radiant faces the applause of a delighted audience, we were reminded by the wags of a certain ode, "improved" for the occasion :—

"Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both take half a crown ;
She raised a mortal to the skies,
He brought an angel down "

—by the London coach.

We could also boast of our local Keans, Kembles, and Keeleys at a time when journeys to London were tedious and indoor amusements were not too plentiful. Several of the amateurs lived near the old "Round Church." The Cambridge Kemble was a very sedate and contemplative apothecary, not by any means lean and pantaloonly, but on the contrary weighty, lofty, and reserved, like the exalted John of Metropolitan renown. More discreet than Sir Charles Coldstream, he was never known to betray his sympathetic weakness by "laughing three times distinctly" during a banquet. Certainly not.

This "able druggist" was anything but a comic man, I assure you. No mirthful allusions ever disturbed his views of life, whether on or off the stage. In the character of Hamlet his dress was sable black, his diction deliberately severe, and he would have scorned Goethe's notion that Hamlet's locks should be of a flaxen hue. No. All must be dark and sombre, even to his tresses. Although he was a willing imitator of glorious John, depend upon it the Cambridge scholar was never tempted by an elephant, white or black, to take an early ride in the Strand, as the great master once did. Proctors and fates forbid all such profanities in a university town.

When, with a stately wave of his uplifted hand, he unprofessionally threw all physic to the dogs for an hour or two, and thought of loftier themes, he seemed to charm

and win over to himself many lovers of the sublime and serious.

The second member of the Round Church party was a man with dark, shaggy eyebrows, and a stern, tragical countenance, well known to old inhabitants. He was a truly hospitable man. His extensive table was open daily to visitors. No entrance fee was needed, but a collection was generally made from departing guests. His armorial bearings consisted of three balls, ivory, and a wand significant. Lively young students remarked that the delightful "music of the spheres" became in time a somewhat expensive indulgence, and that the odds were generally two to one in the proprietor's favour.

In a town where the regular dramatic season was not of long duration, volunteer actors were duly honoured and appreciated, and this president of the board of green cloth achieved many noted triumphs. In sober earnest he was the best amateur Shylock seen in Cambridge for many years. His acting was characterized by considerable force and an absence of melodramatic display. In proof of this I may mention that he did *not* sharpen his deadly weapon upon his slipper in an ostentatious manner.

A third member of the stage-struck party was a connoisseur in cabinets and other costly ornaments. During the day he appeared to be often dull, after the manner of many famous comedians, but in the evening he atoned for all shortcomings and especially charmed the youngsters with his musical poems. One of these inspirations was entitled "Brandy and Salt," and his treatment of the subject was particularly effective, as he confidentially informed his admirers that he had procured from his chemical friend a dispensing order, which enabled him to precipitate the difficulty by what is technically termed among the faculty a solution of incongruity.

It was surmised that he had once been partially rocked in the celebrated cradle of the deep, as on another occasion

he assured us in his most powerful “accents” that he “first took tea in the har-harbour,” or, as we inferred, commenced his career as a very young waterman.

Such were some of the entertainments provided for us in bygone days, when life was bright and confident, when all the scenes, theatrical or real, were tinged with the colours of hope and sanguine expectation, and when the chief object of existence seemed to be to promote fun and frolic of every kind, and seize, while opportunity remained, the present joys of recreation and youthful merriment.

CHAPTER V.

Dramatic Expedients—Mr. Sims Reeves—His Opinion of Wagner—Mozart—Mr. Reeves in Glasgow—Harry Bertram sings “Tom Bowling”—Gounod on Wagner—Legitimate “Engines”—Verdi at Home—His Home—Billiard-Room—Love of Animals—His Daily Habits.

WHEN we chance to read or relate theatrical anecdotes, fictions and facts often appear to be marvellously inter-mixed. Several incidents in my “Memoirs” concerning the Cambridge Theatre probably appeared to the reader more like burlesque than positive reality; they were, however, founded on fact. I could have easily extended my number of illustrations by referring to more than one popular performer.

An extract from a recent number of the *Glasgow News* will convey to the reader a notion of the shifts and expedients actually resorted to on the stage, and will, perhaps, convince him that a momentary invention of the brain, traced by the lightest pen, could scarcely exceed the concluding paragraph in skilful comicality. The introductory remarks are worthy of serious attention, as they proceed from an artist who knows well how to distinguish between pure melodious talent and efforts of a more obstreperous nature.

“‘I don’t think,’ said Mr. Sims Reeves, lighting another cigarette the while, and bending forward to his hearer, ‘I

don't think that German opera is likely to take any place in England. As for Wagner's music, it is simply killing. No singer of any prudence would attempt it. Two years' constant singing of Wagner's music would do more harm to the voice than ten years' of any other.

“‘When you sing in a Wagnerian opera you have to shout as if you were hailing a ship in a storm, or the orchestra will drown your voice. The only Wagnerian music suitable for vocalization is to be found in *Lohengrin* and *The Flying Dutchman*, and these are his only operas which will keep the stage.

“‘It is quite different with Mozart. Mozart's music is vocally perfect. There has never been anything like it. It is pure and clear, and, beyond measure, free from any trick or effect. He studied so long in Italy that he learned to adapt his music to the pitch and tone of the human voice, and to anyone learning how to sing, I would say, “Study Mozart.” Constant practice in his music will surely lead to purity of style.

“‘I think your theory on singing for effect very correct,’ said Mr. Reeves, in answer to our representative's leading question. ‘There is nothing viler than the habit which too many singers have of accentuating the last lines of a song out of all proportion to their importance, in the hope of receiving the applause of the uneducated audience, and being recalled for a most offensive and inartistic blunder. The practice has its corresponding vice on the stage when some robustious actor strides to a door, and, striking it forcibly open, departs mouthing a tag. No singer who loved his profession would do such a thing. . . . This visit to Glasgow,’ he said, ‘is purely the repayment of an old debt. I had disappointed Mr. Charles some time ago, and promised to come to his house at the first opportunity. I am sure I don't know how we will get on, but I am hopeful. I bring with me some of the people who played with me at Liverpool, and I am told a number of

local singers have been engaged for the chorus. My own conductor comes, and he will make it his business to see that he gets all the available talent for the orchestra. I haven't been in the theatre myself, but I am glad to hear your description of it. I was afraid it might have had a pit with an overhanging roof, and you know if the people can't hear they are always dissatisfied. Of course, the audience will be different from that at a St. Andrew's Hall gathering. I suppose I must lay on the colours with a large brush—one must always do so in a theatre.

“ ‘Certainly my programme sounds ridiculous. Fancy me, as Harry Bertram, singing “Tom Bowling.” It is brought about in this way: Dandie Dinmont is sitting with me at table, and when I won't eat, he says, “Well, if you won't eat, give us a song,” and I get up and sing “Tom Bowling.” It's very funny, but then the public want to hear me sing “Tom Bowling,” and they must have their way.’ ”

We perceive from the foregoing extract that the unexpected often happens on the stage, with regard to programmes and quaint interpolations.

Although Mr. Reeves is fully competent to offer an opinion, it might be objected that he viewed the subject from the standpoint of a vocalist. We can, however, demonstrate that he is supported by an excellent composer, M. Gounod, who, like Mendelssohn, produced his effects by perfectly legitimate means, and consequently we venture to think that his pure combination of melody and harmony will outlive many compositions which have attracted for a time a much greater degree of attention.

“ ‘When Wagner lived in Paris,’ said M. Gounod, ‘and things were going on rather badly with him, he complained to me that he could not get his operas produced. I advised him to begin by having the best things from them first played at a concert, and, as far as lay in my power, assisted him in doing so. The concert proved a success; at the

time, he was thankful to me. How he treated me afterwards, you know. But, believe me, that could never make me less capable of seeing his merits as a musician! With Wagner, the man must be separated from the artist, although—'

"He did not complete the sentence, but simply made a movement with his hand, which struck me as signifying that he could, if he chose, say a good deal more on the subject.

"I took the liberty of observing that Wagner's works were now played at nearly all Paris concerts, and inquired whether, taking into consideration the character of the French people, their artistic proclivities, and their tastes, Gounod believed there was a future for Wagner's music in France.

" 'They play Wagner,' he replied, 'and it is right that what is beautiful and imperishable in his works should be played. But I hardly think his music will be permanently at home in France.'

"He then added almost solemnly: 'On the contrary, I feel that the time will soon come when everyone will be tired of these musical sophists and phrasemongers who are incessantly striving to transform human pleasure and enjoyment into suffering. The object of music is to render men happy, not to make them sad and increase their pain and gloom.

" 'Whether Wagner wished it or not, his music has been the umbrella, the torn umbrella, under which the knights of the high order of humbug have tried to find shelter from the coming storm of disfavour. A gust of wind will sweep them away; and what is fair, noble, and beautiful will then shine all the more brightly in the sun.'"—*Musical Opinion.*

Here is an interesting little sketch of another popular composer, Signor Verdi. Many opinions have been expressed concerning his talents, and for a long time he met

with much opposition ; but his undoubted dramatic gifts and his flowing strains of melody ultimately won the hearts of the many, and he enjoyed in due time a large share of approbation and undoubted popularity.

“ His favourite residence is his country seat at Busseta. It is at a considerable distance from any railroad station, and situated in the midst of a wild and desolate landscape. A lofty wall (and, if I understand my informant aright, a triple row of walls) surrounds the grounds, which are of great extent. The house is further guarded by two enormous dogs of the famous Pyrennean breed, which are Verdi's great pets and constant companions.

“ The porter has orders to admit no visitors except those who come by special invitation from the master of the house, so that often a distinguished personage will make his way out to this guarded castle only to be met by the information that its master was away from home. ‘ But can we not see the house ? ’ is the next query. ‘ Impossible ; we have not got the keys.’

“ Verdi meanwhile is promenading with his dogs, delighting in his immunity from intrusion. The house itself is of immense size, and the rooms are of proportionate extent, with very lofty ceilings. There is a fine billiard-room on the first floor, (Verdi is very fond of the game), and a music-room of exceptionally fine acoustic properties, a series of drawing-rooms, and finally the guarded sanctum that no one dares to approach—namely, Verdi's study.

“ There he shuts himself up for hours every day, and sometimes for days together, only emerging to eat and sleep. He does very little of the latter, seldom retiring before midnight and always rising at half-past five, both in winter and summer.”

CHAPTER VI.

Westminster Abbey Festivals—Dates—Old and New Style—
Handel's House in London—Edgeware and Canons—Pope's
Essay—Handel as a Church Organist—Paganini—His
Marvellous Powers—Travels—Character—Liszt's Opinion of
Him—Vienna—Homes of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven—
Musical Pitch—English, French, and Italian Standards.

IN reference to my former dates respecting the great Westminster Abbey festivals, I mentioned the years 1784 and 1834. Many readers would be surprised that these statements were not verified by a corresponding date of 1884. A quotation from *Musical Opinion* will explain the apparent discrepancy. A few additional particulars concerning the great German composer and his appreciative friends will doubtless be acceptable.

In addition to the festival of 1784, others were instituted for several succeeding years, so great was the interest excited by the first performance, which was on a scale unprecedented at that early period.

“Amateurs of music know that the bicentenary of Handel's birth takes place on February 23rd, 1885. Many writers hold that he was born in the year 1684, while others maintain that 1685 is the correct date. The variety of statements can, however, be reconciled when it is remembered that at that time and for many years later

it was the custom to reckon by different styles, the old and the new; to date all transactions occurring in the months before March 25th as belonging to the old year. This was the old style. Others dated the new year from January 1st, as at present. This was the new style.

“To reconcile both parties and to make matters clear to all, events which happened during the three overlapping months in the year were indicated by a double date. Therefore Handel's birth would be chronicled by one party as having occurred in the year 1684, by another in 1685, and by those who desired to be accommodating as in 1684-5.

“The house in Brook Street, Hanover Square, where he lived during the last years of his life, and where he breathed his last, is still standing, and is often made the point of a pilgrimage. The interior of the house has been necessarily changed, and is in private occupation. The exterior is nearly the same as it was 125 years ago, when the great and noble spirit of the master left its earthly tenement. [Surely a “tablet” should be provided.]

“There is another congenial shrine full of interest for the Handel worshipper within nine miles of London, in a village fraught with many memories of the great master, which is well worth a visit. This is the Church of Edgware, otherwise Little Stanmore. It was re-built and decorated by the Duke of Chandos as a fitting appendage to his palace and park of Canons.

“Residence and church are satirically but graphically described in Pope's ‘Epistle on False Taste.’ There are few traces of the original characteristics of the residence, but time has respected the little church, consecrated in an antiquarian as well as in a religious point of view, and here, with Pope's essay in hand, the visitor can contemplate the frescoes of Verrio and Laguerre, and decide for himself as to the *quantum* of truth lying beneath a film of satire.

“Whatever controversy may be raised as to the taste of the mural designs, there can be none as to the merit of the organ. In the memory of living persons this interesting *souvenir* remained precisely as when Handel accompanied the morning and evening services during his tenure of the post of organist for three years, about 1720.”

Many readers, probably, recollect my expression of an earnest wish in my “Memoirs” that the compositions of Paganini could be rescued from seclusion and presented to the public, in order that a few of our greatest performers might allow us to judge of their extraordinary merit.

Here is an estimate of the great Italian’s performances by that wonderful pianist, the world-renowned Liszt. The glowing account is written with all his accustomed fervour and earnestness of purpose.

“The flame of Paganini’s life is extinguished, and with it one of those mighty breathings of Nature, for which she appears to rouse herself, only to re-inspire it immediately. With it has vanished a marvellous apparition, such as the whole compass of art has seen but once—this great and marvellous occasion.

“The height of this unsurpassable and unattainable genius excludes all imitation. No one will ever tread in his footsteps; no fame stands on equal ground beside his reputation; his name will be breathed without a compeer.

“Where is there an artist life which, in so high a degree, can point to so shadowless a sunshine of glory, to so kingly a name accorded him by universal judgment, to so infinite a chasm as that which the verdict of mankind has opened between him and all competitors?

“When Paganini, already forty years old, came before the public with a talent that had reached the highest point of all attainable perfection, the world wondered at him as at a supernatural appearance. The sensation

which he excited was so tempestuous, his power over the imagination so mighty, that it could not be kept within the limits of reality.

“There arose tales of the sorcerer’s art, and spectres of the middle ages. They sought to unite the wonders of his playing with the past; they would explain his inexplicable genius by inexplicable facts, and almost came to the conclusion that he had sold his soul to the evil one, and that the fourth string, from which he elicited such enchanting melodies, was the intestines of his wife, whom he had killed with his own hand.

“He travelled through all Europe. The multitude, allured and enchanted by his playing, strewed gold at his feet, and sought to bestow the fairest reward on artists distinguishing themselves on their instruments by baptizing them after his name. There were now Paganinis of the piano, of the counterbass, of the guitar. The violinists racked their brains to find out his secret. In the sweat of their brow they laboured through the difficulties which he had created in play, and with which they only extorted a pitying smile from the public, while they could not even enjoy the satisfaction of hearing their names mentioned in the world of art.

“Thus Paganini’s ambition, if he possessed any, enjoyed the rare happiness of drinking in the air of unattainable heights, disturbed by no injustice, disquieted by no indifference. His sunset in the grave was not even darkened by the grievous shadow of an heir to his glory.

“Who will believe it without having been a witness of the same? This talent to which the world gave so lavishly what it often denies to greatness—fame and riches; this man before whom they shouted so enthusiastically, passed by the multitude without associating with them. No one knew the sentiments which moved his heart; the golden ray of his life gilded no other existence; no communion of thought and feeling bound him to his brethren. He

remained a stranger to every affection, to every passion, a stranger even to his own genius—for what is genius else than a priestly power, revealing God to the human mind? And Paganini's god has never been other than his own gloomy, mournful self."

Vienna is associated with the names of several of the world's greatest musicians; among others, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Whether we wander by Byron's Pool and think of the gifted, erring man, or glance up at rooms once occupied by the immortal Newton, or fly on the wings of imagination to far distant lands, the dwellings of mighty men, their walks, and ways, and daily doings will ever command our deepest interest, and create within us the liveliest emotion. Here is a little "photograph" illustrative of such a theme:—

"Vienna is interesting in its connection with the great musicians, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Schubert, etc., and it will be interesting to musical readers to know that Haydn's house in Haydn Gasse, Mariahilfer, which he bought after the sale of his great works, *The Creation* and *The Seasons*; Beethoven's house or rooms on the second floor in the Schwarzpanier Haus, behind the Notiv Kirsch; and Schubert's house in No. 6, Weiden Kettenbrückengasse, are still standing.

"Mozart's house was pulled down when the fortifications of Vienna were dismantled. The two rooms occupied by Beethoven are one large sitting-room and a bedroom where he died, on the second floor of the Schwarzpanier Haus. He had very little furniture; a chest containing his small savings (including the £100 sent to him by the Philharmonic Society for a new symphony), a few chairs, a table, and the piano presented to him by Messrs. Broadwood and Co.

"He died during the raging of a violent thunderstorm, and on the day of his funeral it is stated that thirty thousand people collected near his residence.

“About four miles from Vienna is the pretty village of Heilingastadt ur Döbling, in the midst of farms and vineyards; and close to the village is Beethoven’s favourite walk, a narrow lane sheltered with trees and bordered by a brook, but very secluded, and at the end of which is a summer-house, where the great man used to rest himself. It contains a small bust of Beethoven. It is supposed that this beautiful spot suggested the idea of the Rivulet movement in the Pastoral Symphony.”

A great step towards determining a question which, for many years past, has troubled the world of harmony in England, has, the *Standard* considers, just been taken by the highest authority in the realm. The Queen has ordered that the pitch to be adopted by her private band shall be henceforth the so-called *diapason normal* of France.

To a considerable proportion of Her Majesty’s subjects this command will not, perhaps, be quite intelligible. But everyone will understand that a great amount of inconvenience must be caused by the absence of any general understanding as to what should be the corresponding sound of any given musical note.

In France each note of the musical scale has its fixed value; in England three standards are recognized. The lowest of the three is the *diapason normal*, as prescribed by law in France; the intermediate one is that of the Society of Arts, borrowed—it would be difficult to say why—from Stuttgart; while the third, and highest, called “concert pitch,” is that of the Philharmonic Society of London—originally introduced, or at least maintained, by the late Sir Michael Costa.

Our different diapasons are by no means in accord as to the particular sound denoted by A, B, or C; and the note which, according to the Philharmonic diapason, or Costa diapason, as it might well be called, is C,

would, according to the standard of the *diapason normal*, be C sharp.

The Stuttgart diapason, as adopted theoretically by the Society of Arts, may be put aside; and we thus find ourselves in the presence of so many English orchestras which give the name of C to a particular musical sound, called by other English orchestras C sharp.

The truth is that that pitch has been rising ever since Handel's time. The "normal" diapason gives a middle C with 522 vibrations per second, and, as we have seen, the Philharmonic concert pitch is much higher. Seventy years ago this same society had a C with but 515 vibrations.

Mr Hullah proposed to go back to 512, but Handel's tuning-fork gives no more than 495. From this anomalous condition of things follow all kinds of awkward results. The wind instruments, for instance, which suit one orchestra will not suit another, and there is often a notable disagreement between the pitch of the operatic orchestra and that of the military band on the stage.

Singers, too, suffer greatly from having to sing (as frequently happens) half a note higher in England than they have been in the habit of singing in France, Italy, and other countries, where the *diapason normal* has been adopted. In taking the step she has Her Majesty has rendered an important service to art in England.

In connection with the subject of musical pitch I venture to reiterate my hope that an improved scale for our various keyed instruments will also engage the attention of all those who wish well to the art, and desire to approach perfection of intonation as nearly as possible.

CHAPTER VII.

Peculiar Organ Machinery—Canterbury, Panoptican, American, and other Organs—Mr. J. K. Pyne's Lectures—Ancient Organs—The Puritans—Father Smith—Position of Organs—St. Luke's, Cheetham—Elevated Organs—Harpsichords—Virginal and Spinet—A Remarkable Stop—Old and New Epochs—Walmisley's Position—His Composure—An Inexhaustible Student.

MR. ARCHER, who has so often displayed the powers of the large organ at the Alexandra Palace, furnishes several interesting particulars concerning peculiar instruments and the ingenious devices resorted to by amateurs and builders in various parts of the world.

“The position of organs also sometimes presents some curious features. For instance, in Ely Cathedral it literally hangs from the wall, midway between the choir stalls on the north side and the roof. At Canterbury Cathedral the instrument is placed in the triforium, over the south side of the choir, at an immense altitude, the key-board being located behind the stalls.

“In the Panoptican organ, the first large four-manual concert instrument erected in London, two sets of duplicate manuals and pedals were introduced, with the view of enabling three players to perform simultaneously, and thereby produce special effects, but their use was found impracticable. Twelve kettledrums were also inserted, but were also unavailable for practical purposes.

V “An enthusiastic organ amateur in London possessed an organ built by Hill under his own special supervision, which was distributed about his premises, the swell on the upper floor, the pedal in the cellar, etc., the keyboards alone being in a room situate on the first floor. The effect, however, was most unsatisfactory, as might have been foreseen.

“Mr. Winans, at Newport, R.I., also possesses a somewhat curious instrument, a one-roomed building some distance from his house containing the pipes, and which is converted into a swell-box by movable shutters. The keyboards are in his residence, the necessary connection being made by means of an electric action.

“In Grace Church, New York, the original three-manual instrument in the gallery, an echo organ in the roof, and the new organ in a chamber adjoining the chancel, are all controlled by keyboards placed near the latter, connected with each by means of electricity.

“In the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, L.I., no less than five organs, variously placed, are similarly brought under control. In these latter instances, however, the device employed is more than warranted by the result, but in olden times it seems that caprice alone dictated many of the extremely peculiar characteristics—to some of which I have briefly referred.”

The following remarks, extracted from a series of excellent lectures delivered by Mr. J. K. Pyne, will probably be read with considerable interest. In fact, his observations might be enlarged by the energetic organist and presented to the public in a consecutive form, doubtless to the satisfaction of many who delight in similar investigations:—

“Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne, organist of the Manchester Cathedral and Town Hall, delivered the last of his four lectures in connection with the Royal Institution.

“Mr. Pyne said the organ was the ‘king of instru-

ments,' and owned as its progenitor, according to the Bible, one Jubal, who was the 'father of all them who played on the harp and organ.' The most simple pipe of the ancients was the *calamus pastoralis*, which was made of an oaten reed, and there was the *ossea tibia*, made from the leg bone of the crane.

"After tracing the various stages of the instrument and its development in the earlier periods of the world's history, the lecturer stated that in the ninth century organs were not unknown in England, and, what was more, were made by Englishmen, the pipes being at that time made of copper. One was erected in Glastonbury Abbey, Ramsey Abbey, and Winchester Cathedral. The ordinary instruments of this period had from 10 to 14 pipes, required the exertions of two to four men to provide the wind, and one or two performers to push down the levers that made the pipes speak.

"The great Winchester organ had 13 pairs of bellows and 400 pipes, so that 40 pipes were under the control of each lever. He could well imagine that the sound of a single note of this organ must have been quite as powerful as the quantity of sound produced by 40 trombones (laughter).

"In the eleventh century we came to an era of great interest. The first instrument with a 'clavier' or keyboard was then first erected in the Cathedral of Magdeburg. Each key was an ell long and three inches broad, and there were 14 notes. Historians spoke of keyboards after this date whose keys were $5\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide.

"With regard to the early performers, the first lay organists on record are Dr. Tye, Blitheman, Tallis, and Bird; and then Dr. John Bull, the latter a pupil of Blitheman's, and by far the most eminent player of that period.

"The most distinguished foreign organist of the 17th century was Frescobaldi, who, in 1613, was appointed to

St. Peter's, Rome, where his first performance attracted an audience of 30,000 people, so great was his renown.

"Returning to England, they came to the period of the Rebellion, that destroyed all the arts in this country for so many years. An ordinance was passed against the use of the organ, and so great was the feeling that instruments were destroyed with great fury in Westminster, Chichester, and other cathedrals and churches.

"Those which escaped, however, were the organs of St. Paul's, York, Durham, Lincoln, St. John's, Oxford, and Christ's, Cambridge. The Lord High Protector, however, removed his favourite organ from Magdalen College, Oxford, to Hampton Court.

"At the Restoration, the master builders having been dispersed, foreign artists were invited to England, and Bernhardt Schmidt (known as Father Smith), his two nephews, Christian and Gerard, and Thomas Harris, with his son Renatus, came over, and then was made a distinct advance over anything which had hitherto been seen in this country."

I am surprised that wealthy men, who spare no expense in church matters, do not imitate the valuable ante-church or chapel form, which allows plenty of room for an organ screen, and places the singers in a central position, as in our cathedrals. If this plan were once tried, imitators would soon be found. A *single* roof is by no means essential, and the usual three sections are much more safe and enduring.

After considerable experience Mr. Pyne has formed his opinions respecting the positions of organs and other church arrangements, and, unlike a number of equally convinced organists and organ-builders, he is neither ashamed nor afraid to avow these opinions in public.

If a few more of our competent judges would be similarly explicit, many abuses and corruptions would in due time disappear, as I have often maintained.

“The lecturer proceeded to describe the improvements made in organ building. To Mr. Barker, an Englishman, was accredited the ingenious and useful improvement of the ‘pneumatic lever;’ and to Dr. Gauntlett for the introduction of many continental features into English organ building. St. Luke’s, Cheetham, was said to have been one of the first organs in the neighbourhood to have a C C pedal board.

“With regard to the position of organs, he might say that a few years ago, on entering a church, they would have found the instrument occupying a western position ‘high up,’ which was admirably adapted for the dispersion of its tones throughout the building.

“Unfortunately, it was now the rage to displace it from its loft and cram its contents into a usually diminutive recess that rejoiced in the name of an ‘organ chamber,’ where, ‘cribbed, cabined, and confined,’ how different it was in resonance and effect as compared with the position it formerly occupied. This was done so that the organist should be seated in his choir. It was, perhaps, suitable and convenient in small churches, but in the more important establishments how much more effective it would be to have a second small instrument for the purpose of accompanying the voices.

“There were two examples in Manchester, however, where the mistake had not been committed—St. Augustine’s, Pendlebury, and St. Benedict’s, Ardwick.

“It was most unfortunate that this country had had so many puritanical cathedrals in its time. Nearly all the organs were destroyed in the Rebellion, and the few specimens that remained the churchwardens had disposed of—that was to say, restored them off the face of the earth. This destruction had cut two ways, not only in a musical, but in a decorative sense. The mediæval cases were lovely both in shape and decoration, the modern case was too horrible to contemplate (laughter).

“They were getting more and more every year in shape like a bedstead—(renewed laughter)—and their æsthetic proprieties were still more outraged by the crudities of what was known in the trade as a coloured front. How beautiful an organ case could be made was seen in Mr. Houldsworth’s munificent gift at the Manchester Cathedral (applause). How beautifully it furnished the building; in fact, if it were removed, and he knew people were itching to do so, what would be left to admire, except the other furniture—the stalls?”

We append a short quotation from the lecture on pianofortes:—

“The piano proper had quite a simple forefather in the keyed dulcimer, the inventor of which is generally acknowledged to be Cristofori, a harpsichord maker of Padua. His invention made its appearance in 1709, and he died in 1723. The first maker in Germany was one of the famous Freiburg organ-builders, Siltermann, two of whose instruments appeared in 1726, though Bach pronounced their ‘tables weak and their touch heavy.’

“The square piano, virginal in shape, was the favourite in England. It was invented by a London maker, a German by birth, Johannes Zumpe, who began his instruments in 1765, and for nearly 40 years his little squares of nearly five octaves were in vogue.

“The great difference between the plectrum instruments and the early pianofortes is that, instead of jacks that produced the sound by quills, there is a little row of hammers that strike the string from below, the tops of which are covered with leather. This is the grand secret which took several centuries to discover.

“The clavichord was useless for a public performance, its tone being too feeble. The virginal, spinet, and harpsichord were louder in tone, but it was a mechanical sound, though quaint and delightful to the ear. Hence the discovery of an instrument sensitive as the clavichord and louder than the harpsichord was hailed with delight,

and there is no wonder that it should have attained to such vast popularity, and that every firm of musical instrument makers should have vied with each other in improving it until we have arrived at that point in the present which may be described virtually as perfection."

Professor Walmisley introduced a somewhat remarkable combination on the organ of Trinity Chapel, Cambridge. So far as I know, the plan was unique, namely, connecting a cremona treble stop with two octaves and a half of the pedals. It was not employed very frequently, but in Attwood's anthem, "I was glad," when the air "God Save the Queen" was accompanied by loud, massive and detached chords on the great organ, the effect was remarkably good.

For coolness, deliberation, and a perfect command of his resources, few excelled the talented Cambridge Professor. He possessed the rare gift of being able at the same time to gratify his audience without displeasing himself, a combination not often effected among professional men, but nevertheless a very valuable endowment to all those who would develop their acquirements to the greatest advantage. I have rarely seen a man so little disturbed by his musical duties. Many who read these lines will envy one who was thus happily circumstanced.

In point of time Walmisley came between the old and new organ epochs, but he was not found wanting in either style. I have *seen* him play the unison passages of "When his loud voice" in double octaves, after the manner of Crotch; and on another occasion he played a good part of "Fixed in his everlasting seat" in octaves for both feet on the pedals. These exceptional efforts are seldom attempted even in our own day.

In accordance with an ancient rule that everything in musical circles must have a comic turn, I may inform my young readers that the last-mentioned title was applied to one who was "everlastingly" practising upon the organ.

CHAPTER VIII.

Whewell and Music—Official Sympathy—Election of Organist—Privileges—Talents Diverted—Proposed Equivalent—Pleasant Meetings at Trinity—Ladies' Society—Unassuming Manners—Tutor Coddington—Mr. Higman—The Tutor's Fate—A Ponderous Legacy—A Squeaking Family—Mr. Lytecides—Fruitless Exhortations.

WHEN Whewell was "married and settled" at Trinity Lodge, he frequently invited Professor Walmisley to play before himself and his "lady." Whewell was never at a loss on such occasions, as became a man of universal aspirations. It would be interesting to peruse a Boswellian account of these remarkable meetings, and ascertain the effect of sweet sounds upon such a man.

The sympathetic behaviour of the authorities at Trinity towards their officials no doubt contributed to bring out whatever talent they possessed, and thus enabled them to feel perfectly at home in the exercise of their duties, a state of things not always observable among public bodies generally. Without the sunshine of friendliness and kind appreciation, the young plant is apt to wither and fall before fruiting time.

One small "patch" upon the noble face of Trinity will certainly be removed when it is clearly pointed out. The selection of organist is wisely and completely unfettered. When the musician is duly weighed and found not want-

ing as a "club-able" man, the cautious and sly fellows quietly inform him that, by a certain college rule, if he can take a university degree, he will be entitled to "rooms and commons" gratuitously. This course of action is a grievous mistake. His free election at once establishes his position in the world; he can add nothing to the scientific glory of the college, and much valuable time may be wasted which should be devoted to art.

Men like Handel, Purcell, or Mendelssohn would confer honour upon Trinity, although they might not fully comprehend the Binomial Theorem or the "progressive pole star" as mapped out in Bunsen's Egypt.

I commend the reasonableness of these remarks to the notice of collegiate authorities, remarking that where a musician is not a member of the university in a scientific sense, and has no desire to divert his attention, an equivalent might be offered to him in lieu of certain privileges, in order that he should not by any means be tempted to wander into useless and mistaken paths.

Very charming and attractive were the social music meetings in Neville's Court, Trinity College. You entered a warm and cosy suite of rooms, with folding doors which could be opened or closed at pleasure, according to the number of guests assembled. A soft rosy tint seemed to pervade the apartments, and Tutor Higman moved about noiselessly, now to welcome in whispers an old friend or a don from a neighbouring college, who could not resist the pleasure of "just dropping in" to join the happy circle of sympathetic minds, and listen to the fascinating strains of classical music. In such a case even a new theory or an abstruse problem must be laid aside for an hour or two. This harmonious relaxation was no doubt beneficial to the much occupied tutors, especially as the united college brotherhood was occasionally enlivened by the smiles of graceful and appreciative ladies.

I never was present in more enchanting society than that which Trinity could boast of. Everything seemed to be characterized by an ease, gentleness, and consideration most gratifying to reflect upon. There was not the slightest appearance of boasting or self-assertion among the members, but old and young seemed to share in the general enjoyment. I am sure that anyone who remembers these happy evenings will cordially admit that this description is by no means too rose coloured, and that the refined and yet unrestrained behaviour of tutors and visitors caused everyone to anticipate a meeting with feelings of hope and unalloyed pleasure.

Such is the profound and abiding effect produced upon the mind by unaffected manners and genuine courtesy.

Whenever ladies were not present, the merry meetings assumed the easy character of rehearsals, and many were the pleasant jests uttered, as mistakes were pointed out and volunteer instrumentalists failed to produce sounds of a sweet and edifying order. The leader of this willing but not always perfect battalion was the indispensable Mr. Venua, who assisted at nearly every concert in Cambridge. The College organist was "conductor."

Tutor Coddington was compelled by our necessities to occupy the onerous post of "utility man." Pale, thoughtful, and contented-looking, he presented a remarkable contrast to round, ruddy Higman. Mr. Coddington's favourite instrument was the ponderous double-bass, but, alas! he was obliged to support a "happy family" of hautboys, clarionets, and horns, which sometimes squeaked and moaned in a manner worthy of Grattan Cooke's extra performances in the Senate House. After one of these unmelodious freaks, a gentle smile pervaded the kind tutor's face, and he would be consoled by a merry cheer of encouragement, due to the involuntary leader of a musical forlorn hope.

Alas! he was torn from us by the hand of fate. It is a

melancholy fact that he was struck by Cupid's dart, and was compelled to seek his own "living" as best he could. But he did not entirely forget us; he left behind him his great double-bass, or at least the case, for we never ventured to peep into the mistletoe chest. There it lay for a number of years in an appropriate resting-place, the minstrels' gallery of the dining-hall, as though it were a tomb of harmonic memories.

As we pen these words, a romantic poem flashes through the brain, reminding one of Tara's and Trinity Halls.

Surely the devoted Tennyson of Trinity might favour us with a melodious sonnet on that sepulchral double-bass, in remembrance of old college days. Doubtless he saw the "tomb" when he showed his fair cousins the various lions during feeding time.

A few hints on the subject in a shorthand programme may perhaps be useful:—

Tutor's assumed serenity when ruling his "two" happy families. Disjointed performances arising from domestic interruptions—Mysterious squeaks, both vocal and instrumental, and poetical reminiscences of college days—House of bondage—Dual control, &c.

"A change has now come over me,
For I must 'play' in the nursery;
But *these* strings were made for the fellows free,
They shall never sound but at Trinity."

Among the fashionable guests who attended these pleasant concerts were two Gallic sirens, adorned with elegant corkscrew ringlets. Alas! one of these ladies made a fearful impression upon a slim don from a neighbouring college, Mr. Lytecides. He, too, like the before-named doubly-bass tutor, felt that a domestic change was "incumbent" upon him. In the words of a poet:—

“ I preach for ever,
But I preach in vain ;
He came and saw,
And still he came again,
Until a reverend brother
Joined the twain.”

Such is the “dangerous” tendency of these musical gatherings, which overthrow all our firmest resolves, and disturb the most elaborate mathematical calculations.

CHAPTER IX.

A Newmarket Orchestra—Hunting Music and Instruments—The Influence of Locality—Bells—Great Tom and Big Ben—Dean Aldrich—York Belfry—A B Flat Tone Colour—Ben Trovato—Effect of Convictions—“Nino”—The Cambridge Curfew—A Peal of Twelve—“No, no”—The Student’s Monitor—Indian Tom’s—A Brown Bell.

HAVING for many years studied the habits of students and meditated upon their sportive peculiarities, I can only come to the conclusion that one of their number composed the following remarkable symphony. No other member of society could, in my opinion, supply the necessary amount of time, talent, ingenuity, and exuberant imagination :—

“A newspaper musical critic was obliged to leave town, and turned over his work for one night to the sporting man of the staff. This is how the criticism on an important concert appeared next day :—Time was called at eight o’clock, and about fifty bugles, fifes, and fiddles, entered for the contest. The fiddlers won the toss, and took the inside, with the chandeliers right in their eyes.

“The umpire, with a small club, acted also as starter. Just before the start he stood upon a small cheese-box, with a little lunch counter before him, and shook his stick at the entries to keep them down. The contestants first started it to ‘Landliche Hochzeit,’ by Goldsmark,

Op. 26. They got off nearly even, one of the fiddles gently leading.

"The man with the French horn tried to call them back, but they settled down to work at a slogging gait, with the big roan fiddle bringing up the rear. At the first quarter of the course the little black whistle broke badly, and went into the air, but the fiddles on the left kept well together, and struck up a rattling gait.

"At the half-way the man with the straight horn showed signs of fatigue. There was a little bobtailed flute which wrestled sadly with the bugle at the mile, but he was wind-broken and wheezed. The big fat bugle kept calling 'woa' all the time, but he seemed to keep with the rest till the end of the mile.

"They all came under the string in good order, but the judge on the cheese-box wisely reserved his opinion. He seemed tired, and the contestants went out to find their bottle-holder and get ready for the Beethoven handicap. It was a nice exhibition, but tiresome to the contestants. Bets off."

What a wonderful power is that which relates to locality. We are not now referring to phrenological bumps, but to that marvellous glass which magnifies so prodigiously everything connected with our long-cherished associations.

Take the case of bells. Visit the old city of Lincoln on the hill, and ask the oldest inhabitant whether his "Great Tom" is not larger and better than any other Tom known to the universe.

Challenge the ancients of Oxford, and they will covertly or openly bow down to their Bell; supported as they are by the "catching" strains of the venerable Dean Aldrich:—

"The de'il a man will leave his can
Till he hears the mighty Tom."

Students are known to have peculiar notions concerning bells and clocks, as I have pointed out in certain chapel transactions. You may speak to them of Great Tom of York, or Big Ben of London; but all will be in vain. Now, I have seen the celebrated York monster, and I was certainly "shocked," when clambering among the beams in the belfry, to hear the clatter of certain hammers employed in chiming the quarters. Well, you measure all the dimensions and exhibit the undeniable figures to any Thomas of Lincoln. "Nonsense," he will say, "our Tom is the biggest and loudest of all; and if not, as the lawyers say when they withdraw a conflicting 'count,' it is the best-toned bell in the world." Such is the effect of traditional belief.

The president of our comic republic once informed his loyal readers that "Big Ben" had suddenly changed his tone, from "B flat" to "B quiet;" but as Benjamin was slightly "cracked" at the time, he could not be expected to chime in with our views of sound principles.

One of our younger poets has a special grudge against a B flat tone colour, when it is used in a tediously "uniform" manner. Here he distinctly proves that his keynote is not always that of A flat. By the way, a happy after-thought. Our Sir Toby Punch might have "added a note" that when the sulky monster recovered the use of his "tongue" he ought to have been re-christened "Ben Trovato."

Cambridge is not without its bump of "locality," whether in regard to boating or bell-ringing. Up to a certain point this feeling of self-reliance is not to be discouraged. A learned philosopher has expressed his conviction in something like the following terms:—

"If you firmly believe that you can accomplish certain deeds, it is highly probable that you will succeed. But if, on the other hand, you as firmly believe in the futility of your efforts, you are almost certain to fail."

A tolerant Englishman once confidentially remarked :—
“I have no national prejudices; I merely avoid Scotchmen and foreigners.” The exceptional breadth of this view will not be disputed for a moment, and we declare accordingly that in spite of all warnings, prefaces, and apologies, that no bell in the world, from Moscow to Westminster, is to be for one moment compared with the colossal “Nino” of Cambridge.

Philosophers will refer to the effect of magnified memories, and the assistance derived from continued contemplation; but all these special pleadings will be in vain.

We have heard “Nino” within the last twenty years, and we judged it sternly and critically; but whether it be that the air is clearer, the surroundings more suitable, or the streets quieter than other places, no bell ever seemed to sound with such richness and power in the crisp evening air as the glorious old curfew of Cambridge.

I have no wish to disparage Thomas of Oxford or any other of the saintly fathers, far from it. I have too much respect for Aldrich in G and the “Christ Church Bells” in C to be guilty of such a proceeding. By the way, Dean Aldrich only introduces us to six bells of his beautiful family. Now, our Nino has eleven melodious brothers and sisters, all ready, able, and willing to join, like jovial guests, in a whirling merry-go-round, or, if you prefer it, a rushing and vastly exciting steeplechase.

When the Oxford heads of houses come together, and read these revelations to a multitude of silent and attentive students, I fully expect that a first class classic will arise, and say “No, no” to my Nino. Well, such is the fate of mild, patient, and tolerant writers, who are really amiable to a fault when they meet with no opposition.

Having thus established my claim to complete impartiality, I venture to think that there is something grand, imperial, and almost Assyrian-Norman-like in the imposing sound of "Nino," which creates a startling impression upon the "rusticating" student, reminds him of many momentous histories, warns him that his last hour of liberty is come, and that he must proceed forthwith to seek his well-known stone-wall hermitage.

The Indians, like ourselves, adhere to their prejudices, as I shall proceed to demonstrate. A splendid organ was presented to the "Old Mission Church" of Calcutta. An accomplished friend, who once "compared notes" with me at the "Peak," played upon this organ. Certain mild Hindoos were among the auditors. When the "Recital" was concluded, the "astonished natives" consulted together. The verdict of the learned pundits was as follows:—"Very loud, and wonderful, and grand, as you say, father; but not equal to the 'tom-tom!'"

Now, as a tarry-at-home Anglo-Indian, I have my peculiar preferences, and without hinting one word against this or that bell, or the Oxford bells generally, I am sufficiently daring, romantic, and incorrigible to say, that to my thinking, the sweetest-toned Oxford bell is the Great Tom of Oriel. N.B.—The "founder's" name was Brown.

CHAPTER X.

“ Peterhouse ”—Sex-Centenary—Noted Members—Prince Albert Victor—Hugh de Balsham—Gisborne—Fitzwilliam Museum—Basevi—Cockerell—Earl Fitzwilliam—His Will Changed—Benefit to Cambridge—The British Museum—Panizzi—A Lottery—Emmanuel College—Archbishop Sancroft—A Chapel Haunter—John Harvard a Member—Harvard University—Dr. Johnson—Farmer and Shakespeare—Stourbridge Fair.

IN 1884 the sixth centenary of “ Peterhouse ” was celebrated at Cambridge with all due honours. Statesmen and other notables were invited to a banquet, and the young Prince Albert Victor made a speech on the occasion. Fitting allusions were also made to the celebrities of the college, including Gray, Mason, Professor Smythe, Isaac Barrow, and Archbishop Whitgift. An interesting report appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, from which we have selected a few extracts.

It was stated that the iron bars which sustained the poet's noted “ rope ladder ” were still to be seen at one of the windows.

“ Much interest was excited on the occasion of the celebration of the sex-centenary of the foundation of St. Peter's College, the oldest collegiate institution in the University of Cambridge. The event is one which has more than a local interest. Although previous to 1284

the University of Cambridge existed, it was not until that year that the idea of endowing a college at Cambridge was carried out.

“Hugh de Balsham, Bishop of Ely, the founder, from his affection to learning and respecting the state of the poor scholars of the University of Cambridge, who were much put to it for conveniency of lodgings from the high rents exacted by the townsmen, obtained a licence from Edward I. to found a college of students or scholars.

“The founder’s original intention was to convert the hospital of St. John in Cambridge, where some scholars under the patronage of the Bishop of Ely resided, into a college; but this was abandoned, and two hostels near St. Peter’s Church outside Trumpington Gate, now St. Mary-the-Less, were purchased, and so the college was founded. The founder left 300 marks by his will and a portion of his library.

“The new foundation seems to have been under the especial patronage and protection of the Bishops of Ely; and the subsequent successors of Hugh de Balsham were among the earliest benefactors, Bishop Montacute giving to the college its first independent code of statutes. So recently as 1856 the Bishop of Ely appointed the master of the college from one of two persons nominated by Fellows. Dr. Porter, the present head of the college, was the first master elected by the Fellows alone. The Bishop of Ely is, however, still the Visitor.

“The college, like other similar foundations at Cambridge, is greatly indebted to subsequent benefactors, these being principally those who had occupied the position of master, among whom may be mentioned Holbrooke, Warkworth, Perne, Cosin, Hale, and Beaumont.

“Dr. Warkworth, who was master from 1473 to 1500, made great improvements in the buildings at his own expense in his lifetime, and at his death bequeathed all

his property to the college. Some of this, situate in the town of Cambridge, is of considerable value, and a street of recently-erected houses is called by his name.

"The latest benefactor was the Rev. Francis Gisborne, formerly a Fellow, who gave £20,000 to the college. Out of this a new court, called the Gisborne Court, was built, and fellowships and scholarships were founded.

"The buildings of the college as compared with its foundation are of comparatively recent date. The library was erected during the mastership of Dr. Andrew Perne (1553-1589).

"The chapel was consecrated in 1632, over three centuries after the foundation of the college. During that period the students attended service in Little St. Mary's Church adjoining, and among the reasons set forth in the petition for consecration of the chapel were that it was irksome to go outside the college walls in the winter before sunrise, and that after sunset an opportunity was afforded to the more disorderly members of the college of extending their rambles into the town during the rest of the evening.

"The hall and combination room have been some years ago restored with great success by Mr. George Gilbert Scott, and have been filled with stained glass, executed by Mr. Morris from designs of Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Maddox Brown. The walls of the hall have also during the past year been painted by Mr. Morris. The master's lodge is not within the college walls, but on the opposite side of the street, and is the only instance in Cambridge of the master's lodge not being *intra muros collegii*."

Basevi, a distinguished architect, was selected to design and erect the grand Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. Unfortunately he met with his death at Ely Cathedral in 1845, and Cockerell carried on the work. The building is one of the finest in modern times, and the treasures

accumulated under its roof attract an increasing number of enthusiastic admirers.

Earl Fitzwilliam, who founded the museum, was a member of Trinity Hall, a college which was chiefly devoted to the study of the law.

It will be seen that the University derived much benefit from a certain "ill wind," and became heir to a property once intended for the nation.

A few facts relating to the museum may be interesting, as they are not known to everyone. The patriotic earl intended to bequeath his magnificent collection to the British Museum, but the short-sighted trustees declared their intention of selling the various duplicates already in their possession, instead of thoughtfully distributing them among other great centres of energy and enterprise.

This parsimonious conduct, like many other misfortunes, proved to be an undisguised blessing to Cambridge, for in 1819 the earl altered his will, and left the whole of his matchless treasures to the more appreciative authorities of the Cambridge University.

When once such an institution is established, it is generally found that an impetus is imparted to other generous minds; thus gracious acts of munificence invite willing labourers into the vineyard, until at length all rejoice in the prospect of a great and glorious harvest.

Now that we have risen to a somewhat higher level than formerly, we can afford to contemplate our previous actions with tolerable equanimity. Still, it seems all but incredible that while we, as a nation, were spending millions for objects more or less doubtful and absurd, we never could resolve to treat the finer aspirations of the mind with anything like appropriate delicacy and discernment.

When Sir Hans Sloane left his marvellous collection to the nation, the wealthy guides and leaders of England could think of no other way of providing a suitable

building than by proposing to establish a National Lottery ! This extraordinary course was positively adopted, and thus was founded the great British Museum !

We learn these remarkable facts in a "Life of Panizzi," written by one who exposed many acts of barbarism committed by former trustees. Truly, in earlier times at least, we often deserved the scornful titles bestowed upon us by foreigners.

Although Emmanuel College was founded exactly three centuries after Peterhouse, its history is connected with many celebrities. Archbishop Sancroft was once master of this college, and he bequeathed a large number of books to the library.

Fifty years ago a gentleman bearing this name was in the habit of "haunting" all the chapel services whenever he could hear a choral service. He attended King's and Trinity early and late, at seven in the morning on certain occasions, and three or four services scarcely seemed to satisfy his craving for music.

He used to boast of his connection with the old archbishop's family, and he was looked upon as one of the "Institutions" of Cambridge. I imagine that he procured a perpetual ticket of admission, in order to avoid the labour on both sides of daily "importunity."

One name will no doubt attract the reader's attention, that of John Harvard, who founded the Harvard University in America.

The *Cambridge Review* contained a very interesting account of Emmanuel College and several prominent characters connected with it.

"The Tercentenary of the home of Puritan Divines, Emmanuel College, involves sufficient points of contact with the general history of the country to make it worth while to spend some space in a glance at its history.

"Emmanuel College was founded in 1584 by Sir Walter Mildmay, the ancestor of the Earls of Westmoreland.

Without being a great statesman, Sir Walter seems to have been a very able administrator, especially in the department of finance; and he held offices of trust under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, rising under the last-named Sovereign to the high office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was also frequently employed in the various negotiations with Mary Queen of Scots.

“Though bred in the Puritan College of Christ’s, and deeply imbued with Puritan sentiments, he yet had sufficient prudence not to let his religious opinions embroil him with any one of these princes, and was trusted by Mary and Elizabeth alike. Elizabeth, indeed, is said to have spoken somewhat sharply to him when he founded his Puritan College, but he answered with equal candour and prudence, ‘Far be it from me to countenance anything contrary to your established laws; but I have set an acorn, which, when it becomes an oak, God alone knows what will be the fruit thereof.’

“But a more important point in the College history than anything connected with its political ups and downs, is the fact of its very close connection with New England. The tide of emigration to America set in with great force about the year 1630. The year before there had been a meeting at Cambridge of Non-conforming Divines and others, among whom was Winthrop, and they had determined to seek freedom of religious worship in America. They sailed as best they could in smaller or larger groups, sometimes directly from England, sometimes from Holland.

“Among these first settlers in the country to which they gave the name of New England were a large number of Emmanuel men. Cotton Mather in his *Magnolia* has given biographies of all that he could discover; and in his pages at least a dozen of the most distinguished of these Early Fathers of the Colony are said by him to have been at Emmanuel.

“But, though then perhaps less conspicuous than any, the name which has most securely perpetuated itself is that of John Harvard. Little or nothing is known of his history. He was at Emmanuel in 1628, and when he died in New England in 1638 he left a legacy of £770 and a small collection of books to start the University which was already projected at Cambridge, Mass. This modest legacy has proved, like Mildmay’s acorn, the origin of a noble tree. And it is a pleasant feature in the late celebration that Harvard University has remembered this tie with Emmanuel and sent Professor Eliot Norton to represent it at the feast.

“No notice of Emmanuel would be complete without a mention of a divine of quite a different stamp. Richard Farmer was master from 1775 to 1797. Theology, except of the robust orthodox, or high and dry sort, had little to do with this dignitary, who was Canon successively of Canterbury and St. Paul’s, and twice refused a Bishopric. His great passion was book collecting. As he told Dr. Johnson, who visited him at his lodge, of ‘all such reading as is never read,’ he had an extraordinary collection.

“When his library, collected at very small cost in every kind of bookstall and auction room in London, came to be sold, it fetched about £2,000, and was found to contain some of the rarest and most curious of English and other tracts and books. There were in it, for instance, twelve Caxtons, a first folio of Shakespeare, more than one copy of the first edition of ‘Paradise Lost,’ and many more such treasures.

“He not only collected curious books, but he read them, and had a curiously minute knowledge of early English literature. The only product of this knowledge, however, was his ‘Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare,’ in which he combated the idea, started by several of Shakespeare’s editors, that the poet could be shown from

his works to have been well acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics.

“Johnson asserted that Farmer had effectually disposed of this theory, though the former was himself in his heart only half convinced, and said somewhat snappishly to Colman, ‘Sir, I have never engaged in this controversy; I always said that Shakespeare had enough Latin to *grammaticise* his English.’

“Farmer was also, if we may believe Parr and Dibdin, an excellent talker and companion. His favourite amusement was to preside in state at the theatrical shows at Stourbridge Fair, for which he yearly formed a party from distant parts of the country or from London in the month of September. Here as *arbiter elegantiarum* he was in his element.

“The programme for the evening was often settled in the Emmanuel parlour, and we may presume that he did not appear, as one of his biographers was shocked to find him in Canterbury, ‘in stockings of unbleached thread, brown breeches, and a wig not worth a shilling.’”

In the library are very valuable manuscripts of Wicliffe’s translation of the Old and New Testaments. The former of these is exceedingly rare.

CHAPTER XI.

The Cambridge Authorities—Exceptional Powers—The “ Assize of Bread ”—Concerts and Conjurors—Needful Restraint—Mr. Ward—University Cricket Club—Lord’s Ground—New Pavilion—Munificent Donations—Ancient Cricket—Lords Winchilsea and Darnley—Low Wickets—Nyren—Lord John Sackville—Hambleton Club—Tossing for Innings—Early Years—My First Match—Davies—An Exceptional Promenade.

Few regulations surprise visitors more than the remarkable powers which are exercised in Cambridge by the Mayor and Vice-Chancellor. All public performances are under their control, even those of a musical character. At first sight this “ special permission ” appears to savour somewhat of antiquated tyranny, but a little reflection will soon convince “ parents and guardians ” that where large numbers of young men congregate, exceptional rules become necessary for their guidance and control.

Very numerous are the items which are scrutinized by the authorities. If you merely send to your baker for a loaf of bread, there stands the Vice-Chancellor before your messenger in the shape of “ an assize of bread.” On a printed placard are to be found the exact prices which a baker is allowed to charge.

As we often hear, in other towns, of exorbitant charges and unreasonable profits, many besides Cambridge people would be disposed to commend such a system, if it could

be introduced with due regard to the rights of buyers and sellers.

If you have a taste for the conjuring profession, and desire to burn ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs, or extract cannon-balls from hats, you must first ascertain the Vice-Chancellor's opinion concerning these seductive arts.

Without such precaution doubtless evasion would be resorted to, and an entertainment or lecture, promised on a placard, might be so considerably modified in the actual performance that the "tricks" of public lecturers would become suspicious, if not positively dangerous. We shudder to think of the consequences which might ensue if a "benevolent" philosopher should provide for a large number of impulsive young students an unlimited supply from "inexhaustible bottles."

When my "Memoirs" were first published I received from a friendly but unknown hand a copy of the very interesting *Cambridge Review*, containing an account of one whose father I had seen playing at cricket on Parker's Piece. As I glanced down the vista of all those intervening years, my sensations were of a character somewhat extraordinary, as may well be imagined.

"We have heard with deep regret of the death of the Rev. Arthur Robert Ward, M.A., Vicar of St. Clement's, and President of the Cambridge University Cricket Club, which occurred at his residence in Jesus Lane, on Thursday, September 25, 1884.

"To the younger generation of Cambridge men, Mr. Ward was chiefly known as an enthusiastic admirer and supporter of the game of cricket; as the genial and energetic President of the University Cricket Club, who had conferred lasting benefits upon the club by securing a long tenure of the University Cricket Ground and erecting a beautiful and commodious pavilion; as the able administrator who had found the fortunes of the

club at the lowest ebb, and had placed them in a position of financial stability.

“But there was another side to his character well known to an older generation, and other duties which, while health and strength permitted, he discharged with no less energy.

“Mr. Ward was born on Dec. 29, 1829, and was the fourth son of William Ward, M.P. for the City of London, who will be ever memorable in the annals of cricket, as the preserver of Lord’s Ground to Marylebone Cricket Club. His godfathers, after whom he received his christian names, were Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel.

“Mr. Ward, strange to say, showed no taste for cricket in his boyhood, and it was not till after he came into residence at Cambridge that he formed the idea of emulating his father’s fame as a cricketer.

“With characteristic energy he set about his appointed task, and so indefatigable was his practice on Parker’s Piece and Fenner’s Ground, that he soon obtained the distinction of a place in the University eleven.

“He did not, however, make any large scores for the University, his chief and most praiseworthy effort being that of 53 not out, v. M.C.C. in 1853.

“He was captain of the University eleven in 1854, but was prevented by ill-health from playing against Oxford.

“Mr. Ward was elected President and Treasurer of the Cambridge University Cricket Club on May 1, 1873, and at once directed his efforts to put an end to the uncertainty of tenure of the University Cricket Ground.

“In November of the same year he was able to announce in his first appeal for subscriptions to build the new pavilion that the Master and Fellows of Gonville and Caius College, with the desire of furthering University cricket, had granted a long lease of the ground to the Rev. A. R. Ward, the Rev. E. W. Blore, the Rev. James Porter, and H. Perkins, Esq., as trustees of the club.

“An influential committee was formed, and Mr. W. M. Fawcett was appointed architect of the new pavilion, the cost of which was estimated at the modest sum of £1,500. This sum was soon found to be wholly inadequate, and in successive editions of the appeal, which followed in rapid succession, the sum stated as necessary to meet all expenses gradually rose to £3,000, when Mr. Ward wisely abandoned the idea of stating definitely the exact sum required, and as each successive contingency arose appealed for funds to meet the unforeseen expense. These appeals were liberally responded to, and the pavilion was ready for use at the commencement of the cricket season of 1875. The event was suitably commemorated by a largely attended complimentary dinner to the President, on June 4, in the hall of Peterhouse, under the presidency of the Rev. E. W. Blore, and by the presentation shortly afterwards of a silver tankard bearing a suitable inscription.

“But the pavilion was not free from debt, and the capital account for expenditure was not yet closed.

“At length, at a meeting of the committee held on October 13, 1877, Mr. Ward had the great satisfaction of producing a balance-sheet showing that the sum of £4,501 14s. 11d. had been raised and expended by him on the erection of the pavilion and other necessary works, and of handing over the pavilion to the trustees free from debt.”

The remarkable energy displayed in these proceedings will be fully appreciated by all true lovers of the game.

We perceive that both father and son proved their devotion to the noble pastime, willingly sacrificing money and leisure during two generations, in order to preserve grounds which existed, and also to develop others of a later date; thus aiding in an important degree the cultivation of a healthy, manly, and national recreation. Here is an account of cricket a hundred years ago:—

“As everyone knows” (writes Mr. Andrew Lang in a

late number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*), "the third stump was added about 1775, because it was observed that the straightest balls went between the wickets without removing the bail. This, people may say, would at once have occurred to the feeblest capacity. But mark the conservatism of the human mind, and the march of evolution.

"There was originally no middle stump, because the batter, when regaining his ground after a run, placed his bat in the hole between the stumps, itself a survival from cat and dog. The hole was filled up, and a crease (cut at first, not marked in whitewash, as at present) was substituted, to prevent the bat from coming down on the hands of the wicket-keeper, as he put down the wicket by placing the ball in the hole.

"Yet though men had got rid of the hole, they did not at once add a third stick; custom and use were too strong for them, and we see the old unfair two stumps in the designs published. Indeed, they appear as late as 1793, in the picture of a match between Lord Winchilsea and Lord Darnley for £1,000 a side.

"Mark also the height of the wickets. Their lowness, like the shape of the contemporary bat, testifies to the habit of bowling grubs. A modern ball would rise high over these wickets, which could only be knocked down by a shooter or a yorker, or perhaps a half volley. The game, in spite of odd wickets, odd bats, and low under-hand deliveries, required a disposition of the field not unlike that to which we are accustomed.

"The long stop, of course, would now be superfluous among good players. Nyren says vaguely that the use of the straight bat, with all that it involves, came in 'some years after 1746,' when Lord John Sackville captained Kent in a match against England. Nyren well remembered the introduction of the third stump.

"A single-wicket match between the Hambledon Club

and England was played on May 22, 1775, and Small went in, the last wicket, to get 14 runs. These he knocked off, but Lumpy's balls several times passed between the stumps, and the absurdity of this led to the change. Many feared it would shorten the game, but Nyren said it would make the batter redouble his care, and would improve the defence.

"Why Nyren was 'consulted by the Hampshire gentlemen,' when, on his own showing, he was but 11 years of age, it is difficult to guess. Probably the veteran's memory was a little confused. In any case he was right about the third stump. The year after its introduction, Aylward, going in last but one for Hambledon against England, made 167, then considered a prodigious score, against the bowling of the redoubtable Lumpy."

In my "Memoirs" I made a proposal with respect to "tossing" for innings. A few weeks afterwards my plan was discussed at Lord's, as will be seen by the following extract:—

"The annual meeting of the county cricket representatives to arrange fixtures for the next season was held at Lord's Ground. Twenty counties were represented at the meeting, and though some of the counties had more than one representative, only one was allowed to vote.

"Previous to the important business of the meeting, viz., the arrangement of the fixtures, Lord Harris brought forward a motion of which he had given notice, to the effect that in home and home county matches 'the side which lost the toss in the first match should have the choice of innings in the return.'

"Mr. Wilson (Derbyshire) seconded the motion, which was opposed by Mr. Swire (Lancashire), Mr. Bromley (Nottingham), and Mr. Webbe (Middlesex). On a vote being taken the numbers were:—For Lord Harris's motion, nine; against it, eight; but as it appeared that one or two gentlemen had voted without being qualified,

a second vote was taken, when the numbers were—For Lord Harris's motion, ten; against it, seven. The representatives of Sussex and Leicestershire did not vote.

“Lord Harris then said he was glad he had raised the discussion, but as such a great difference of opinion prevailed, and as there was some doubt as to how far the delegates were permitted to act, he would withdraw the motion, and let the matter remain in abeyance for another year. The meeting then proceeded to arrange the fixtures.”—*December, 1834.*

Of all youthful memories few are more exciting and pleasurable than those which are connected with the cricket field. The trials of skill and endurance there witnessed produce an effect on the young mind at once joyful and beneficial.

I will endeavour to transplant myself to a very early period, when the white tents glowing in the sunlight and the ardent combatants excited a feeling of intense admiration. I had engaged in a number of small “triangular duels,” which often entailed the pleasant duty of acting both as batsman and second stop; but I had not yet seen a regular cricket battle, subject to all the forms and ceremonies of deliberate warfare.

At the first good match I ever witnessed on Parker's Piece, Davies, one of the town players, was dressed in knee-breeches. He was a neatly-formed man, and in stature rather below the middle height. Readers of these lines will perhaps connect the circumstances here detailed. I had heard confidentially significant warnings respecting the awful danger of “leaving your ground.” Judge of my alarm and anxiety when, at the very moment of my arrival, I saw Davies and another batter coolly meeting and passing each other at a walking pace, with their bats majestically placed on their shoulders; while the fielders were rushing madly after the ball, and the excited spectators were cheering enthusiastically.

That event was one in a million to me. I was entranced at the marvellous and dangerous condition of things. I soon learned, for the first time, that by virtue of a special firman from the great house of Lord's, when cricket balls were driven into infinite space by immortal competitors, the doers of such deeds were specially allowed to march proudly along in this triumphant and miraculous manner.

I never forgot the pomp and circumstance of that tremendous occasion. Had the Iron Duke been present merely as a spectator, and not as a batsman, I feel that, of the two, I should certainly have preferred—Davies.

CHAPTER XII.

Memoirs by Mr. Haweis—Whewell and Music—Sedgwick—His Walks with a Lady—Their Sympathetic Behaviour—Whispered Comments—Forbidden Animals—Sedgwick's Dog—Double Blessings—Whewell as a Student—He is Challenged—Chinese Music—A Learned Battle—Ponderous Missile—Masterly Activity—Rev. W. Caine—Whewell and Mr. Fawcett.

SINCE the publication of my "Memoirs," I have perused an interesting work by the Rev. Mr. Haweis, treating of musical matters at Cambridge and elsewhere. Very pleasant is it to view a number of pictures representing well-remembered scenes and well-known men, when they are depicted by succeeding and discriminating artists.

I rejoice that I did not see the work in question before I penned my own description of Cambridge doings; for in such a case one is very liable to fall into the track of a preceding author, almost unconsciously. I was delighted to gaze at a later photograph of impetuous Whewell, taken by one who was in the habit of visiting the master's lodge, and there displaying his musical abilities. At this later period Whewell stood almost alone as the resolute and somewhat defiant Master of Trinity. Peacock had departed to Ely, and Sedgwick, the gruffly humorous and independent, pursued his own steady course, turning aside now and then to wonder, as a calm philosopher, how one

of the grand old trio could become all too conscious of his elevation to the dignity of mastership.

Often must the unmoved tutor have longed for the olden days of triple equality and fraternity, when all were united in bonds of joyous unity such as are rarely seen among the sons of men. When rank was about to interpose between the two, Sedgwick endeavoured to solace himself in other ways. He was often to be seen tenderly talking and walking with a middle-aged lady, strolling here and there like a true devotee, as if he had nothing else to do.

This exceptional behaviour caused much excitement at the time, and many were the comments passed upon the ancient lovers, as they were hastily supposed to be. But be not alarmed, gentle reader, the professor was not in the least degree departing from his accustomed habits as a staid old fellow, nor had he any intention of taking a partner.

The mysterious lady was, in fact, Sedgwick's beloved sister; it was touching to note the affection and sympathy which seemed to draw them together, to talk of bygone days, home-like memories, and the friends of early years. From time to time their countenances glowed with deep-felt pleasure, as they exchanged significant glances which denoted unaffected joy, and the sincerest and most enduring confidence in each other.

In smaller college details the resolute old professor would insist upon having his way, in spite of rules and bye-laws, new-fangled as they seemed to him, or newly called into action by official strictness. Since the two Byronic bears had walked in Trinity Court, war had been waged against other animals.

How many people ever saw a cat in the spacious square, prancing about with playful impunity, just to show that though she assumed at certain hours an air of sweet docility, yet there were still within her traces of the

tigress, and that, in spite of general feline progress, she would occasionally like to meet with lively friends, and enjoy the privileges of a grand quad-rangle.

Whoever saw a dog in Conduit Square? The rules forbade such a profanation, yet the strictest laws are subject to exceptions. Porters, gyps, and bedmakers were distinctly exhorted to banish all dogs from the college precincts. In spite of threats, and laws, and proclamations, one persistent, confident offender would appear from time to time, and laugh as only sly dogs can laugh, when they ignore your kind advice and all your promises of future punishment. This irrepressible little dog was Sedgwick's, and the two companions walked across the grass plots calmly and deliberately, as if to defy all collegiate authority. Each quaint friend looked towards the other as though they greatly enjoyed the joke.

The new master knew much of many things, but he had enjoyed very little acquaintance with ladies and music. However, blessings never come singly, as poor bachelors say; they came together, and of course "Lady" Whewell "brought her music with her."

Wonderful must have been the sensations of the great cultivator of "receptivity." Here were two profound studies forced upon his attention, which were more or less understood by thousands of people, yet he, the master (by courtesy) of Trinity Lodge, and positive ruler of Trinity College, merely stood upon the threshold of Music's universal palace. Clearly, in his exalted opinion, there must be something wrong, or at least suspicious, in the general arrangement of things.

But if Whewell could not "read music," at any rate he could read concerning it, and he proceeded to act accordingly. Deeply interesting would be a graphic account of his inmost cogitations, when he heard mysterious sounds and chords, and combinations marked out by musical poets,

who daringly penned their harmonious thoughts, undismayed by the all-searching Trinity scientist.

One Cambridge story will fully illustrate Whewell's position as it was viewed by close observers. If the tale be merely an invention, I can only say—'Tis pity 'tis not true. To me it seems to be more like truth than falsehood.

It was currently reported that certain learned wags had been so often overwhelmed in argument by Whewell's sudden attacks upon their favourite propositions, on subjects which were supposed to be quite removed from his particular walk, that they resolved to delve into the deepest mines of thought and history, in order to puzzle him for once.

The inviting subject was—Chinese music, and their laborious investigations extended over a period which would have satisfied the exacting Bunsen. Ponderous books were disentombed, midnight oil was consumed immoderately, and tremendous essays were almost learnt by heart. The "victim" and his conspirators met together, and all was ripe for action. The subject was delicately introduced, and Whewell's discomfiture was confidently predicted. Our Chinamen, however, reckoned without their host. The cosmopolitan master criticized this statement, examined that, and annihilated the other, until the celestial warriors felt inclined to pick up their short-ranged cannon balls, hoping to fight again another day, but not against the Master of Trinity.

Although the Chinese ammunition was exhausted or comparatively useless, there yet remained a great hundred ton English missile—an Encyclopædic Folio; and they proceeded to charge accordingly. Here at least they would be on safer ground, with the very best modern artillery at their back. They again challenged the master and fired their greatest gun.

"Our statements are taken," said they, "from a

learned, exhaustive, and irrefutable modern encyclopædia." Oh, hapless leaders of a forlorn hope; they were shattered and dispersed by one stroke from Goliath's sword:—

"Yes, your arguments had a certain weight for a time; they are cleverly stated by you, but perhaps you are not aware that *I wrote the article* in question, and since then I have changed my mind!"

The Rev. W. Caine relates an amusing anecdote which illustrates Whewell's astounding impetuosity and his unwavering confidence in himself, as a master of every science except that of ruling himself:—

"Everything connected with Professor Fawcett, whose premature death all lament, including even those who totally differed from him in his political principles—everything connected with him now interests the public.

"As an instance of his courage and independence I may mention a circumstance which occurred at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. I myself was present on the occasion. I think it was at the Cambridge meeting in 1862.

"Mr. Fawcett announced that he would reply to some statements made by Dr. Whewell, the celebrated Master of Trinity, in a preface to some book on political economy. A great many assembled to hear him, amongst them Dr. Whewell himself. Mr. Fawcett quoted the statements he objected to.

"Dr. Whewell, who was sitting at the end of the table, and looking very angry and stern, rose up and said, 'Mr. Fawcett, I never made such statements.' Mr. Fawcett replied, 'You have, Dr. Whewell; I read them myself, and they are in this book which I hold in my hand.' He then asked a gentleman near him to read the passage in Dr. Whewell's own words.

"We were all amused to find that Mr. Fawcett knew

more about Dr. Whewell's statements than the doctor himself. We were still more amused when he told the audience that the subject under discussion was the 'look and see' system in political economy. He often spoke as if he himself read what he referred to, when he simply meant that he had caused it to be read to him."

CHAPTER XIII.

Marvellous Records—A Patient Tutor—Amateur Pistol Gallery
—Treats and Treaties—A Domestic Fishpond—Paradise
Passage — The Blasts of Time — Borderland Thoughts —
Whewell's Tower — The Rubicon Bridge — A Loitering
Lieutenant—The Master's Warning—A Privileged Horse—
His Master's Habits.

IN dealing with university life and practices, who can at all times draw the line between burlesque and absolute fact? To outsiders the records of Lord Malmesbury and the Rev. Mr. Haweis will appear positively incredible, and I am therefore greatly indebted to them for their revelations. Without such confirmatory evidence fiction would indeed be deemed to reign supreme in the cloudland of grotesque invention.

Mr. Haweis assures us in sober seriousness that beneath his rooms at Trinity was a College Tutor, who must have been continually occupied with important undertakings; yet, in addition to much practice on the violin, the student and his friends still further enlivened the tutor's daily life by firing bullets from pistols at the door! After many gentle hints and explanations a "treaty was concluded," says the author, "according to which firing was to cease at eight p.m., and music at eleven!" After this, who will say that tutors are not tolerant, and that wonders will ever cease?

We are reminded, by such romantic improbabilities, of Mr. V. Green's historical studies, and the ingenuity he displayed when he converted his sitting-room into an ornamental fishpond. Many readers would almost venture to prefer living under a moderately water-tight tank, than be perpetually startled by these alarming explosions, resulting from the "avocations" of such energetic and obstreperous students.

At "Pancrash" College I used to take part in pleasant evening quartets with my old friends Birchenough, Ponde, and the renowned, persistent "trumpeter." One day, however, I ventured to touch the piano in the morning; but I found that even in "Paradise" Passage a few hours had been set apart for something like peace and quietness by special treaty arrangements.

Nevertheless, the energetic trumpeter was unanimously allowed an exceptional licence, by virtue of which he could "fire off a blast" at each succeeding hour, in order to prevent intolerable stagnation, and at the same time inform the gentle tutor that his enemy was still in full force and prepared for a regular battle at any given moment.

The young "pistol" comedian unconsciously leads us on to the borderland of fancy and pleasant dreamland; and as we catch something of this spirit, we roam at will through mazy memories and mingle merry recollections with deeds of actual occurrences, while our suggestive author often wonders at the interrupted drama, of which he has only seen a part, as will be explained hereafter.

When our amusing guide describes a trifling incident concerning Whewell and himself at Trinity bridge, he little knows how many thoughts his simple lines suggest to older residents. As general of the advanced scientific corps, as the overlooker of every operation, this Rubicon bridge had become Whewell's own by military right. Close by was Whewell's Tower; in front of him was the Girton Avenue. Yet here was an inconsiderate student,

Mr. Haweis, transgressing the military line marked out by the master mind.

Well might the general say with stern reserve :—" Mr. ' Lieutenant,' I wish you would not loiter on this bridge." What if at any time a " sub " should appear at one end of the bridge and a Girtonian cornet at the other? What commander could fully estimate the effect of parleyings, signal makings, and traitorous promises made to the " coming race " of Amazonian conquerors?

At a mild and flourishing place which we will call Sandport, where people often find relief which they seek in vain elsewhere, a cynical explorer, who went to see the sea and did not always see it, declared that he saw sand, felt sand, and at last *thought sand*. In a similar frame of mind, when I saw those open gratings beneath Trinity Library, and reflected upon Miss Saragossa and the Girton marauders, I tremblingly confess that I thought—sandbags. This is in strict confidence.

So far as I know, only one horse and his rider passed along this charming Girton avenue. I never saw but one horse standing beneath that tutorial archway, and a splendid, powerful, dark chestnut animal he was. Proudly he tossed his head and pawed the earth, as if conscious of the dignity conferred upon him as bearer of the stalwart Whewell.

Other dons went to the stables, and mounted there, but the gigantic tutor claimed a giant's privileges, riding boldly through that sacred avenue with all his characteristic energy and dash; returning after a vigorous tour to that same gateway, and then, without losing a moment's time, upward he rushed to those dear books and manuscripts which teemed from his active brain and astonished the world by their endless multiplicity.

CHAPTER XIV.

Questions and Answers—The Sun Hotel—A Strange Inquiry—
Mr. Venua and his Whip Hand—The Hoops—A Tale of a
Turtle—A Talking Bird—His Utterances—The Use of Old
Friends—English and Foreign Manners—Green Buttons—A
Studied Advance—Ball-room Amenities—Effective Courtesies
—Veni, Vidi—Appeal to the Ladies—Venua's Epitaph—
Old and New Violins—Valuable Instruments.

SINCE the foundation of Peterhouse doubtless millions of questions have been asked in Cambridge by examiners and students of the scientific or quid nunc order, and a few thousands of these queries may have been answered correctly. New comers have innocently inquired:—"Was there ever a 'Sun Hotel' erected 'opposite' Trinity College gateway?" The answer is confidently, "Yes;" and many still alive will readily confirm the statement.

But Mr. Haweis puts one question which, for various reasons, will astonish and utterly confound all the older Cantabs, whether they belong to the town or gown department. That question is—I can scarcely find courage to write the words—"Who was Mr. Venua?"

Select your own court, judges, and witnesses; choose your own standpoint, say from 1820 to 1860, and ask admiring thousands of townsmen and gownsmen, citizens and peasants—ask them, I say, who was Mr. Venua, and note well the effect your question will produce.

See the worthy in his gig ; he drives like no other man. His whip is to him a fiddle bow, lifted gracefully in the air, as if for the purpose of playing a concerto on his lowest string. His left hand, too, is not tucked downwards like a common "coaching" man, but his fingers are uppermost, as if he were displaying a "beautiful scroll," while his benevolent right hand signifies a general salutation and paternal blessing to all mankind.

We alight with him at "The Hoops," so called many years ago. We note his deliberate proceedings and contrast his behaviour with that of others. We see a long passage, bright and white if not broad and spacious, and we sally forth to this alabaster alley. Delicious odours scent the air, and there is a pleasant clatter of domestic weapons which reminds a veteran of the clash of arms. An aldermanic turtle floats in an ornamental tub, ready at any moment to guarantee the truth of certain placards of a gastronomic nature.

By the way, can any senior angler undertake a difficult problem and tell us exactly how long a turtle will live in a tub ? Does his "tale of days" he tells his mate exceed the limits of the Decameron ? This subject might be fully investigated during the spare hours of learned contemplative students.

There were no talking fishes exhibited in those long-bygone days, but as we saunter on, an articulately speaking Bird salutes us with many kind inquiries ; and a very friendly, fatherly kind of bird he is, weighing about sixteen stone. His remarks, however, sometimes deviate into romance ; as, for instance, when he "remembers you very well, and desires to know how your good lady is and all the family ? "

These gratuitous compliments create sensations in bachelor minds which no fellow can understand. As no immediate answer is vouchsafed, the portly biped looks affectionately at the other turtle, apparently cal-

culating the time when his ancient and fish-like friend shall suffer an exchange into something rich and strange. That very "cold clergyman," who dilated on sideboards and negro entertainments, might have said or sung:—

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to table?"

We wend our way through this illuminated trench and ascend to the "large room" (the largest then in Cambridge). Our English conductor appears in sight, but where is the smiling Gaul? He has vanished; he is never in a hurry, especially on official occasions.

The Englishman plunges into the long room, with his head nearly two feet beyond his own understandings; he has evidently forgotten or is in search of something; in fact, he is too much absorbed to notice many friendly glances and familiar inquiries. Not so the Cambridge Napoleon of manners. Why, if you know anything of stage business, you will not rush your hero on in the very first scene, to say:—"Ladies and gentlemen, the characters are so-and-so, and the plot is this or that." Certainly not, you will bide your time; and thus did the captain of our musical band. When the books are all laid out, the seats arranged, and the conductor has settled down ready to begin, anxious watchers hint and whisper that Napoleon is not yet there! Forgetful Briton; he has been warned of this fact several times, but then he was in a hurry, and did not quite catch the observations.

A ray of hope lights up the meeting. A small specimen of the Buttons tribe approaches, clothed in green baize livery, and carrying with fear and trembling *the* violin and case. He is awed by this great responsibility, and he endeavours to impart his dread to others. The sensation seems to be catching, to judge by the expression of many faces.

Then ensues another effort, and the conductor prepares

to start once more. Alas, the case was so peculiar and un-English-like that he had quite forgotten the circumstance.

But our Napoleon never forgot the most trifling accessory of art. He lived by rule and careful calculation, and when all were on the tip-toe of expectation, in he came, but not head foremost. Oh, no; first he arranged a permanent smile and surveyed the general aspect of things; then he advanced one step and paused serenely. The anxiety now becomes intense, but fortunately our Englishman is immersed in private speculations.

Napoleon finally adjusts himself in an erect position and advances with stately tread towards his admirers. One foot is gently pressed forward, the heel first reaches the ground, and then the least flap in the world is heard, as if to signify perfect self-possession and satisfaction. Thus he progresses—right foot, left foot—one step, one flap, until he at last reaches the centre of the room and is rapturously congratulated by everybody—except the conductor, who, unhappily, is thinking of something else.

If further evidence be needed, we can produce it, and at the same time view our master of ceremony in another light, and that a brilliant one.

See a lady glide gracefully into a ball-room, looking like a glistening swan, and tender as a “sweet gazelle.” See her dancing like a phantom of delight, losing herself every now and then in billowy mazes of figures of eight, oscillating turnstiles, or the perpetual motion of Roger de Coverley.

When a quadrille is finished, see her timidly grasping her partner’s arm, just stealing the thousandth part of a glance at him; then a promenade of exactly six paces, a captivating nod at parting, “as if with regret,” as “Napoleon” used to say, and having displayed all these accomplishments, she droops gently into a seat, as if by accident, next to your hated rival!

At another time see her “chasser” up the long family pew before her graceful companions, making tip-toe courtesies as she passes every occupant, and finally flutters down into a wavy ocean of fashionable flounces; see all these things and then ask her the secret of her success and happiness. With the air of a Roman Empress she will exclaim triumphantly :—

“VENI ! VIDI ! VENUA !”

Having transcribed these conclusive testimonials, we say to the ladies of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Biggleswade, Saffron Walden, and the oriental counties generally : Assemble in the name of your mothers, aunts, cousins, uncles, and grandmothers, and answer this extraordinary question, put to you by a modern examiner.

“Rise to the battle, my thousands,
Pour round me like the echoing train.”

Gather near the bright bow of your king, and say that our great teacher in the art of “war,” the Emperor of Deportment, lived and moved and drove and promenaded like no other man, in the good old town of Cambridge.

I refer my readers to an amusing sketch of our Cambridge Paganini, in “My Musical Life,” by the reverend gentleman previously named. I quote from his work an epitaph upon the well-known Frenchman, who thoroughly enjoyed life himself and often made it pleasant to others :—

Monsieur
JEAN GUILLAUME ROBERT RÉNÉ VENUA,
An accomplished Musician,
Born at Paris, 1787,
Departed this life
Dec. 4, 1868,
Aged 81.

Mr. Spalding kindly informed me that the musical hero was buried in the All Saints' portion of "Hills" Road cemetery.

The following extract from *Musical Opinion* will interest many devotees of that enchanting instrument, the violin, which is so varied and comprehensive in tone and expression, and to which Mr. Haweis was so devotedly attached :—

"It would be difficult to give a rule to govern a purchaser in choosing a violin from a number of good instruments, and yet we think a violin that can be tuned perfectly and easily is apt to grow more beautiful with age and give continued satisfaction. This might seem almost absurd, but when a good performer relates his experience he testifies that not one instrument in one hundred can be tuned properly.

"To a violinist, *a piano is always out of tune*. There is such a thing, however, with violins, and when one is fortunate enough to discover such an instrument, it is very sure to wear well and become more and more valuable.

"At a recent loan exhibition in New York there was a collection of violins worth thousands of dollars, and some had histories attached to them that made them as famous as the great masterpieces of art.

"Ole Bull's Gaspard da Salo, with its carved head and quaintly ornamented neck and tailpiece, would prove a small fortune to the widow should she care to dispose of it. Its history would fill a volume, and from the date of its manufacture in 1568 to the present time it has been famous. It was in Innsbruck two hundred years ago one of the great treasures of the museum. Under Napoleon the French invaded this city, and the violin fell into the hands of a soldier, who sold it for a trifle. Later it went to Councillor Relhazek, who sold it to Ole Bull. The

instrument is in perfect repair, being only a trifle rubbed upon the back where it rests against the shoulder.

“This is not the violin the *virtuoso* used at his concerts, though it was often advertised as such, but the mistake probably arose from his possession of two instruments of the same make. His second Gaspard has been used for certainly three centuries, and it was his favourite instrument. Of it the writer said some time ago:—

“‘The tone, when you get to that, is superbly full and ever so sadly sweet, and it is perfect in every string. This violin was the delight of its owner. It is the representative of the grander, stern-looking old instruments of this great violin maker. Think of this fiddle that gave out sounds when Mary Queen of Scots married Darnley, that might have led in Rome a mass performed in honour of St. Bartholomew’s Day, that was of good age when Drake sailed round the world, that was cheery even when news came back to Spain and Italy that the invincible Armada was no more, and that was of a certain maturity in Shakespeare’s time!’

“The probable value of these two violins, possibly the most celebrated in the world, is thousands of dollars, and when the time comes for them to be sold, countries on each side of the Atlantic will undoubtedly contest the honour of owning them.

“It is said that experts can tell by the tone of a violin to what age to ascribe it, and can almost to a certainty tell the school to which it belongs. Otto, who wrote one of the best treatises upon violins, says that the distinction between a Cremonese and a Steiner (or Stainer) violin is that the first sounds like a clarionet, while the Steiner has notes like a flute.

“The value of a good Steiner is enormous, and even those instruments which were made after his model command a high price. The tone of one of these instru-

ments has a roundness that is different from the smooth, liquid tone of the more southern school. To many it gives forth a note of more character than any of the others, and in the finest violins manufactured to-day many performers discover resemblance of the respected Steiner.

“There is no reason why violins should not be made as satisfactorily to-day as hundreds of years ago, because the world has every facility at hand to make a perfect instrument. The improvement of all instruments has been very great, and in none has it been more clearly demonstrated than in the violin.

“Benvenuto Cellini would scarcely recognize a modern violin, and the old performers would look aghast at the music which now can be played on it. The instrument is worth all the time spent upon it, however, because it most nearly approaches the human voice, and who would not be willing to spend a fortune to possess that which is even suggestive of the most precious gift of the Creator to man?” [Age, care, and strength are the chief factors.]

CHAPTER XV.

Liszt's Story of Wirtz—Critics at Fault—Liszt at Manchester—Nocturnal Practice—Balfe, Osborne, and Macfarren—Costa and Madame Rudersdorff—Early Musical Studies—Mozart's Quaint Trio—Guage's Divination—Lord Malmesbury and Cardinal Newman—Pranks of Students—A Dance of Dust—The Scholastic Wand—An Innocent Victim—Unconscious Tutor.

LISZT told a good story to Mr. Haweis concerning that eccentric Belgian painter Wirtz. "He used to send his pictures to the Salon year after year, which were always returned; the judges would have nothing to say to him. Well, he happened to become possessed of a veritable Rubens, and the malicious idea occurred to him to put his own name to it, and send it up to the Salon. The judges, taking it for Wirtz rubbish, *sent it back.*"

Liszt had played many similar pranks, one of which I described in a former work. He could, however, be very much in earnest. When he was quite young he resided for a time with Mr. Ward, of Manchester, a prominent musical professor in that city. Like other successful artists, Liszt was no idler. He made an express stipulation with Mr. Ward that a pianoforte should be placed in his bedroom, in order that he might arise at any time during the night and practise the passages which he had formed in his ever active brain.

These intermittent studies were pursued with the utmost devotion and perseverance. He worked away at a difficult phrase until he had thoroughly mastered it; thus proving to young scholars that the greatest natural gifts require perpetual cultivation. The nocturnal exercises were, however, much more beneficial to the young devotee than to those who inhabited neighbouring rooms.

Mr. G. A. Osborne published a number of very pleasant "Reminiscences" relating to Liszt, Balfe, and others. I append one quotation:—

"Of all the pianists that I have heard, and they are a goodly number, Liszt was the greatest. The favourite of fortune, his career was unparalleled. He travelled incessantly from one country to another, giving many concerts for charitable purposes. Tired of the fame of the virtuoso, he devoted himself to the higher branch of composition, and his orchestral and vocal works are now heard in all the chief cities of Europe and America.

"There was a great contrast between Liszt and Wagner. The former, the idol of society; the latter repulsed with coldness. Wagner looked on Liszt with suspicion when he first met him, and Liszt's reception of Wagner was anything but cordial. How strange the beginning and end of this acquaintance! Such warm friends, such thorough appreciators of each other! Wagner said what he felt in composing music, Liszt felt in performing it.

"I first knew Balfe in Paris, where he came out at the Italian opera as Figaro in *The Barber of Seville*. I was continually with him when he was studying his part, and one morning, wishing to perfect himself in his attack on Bartollo, he asked me to rehearse the part of the old guardian, which I did for once, and only once, as I had to retreat before him, while he pursued, throwing at me napkins, cushions, and a large plate representing his barber's basin.

"This he called 'charming play,' which it probably was from his point of view; but, as I had to receive all the blows, I looked on the rehearsal in a different light, and afterwards confined myself to the accompaniment of his songs, duets, and concerted music.

"Balfe was a charming singer, and as accompanist unsurpassable. It is no wonder then that he was a lion in his day, and from his geniality a pet with the highest of the land. For those who desire to know about his career, I recommend 'Balfe, his Life and Works,' by Barrett. When residing in Paris I received the following letter from Balfe:—

" 'London, November 29, 1843.

" 'DEAR GEORGE,—My new opera [*The Bohemian Girl*] came out on Monday evening last, and is one of the greatest hits ever made. The overture and five of the vocal pieces were encored. Last night second representation; the same encores and more success if possible. I am sure you will be glad to hear this; I send you a paper. Give my love to your wife, and remember me to all friends. We leave for Paris next Saturday.

" 'Your sincere friend,

" 'M. W. BALFE.'

"Balfe was always anxious for the establishment of a permanent English opera in London, and, among other composers, he invited the co-operation of Macfarren, the [late] principal of the Royal Academy of Music. He was anxious to show that British musicians deserved some of the patronage lavished on foreign artists. *Don Quixote*, by Macfarren, was put in rehearsal; but, owing to the theatre being closed for want of funds, it was not produced till five years later."

Balfe displayed much talent and vivacity in his various impersonations. I have also heard him sing his old favourite, "The light of other days," in an agreeable

baritone style, accompanying himself on the pianoforte with admirable taste and judgment.

In my "Memoirs" I described a wonderful character under the name of "Guage," and I adduced several illustrations with regard to his notion of musical pitch. One or two critics, who I suppose were not practical musicians, failed to perceive the peculiarity of this remarkable gift. Thoughtful men will doubtless entertain a different opinion, as it bears on the mysterious question of innate perceptions. One artist would, undoubtedly, have escaped a certain amount of ridicule had she been endowed with the quality in question, as will be seen by the following quotation:—

"A good anecdote of the late Sir Michael Costa is wandering about; the parties who took part in the incident being Madame Rudersdorff and Sir Michael. On one occasion the former, after singing her song at rehearsal, declared that she must have it transposed half a note lower.

"‘But, madame,’ said Costa, ‘consider the inconvenience, especially to the wind instruments, and all my men cannot be counted upon to transpose at sight.’ But the lady was imperative, and so Costa shrugged his shoulders and bowed.

"‘Very well; gentlemen,’ said he, turning to the bewildered band, and closing his score, ‘to-morrow you will play it a note lower.’ The next day, just before Madame Rudersdorff came on to sing, Costa whispered the word, ‘*In the original key*—no change!’ And so it was sung.

"At the close the delighted singer turned rapturously to Costa and thanked him. ‘I am charmed,’ she said. ‘Madame,’ replied Costa, with that touch of pleasant irony which was all his own, ‘*we* are also charmed; you sang it in the original key.’”

Scientific men have been struck by my remarks, and

they have pondered on the subject. One point raised by them I may allude to. No man has advocated cultivation more than myself, or appreciated the rewards of hereditary perseverance, but I am bound to say that "Guage" derived nothing from such sources. His mother had no musical taste, and his father's delight in music was absolutely grotesque. When Collinet had "twiddled" out his burlesque flageolet variations on part of Jullien's quadrille, Guage senior was found to be *in tears*!

It was a singular coincidence that of six or seven fellow pupils at Cambridge under one tutor, a Trinity man, nearly all of them met together for a considerable time at a subsequent period. The gifted "Guage" was one of this number. Often have I heard a message delivered from that exceptional character like the following:—"Please, sir, may 'Reppin' accompany me on the piano for a short time."

Then we used to hear, in the midst of our studies, an air from De Beriot's works, or from some other captivating writer, tried over a number of times, and interrupted by ominous pauses, during which Guage vehemently declared that certain variations never would or could be perfectly played by him. Time, however, removed most of these difficulties.

Guage resolved, whether wisely or not, that he would never practise De Beriot's reiterated notes with a single stroke of the bow. What he lost as an executant, undoubtedly his violin gained in purity and sweetness.

He was not unused to dilatory proceedings, and he adhered to one theory the greater part of his life. This was, that it was useless to practise two or three pieces of music exclusively, especially the works of Beethoven; and that, instead of storming one particular fort, you must undertake a regular siege by means of general and long-continued practice.

There is much to be said for this broad view of the

question, and no doubt many, who have suffered from the parrot-like efforts of specially-crammed pupils, will be very much inclined to endorse his opinion.

With regard to his marvellous musical endowments, I may venture to adduce a singular instance, in addition to those which I have previously enumerated. The circumstance caused much surprise at the time, and I think my readers will share in that feeling.

Mozart, in one of his playful moods, had cleverly selected three popular melodies which could be played or sung together harmoniously. On one occasion three old schoolfellows met after a long separation. Our friend "Reppin" suddenly proposed that we should sing this odd trio in memory of youthful days. One of the pieces was the air commonly called "Buy a broom;" I am not quite certain as to the titles of the other two.

We started off, and at the third bar we called Guage to order, as he had introduced a "wrong" piece. Pausing just for a moment, he remarked "It will do." We found, after due investigation, that he was perfectly correct. This talent, displayed on the instant, evinced a power something akin to miraculous divination, as while Mozart had full time for deliberation, and might have rejected many strains as unsuitable, Guage was suddenly called upon to form his opinion, and traverse all the different notes by a rapid mental operation.

His paramount idea of pitch may be rated by another example. In order to test his powers to the utmost, one of us would occasionally hum, in any handy key, a sustained classical melody, which was well known, but perhaps had not been heard for a length of time. In such a case, Guage often failed to recognize the air. We then proceeded to banter him, and laugh at his forgetfulness. "Ah," he would say, "it was not at all likely; you sang it in the *wrong key*!"

Endless were the ingenious devices resorted to by irrepressible students. Lord Malmesbury has regaled us

with accounts of many youthful escapades, and few of them will appear improbable to those who know the fertility of invention common to youngsters. He relates a veritable instance of "table moving," which occurred when the operations were conducted by the "spirits" of the students rather than by the very doubtful agency of supernatural aid. It is true that Cardinal Newman has ventured to utter a mild protest against certain statements; but to the experienced in such matters it will appear much more probable that the alleged pranks were actually perpetrated, although a mistake may have arisen with respect to the tutor's name. The reader will be entitled to form his own particular "theory of probabilities."

The following letter appeared in the *Daily News* :—

"Sir,—As Lord Malmesbury has not made any sign of the impression which my friend Lord Blachford's letter was calculated to make upon him, I consider he wishes to receive an answer from myself, which I proceed to give in as few words as I can.

"I am sorry that, at the end of nearly 60 years, he should not let bygones be bygones. I have never said a word against him, and his account of me is as discourteous as it is utterly unfounded. If I was as cowardly as he represents I never ought to have been a college tutor.

"The truth is, when I came into office the discipline was in a very lax state, and I, like a new broom, began sweeping very vigorously, as far as my opportunities went. This roused the indignation of certain high and mighty youths, who, relying on the claims of family and fortune, did their best to oppose me and to spread tales about me. I don't consider that on the whole I got the worst of it in the conflict; and what Lord Malmesbury calls 'helpless resignation' and 'painful tolerance' I interpret to have been the conduct of a gentleman under great provocation.

"Lest I be misapprehended, I add that the bad behaviour I have described was confined to a minority. Most of those whom I came across were perfectly well conducted. I recall the memory of many, both living and dead, with great respect. One of them, shocked at what was brought home to him, had several years earlier taken the unusual step of printing a pamphlet to protest against the compulsory reception of the sacrament by undergraduates, and one of the tutors answered it in support of the existing rule. My own similar remonstrance to the same effect in 1826-7 had the same unsuccessful issue.

"As to Lord Malmesbury's instances, Lord Blachford has disposed of the table moving, and I, if I must condescend to notice it here, deny it absolutely.

"As to the 'bell-rope,' it was not the bell-rope, but the bell-wire outside my room. A clever youth mounted a ladder and performed the feat at midnight, when I was in bed; but I suppose it was an insipid joke, for it was not done again.

"Lastly, as to the haunch of venison. I did not recollect that we had such generous fare, even at the provost's table. Lord Malmesbury says he witnessed—What? That I was 'nearly' driven. How could he see me 'nearly driven?' He may take my word for it, I should either have been driven out and out, or not driven at all. So much, however, may be true—not that the statement is a fact, but that it is a mythical representation of what was the fact—viz., that I was not supported in my reforms by the high authorities of the college.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN H. CARD. NEWMAN.

"October 24, 1884."

One trifling absurdity may be mentioned to show how easily tutors can be hoodwinked by cautious and cunning

scholars. Our teacher, before alluded to, was a comparatively young, active, and sharp-sighted man, who, I firmly believe, never purposely shut his eyes to the doings of his scholars; yet one almost childish trick was perpetually played before him.

A long lath, with a nail fastened to the end, was carefully preserved as part of the traditional property of the scholars. When a new pupil arrived this wand of office was invariably produced in the most secret manner possible. During the tutor's absence the lath was raised to the ceiling, and a floury kind of substance quietly descended on to the garments of the novice.

Every time the tutor reappeared, we heard accumulative epithets heaped on the head of the victim, in addition to his other woes —

“Mr Hillock, you have some dust on your clothes.”

The new pupil happened to be a very mild and innocent young man, and he murmured —

“Indeed, sir, I can't tell where it came from.”

After a second fall of pepper and salt coating, we heard —

“Why, Mr Hillock, your dress is again covered with dust,” and the “defendant” would once more express his surprise, and solemnly assure the tutor that his clothes were carefully brushed every day in the year.

This absurd practice was continued to a degree incredible to those who have not personally witnessed such scenes; and I am confident that the bright, earnest, and intelligent tutor never suspected for a moment the actual state of things, for he was quite young and buoyant enough to enjoy the joke “for once,” and then take very good care that it should never occur again.

Mr. Hillock was a nephew of the millionaire, Mr. Wynn Ellis, owner of the celebrated picture, “The Duchess of Devonshire,” the loss of which caused such a commotion a few years ago.

CHAPTER XVI.

Poetical Progress—Girl Graduates—A Cambridge Poem—Brunes and Blondes—Both sides of a question—Attractions of Girton—Chinese Incantation—Popular Ballads—Poetical Evidence—Submission and Happiness—A Luminous Charge—Antagonistic Poetry—Peculiar Telegrams.

OUR older poets must certainly look to their laurels. The rhythmical schoolmaster is decidedly abroad, and he bids fair to usher in a new system at Cambridge, as I shall shortly demonstrate. The university has always been much attached to “numbers,” and now the mysterious nine seem to be contending for the preference, aided by the development of the new Girtonian Philosophy, and the desire for still more diversified studies.

In the specimen to be presented to the reader, one or two rather lame feet will doubtless attract his attention, but he may be reminded that the fluent Lord Byron was not entirely exempt from this slight impediment, both personally and poetically. With these orthopedic reservations we reproduce from a Cambridge paper, the last authentic ode on a subject of never ceasing interest :—

ODE TO A GIRL GRADUATE.

‘ Now the Girl Graduate, who thinks College ‘ nice ’ is,
May leave Cam’s calculi to feast on *Isis* !
But not the fair and golden-headed section ;
Oxford’s Red Hoods won’t ‘ go ’ with that complexion !

Besides, to *Blondes* the Cambridge Blue is fitting ;
 So *Brunes* alone to Oxford will be fitting.
 Thus when you meet Girl Graduates of Colleges,
 Their University their tint acknowledges.
 (Lest to some folks it might appear too shocking,
 'Tis best not mention Dark or Light Blue Stocking.)
 Blues—in Degrees—M.A.'s—will show their places
 Thus not alone in dress, but by their faces.
 Let the Girl Graduate through Grecian, Romish,
 Or Scientific, not forget the Homish !
 Guided and ruled by learning's spurs and bridles,
 Her life's not one of Idyls—nor of idles !
 She puts aside her heart (*pro. tem.*) in satchel, or
 Keeps it, as M-aid of A-rts, to give a Bachelor !
 Will College training educate an angler
 For fishes like a 'double first' or 'wrangler' ?
 Or will she be quite satisfied by earning
 A wonderful celebrity for learning ?
 Though Mathematics, Physics, Greek, and Latin
 Mayn't influence her love for lace and satin,
 It may affect a maiden's sweet simplicity—
 For College lectures teach no domesticity !
 Girl Students may be Statists, Linguists, Lawyers—
 May even be Ben Allens or Bob Sawyers !
 But do they learn that thoughtfulness for others
 That makes Home sweet as Daughters, Sisters, Mothers ?
 Cull Wisdom from that fairest page of life,
 And grow from perfect Maid to perfect Wife ?
 To aid this end the Oxford Vote was carried—
 To be M.A. shows fitness to be M.A.-rried !”

A profound historian or General Advocate is bound in
 all honour to present both sides of a question to his court
 of inquirers, and in such an impartial and elaborate
 manner, that the jury may be enabled, after mature con-
 sideration, to infer from his arguments and illustrations

to which side the president undoubtedly leans. This mystically clear form of exhortation and summing up is much to be commended when the cause is somewhat complicated, and the jurors are anxious to depart.

Granted these preliminaries, a judicial charge would assume something like the following shape :—

To young and heedless students we would say—be especially on your guard against the attractions of Girton. In such a case, the scholar who hesitates is lost, and he soon finds himself subject to most heartless conditions.

When once you enter that magic circle, all hope of extrication is vain. Taste but one cup from that baleful Chinese caldron, and the process of incantation is complete. We need not enlarge upon the evils of gaming and billiard tables, but depend upon it the most dangerous “inebriation” is that of the tea-table.

Poetry has often proved a useful handmaid to law makers, and we can, in this case, refer to our popular ballads for conclusive evidence on this part of the question, as illustrative of the fate of an entangled poet. All previous promises are forgotten, and the old flame of love is recklessly extinguished:—

“The minstrel boy to Girton is gone ;
 In the kilted ranks you’ll find him.
 His traitorous sword is now *girt on*
 Against the girls he left behind him.”

On the other side, it is the duty of the court to point out to you the advantage of adopting a course diametrically opposed to the one we have been considering. If you humbly surrender everything into the hands of the “fair” sex, the very terms imply that you will be indulgently treated. Cease to govern, and you will cease to suffer. Submit to your lady love, and her maternal preceptor; listen serenely to Mrs. Caudle’s “Girton” lectures, and you will rest upon roses for the remainder of your days.

As poetry was quoted in support of one contending party, it is the duty of an impartial court to present to you a corresponding amount on the opposite side. After these "luminous" observations, and having left the question in a perfectly balanced state, we congratulate you upon your happy condition of suspense.

We finally express our extreme and heartfelt thankfulness that the verdict will depend upon the jury and not upon ourselves. The tenour of the counteracting melody is as follows :—

" Banish, oh husband,
 Thy fears of to-morrow ;
 Dash down thy bank book,
 Forget all thy sorrow.
 Treasure flies swiftly
 And brightly away ;
 Crash for to-morrow,
 But credit to-day."

Late telegram :—" Court left sitting ; no result at present."

Later telegram :—" Conspiracy still hatching."

Latest telegram :—" Verdict disagreed with jury, and they were discharged unanimously."

CHAPTER XVII.

Sympathizing Readers—Interest in Collegiate Life—Dr. Humphrey's "Guide"—Changes in Cambridge—Hobson the Carrier—His Conduit—The New Fountain—Inscription—Milton's Lines on Hobson—The Dinner Hour Altered—New-market Races—Scholastic Gilpins—Dark Green Street—A Daring Performance—A Delicate Switch—An Artist and his Followers.

WRITERS who treat of Cambridge subjects enjoy one inestimable privilege: they can always rely upon a patient and attentive audience. After relating a hundred stories of collegiate life, you discover that the dwellers in a thousand pleasant homes are continually yearning and asking for more. This feeling of interest seems to pervade all those who have university connections.

Thousands of men and women, young and old, have or had a father at this college, an uncle at that one, a brother here, or a "dear cousin" there; even grandfathers and great uncles are summoned by the memory to the happy feast of imagination, and cherished recollections are rapturously brought to mind with all the force of romantic reality.

I have lately perused an interesting "Guide to Cambridge," written by Dr. G. M. Humphrey, and published by Mr. Spalding at such a remarkably low rate, that in

the many scattered homes previously referred to, few of their libraries will, I am convinced, be found wanting with respect to such a desirable book of reference and information.

Many recorded "novelties" are startling to an old inhabitant, and they naturally suggest numerous rectifications of antiquated landmarks. Although I paid a flying visit to Cambridge about twenty years ago, and therefore must have observed various changes, yet in spite of an excellent memory, the old mental pictures of boyhood in several cases ultimately overshadowed those of more recent creation.

I have the faintest recollection of observing a space where formerly stood All Saints' Church, but I recollect nothing of a "memorial cross," if it really existed at that time.

I also read of a "Fountain" on Market Hill, in place of the old "pepper box" called Hobson's Conduit. Both these changes took place, according to the "Guide," before I last saw the town, and yet I have no recollection of the circumstances. I also learn that on the old conduit, now removed to the south of the town, there is an inscription:—

"Thomas Hobson, carrier between Cambridge and London, a great benefactor to this University and Town, died 1st January, 1630, in the 86th year of his age."

The Doctor's own remarks may be engraved on the conduit at a future date, unless means be taken to render such a proceeding unnecessary:—

"Hobson lived and died in St. Benedict's parish, and was buried in the Chancel of the Church; but there is no monument or inscription to him!"

His journeys were interrupted by the plague, and this cessation of labour proved most irksome to the active veteran; so much so, indeed, that it probably "hastened" his end.

Milton describes the struggle in the following lines :—

“ Here lies one who did most truly prove
 ‘ That he could never die while he could move ;
 For death had any time these ten years full
 Dodged with him ’twixt Cambridge and the ‘ Bull ’ ;
 And surely death could never have prevailed,
 Had not his weekly course of carriage failed.”

One feat, occasionally performed by Cambridge students, would doubtless have greatly shocked the old carrier, who was so careful of his horses.

“ Hall,” or dinner, was usually at four o’clock, but during Newmarket races the hour was changed to three, in order to prevent a sudden and mysterious migration of students.

The race was run a few minutes after two, and the attendance of undergraduates at Newmarket was expressly forbidden, under pains and penalties of a formidable nature. As, in the minds of students, evasion always formed nine points of the law, and as notoriety was frequently coveted, the young Gilpins of the day engaged relays of horses, rushed to the conflict like “ light ” men and “ Blue,” witnessed the exciting contest, and scampered back again just in time to be marked in hall, like the less venturesome members of the University.

As the distance was fourteen miles, it is to be hoped, for the sake of Hobson’s ghost and the poor animals concerned, that the riders employed several horses in such a violent and break-neck undertaking. How the authorities contrive to “ handicap ” the steam horse of modern days, whether by “ gating ” all the students, or sending unwilling Proctors to Newmarket, our most enlightened “ guides ” afford us no adequate information.

The reader will have observed, from various incidents previously narrated, that the “ avocations ” of students

are characterized by much agreeable diversity. Many are the branches and "pursuits" which appertain to the wide-spreading tree of knowledge, as cultivated at Cambridge. But one section of art has never, to my knowledge, been properly investigated by the Dons, as the strange illustrations have been cautiously exhibited without the consent of either the Vice-Chancellor or Mayor.

I happened to witness one of these displays, much to my surprise, and I proceed to relate the circumstance in truthful seriousness. The performance took place in Green Street, which at that time deserved the name of Dark Green Street. There was but one shop, about midway between Trinity Street and Sidney Street. In the window were many curiosities, and among others, sketches in the "H. B." or High Burlesque style of Art. Few laymen or Levites passed by on the other side. On a rather dark evening I was at one end of the window, and two undergraduates were at the other end. I was about ten years of age. I turned to notice the arrival of a fourth person, a suspicious-looking hanger-on, and generally to be seen on market days near the Town Hall.

These students were far too deeply immersed in their "studies" to observe any artistic efforts beyond those delineated by H. B.'s attractive pencil. Our young experimental philosopher cared nothing for my presence; indeed, he seemed rather to enjoy it. He positively smiled and winked at me, while he delicately proceeded to nip the extreme end of one student's coat with his thumb and first finger, pull it straight and slightly away from the "model's" person, and then, with another smile towards me, he switched out a valuable silk handkerchief with the dexterity of a fly fisherman. All this was done in less time than I require to write six words. I was completely petrified. I did and said nothing;

because when the rascal first winked so composedly at me, I felt certain that he was known to the students, and would therefore return the silken treasure when he had perpetrated his "joke."

He was, however, on other thoughts intent. He made two very light skips towards the centre of the road and at once darted off with the speed of lightning towards Trinity Street. Then indeed I found my tongue, and with lips trembling with excitement I informed the victim of his loss. A half-doubting eye was cast upon me, and a half-hesitating hand was pressed towards his pocket. He was convinced, the two friends exchanged glances almost of a gleeful rather than doleful kind, and, as if they had been hunting many hours for a fox without a "find," they dashed down the street in full cry with a forty "bull-dog" power of pursuit. To them, at least, the game certainly seemed to be worth the kerchief.

I pondered upon the fact and I related it to others ; but in those days there were no policemen in the town. A few constables were appointed of an easy-going amateur character, but they were generally small shopkeepers or other householders who did not seem to think that every nice event should bear its comment or be subject to much investigation.

I watched for the impudent fellow whenever I passed near the market, but in vain, and I never had the "pleasure" of seeing him again. Probably few of my readers ever had the privilege of studying such a deliberate and almost incredible instance of crafty and impertinent "abstraction."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Serving the Boar's Head—Aubrey—An Ancient Song—The Royal Table—Anecdote of George IV.—Professor Sedgwick—Kind Attention—Respect for Sedgwick—Stroll to St. John's Chapel—An Intelligent Animal—A Coach Journey—Carus, Gunning, and Sedgwick—An Odd Trio—A Mock Sun—Reppin's Bombshell—A Reply—A Second Attack—The Dean's Resignation.

OLD customs died a long, lingering death at Cambridge. Among others may be mentioned that of serving a boar's head with considerable ceremony on certain festive occasions.

At St. John's the custom was still observed in my time, and probably it may have survived even to the present day. I am not certain that any other college at Cambridge kept up the old traditional form during my residence in the town. Of the manner in which the ceremony was formerly conducted the following account is given by Aubrey, in one of his manuscripts deposited in the Ashmolean Museum :—"The boar's head being boiled or roasted, is laid in a great charger, covered with a garland of bays or laurel. When the first course is served up in the refectory on Christmas Day, the manciple brings the said boar's head from the kitchen up to the high table, accompanied by one of the taberdars, who lays his hand on the charger. The taberdar sings a song,

and when he comes to the chorus, all the scholars that are in the refectory join in it." The following are the words of the song:—

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you my masters be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.

CHORUS.

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the bravest dish in all the land,
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,
Let us survive canticò.

Chorus.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensie Atrio."

Chorus.

Till towards the middle of the 18th century it appears to have been customary to bring up to the tables of the gentry as the first dish on Christmas Day a boar's head, with a lemon in its mouth. Tradition, however, represented this usage of Queen's as a commemoration of an act of valour performed by a student of the college who, while walking in the neighbouring forest of Shotover, and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously, and with a happy presence of mind, is said to have "rammed" in the volume, and cried "*Græcum est*," fairly choking the savage with the sage.

Mr. Croker, in his "Correspondence," relates an anecdote which proves that the ancient custom was observed in royal circles. The Prince of Wales was at Brighton in December, 1817, and Mr. Croker was invited to dine with him.

"There was," he writes, "a fine boar's head at the side table. The Prince pressed Lord Hertford to eat some of it. He refused, and the Prince said it was the only kind of 'bore' Lord Hertford was not fond of. This is good, because his lordship has a real passion for persons whom everybody else considers as bores."

The last time I saw the venerable philosopher, Sedgwick, was about twenty years ago. Having but a few hours to spare, I was strolling with a friend through the grounds of dear old Trinity. A portly, learned-looking don had evidently enticed the ancient tutor into the open air, under the pretence of showing him the almost completed chapel of St. John's.

We walked behind the pair, at a deliberate pace, surveying them both with considerable interest. It was very touching to note the affectionate regard displayed by the younger man. The old Professor leaned upon his arm, and somewhat heavily, but still the dark eyes flashed from time to time with much of their former brilliancy, while he seemed to say, in his old kindly, gruff, and independent way : "I understand it all. He thinks I am getting old, and need a little aid and attention, but there is life in the old man yet; only I just pretend to humour him, and let him have his way."

It was charming to observe his friendly recognition of nearly all who met him, from dons to gyps and other college servants. Everyone seemed to take especial interest in the much-respected man, and turned to note the influence of time upon his aged frame.

Thus we sauntered on, hearing every now and then a

friendly grunt, as inquiring eyes met his own, and could not turn away without one laconic greeting. We wandered slowly through the grounds of St. John's, the new and old courts, until we came to the large new chapel. As I said, the visit was probably a mere excuse, or Sedgwick might have seen the progressing structure many times; in any case, he scarcely looked at it on that occasion. Something else had riveted the veteran's attention.

It was a very simple circumstance, but the old man's fancy woke within us sympathetic feelings, thinking, as we did, that this would probably be our final interview. Building materials were being raised by means of a bucket, attached to a long rope and pulley. The considerate don was scanning minutely every detail of the building, but Sedgwick abruptly said in his deep, sonorous bass voice, "Humph! look here."

There stood a massive, powerful, and broad-chested horse, all alone, in the centre of the court, as if rejoicing in his strength and intelligence. He waited for the word of command, given from a lofty height; and when he heard it, on he marched with stately steps to a certain spot, and there he stood with great composure. Presently, another sound, not to be found in any dictionary, reached his ear. Then he turned in military fashion to the right-about, and wended his way back again, while the pail descended to the ground. All the time we remained there the old professor attended to nothing but that knowing quadruped and his marchings to and fro.

I and another friend were once on the London coach with Sedgwick. Journeys were not then undertaken every day, and fellow passengers were often eyed attentively, in order to ascertain if they were desirable companions. As luck would have it, who should next appear but Carus. Now both were fellows of Trinity; both were friendly, and probably they never in their lives

exchanged an unkind word; but owing to matters geological and theological, which at that time were supposed to be antagonistic, each man would willingly have exchanged his companion for another friend.

When the two had settled down in a half-cordial way we heard another "Humph; why here comes Gunning." This was the old, hearty giant, equally well known in popular assemblies as he was in university circles. Three men more distinct and different in their ways and thoughts never met to engage in a polite triangular duel.

Each man had his particular walk in life, and their varied opinions were known to everyone. But as all were gentlemen in the highest sense of the term, a stranger would never have discovered their peculiarities from their conversation.

An ominous lull occurred occasionally, which was sometimes broken by a jovial remark from Gunning; but the "Dean" looked as if it would be scarcely decorous to laugh outright until he had left Cambridge far behind. Such were the laws of serious Medes and Persians in those solemn, uncompromising times.

This remarkable game of three "odd men" occupied six hours, and each player seemed to be wondering what on earth would be the next subject discussed. An astute mathematician might have arranged his problem of X, Y, Z in various suitable pairs, but, all together, they proved, in accordance with an ancient proverb, that an unwilling triple alliance was not on every occasion desirable. In fact, this collegiate tripod seemed to be a rather rickety construction.

Whenever, therefore, an opportunity occurred, Sedgwick, as the presiding Senior, generously availed himself of the circumstance in order to create a little diversion. After a mysterious and exciting "flash of silence," the veteran suddenly exclaimed:—"Humph! see, there is a mock sun!" This bright burst of intelligence was a

happy relief, and we were enlightened in various ways by the Professor's remarks on the causes of such a phenomenon.

My young and vivacious companion, "Reppin," was gifted with a very active and penetrating mind, and, in addition, there was undoubtedly a light vein of mischief in his composition. Perhaps he felt on this occasion as cricketers do, when they say, after a long and deadly calm, "A change for the worse is better than no change at all." In any case, he almost bowled over the entire company by a conversational bombshell, hurled into the camp :—

"Professor, how can you reconcile geology with the first chapter of Genesis?"

The scene which ensued was unutterably grotesque. The Dean looked awe-stricken at such a daring inquiry from the young inopportunist, and seemed to wish that he had taken another "coach." At that time science and theology were supposed to be wide as the poles asunder.

Gunning's large, round, beaming face appeared to assume an expression perilously near that which is understood by the phrase—a broad grin; and we waited with some anxiety for the boom of the enemy's cannon. The sturdy Professor shook himself together, like a noble old mastiff when attacked by a terrier, uttered a few humorous growls, and then delivered the following "sentence":—

"Humph! you can't expect a man to preach a sermon on the top of a stage coach."

The Dean could scarcely refrain from clapping his hands at the Professor's happy display of diplomatic evasion; but he felt that this unusual show of hands might have seemed too closely allied to theatrical approbation.

Once more silence reigned around, and we were glad to

snatch at anything by way of relief, even a few Hertfordshire apples, which temptingly overhung the road as the coach passed merrily along.

But my friend aimed at higher game than apples, and as he had received a good shake from the older watchdog, he turned his attention towards the Dean, and politely asked him what he thought of the celebrated "Gorham judgment," which was then causing much excitement in the country.

On a question of "policy" Mr. Dean was not likely to be outdone by any other fellow of Trinity, and he replied in the mildest accents, "As the proper authorities have fully and laboriously investigated the matter, I think we are in duty bound patiently to submit to their decision."

Now, as this verdict exactly tallied with the Dean's opinions, his sublime efforts to be impartial and his gentle method of combining perfect submissiveness with great personal satisfaction, seemed to be worthy of especial commendation.

CHAPTER XIX.

An Accomplished Organist — A Pompous Official — Brilliant “Gas” — A Warden’s Caprices — An Uncommercial Artist — A Peculiar Receipt — A Mirthful Vestry Meeting — Downing College — Sergeant Frere — Dr. Worsley — Mrs. Frere — “Adeste Fideles” — Professor Willis — His Experiments — Dr. Fisher — A Young Painter — Malta — Mr. Fowell — Reppin — An Unlawful Picnic — A Decorated Arbour — The Admiral’s Inspection — A Cool Performer.

I WILL relate another anecdote, in which Master Reppin was concerned. He was a brilliant organist, in the celebrated school of Bach, and he devoted much time to this not very remunerative kind of study. In all mischievous contrivances he was a true son of Cambridge, and when the “lists” of comical achievements were compared, he generally managed to “come out in honours.” Where an organist is, there will usually be found an officer called a churchwarden. Now there are wardens and wardens; one rare specimen of the race, however, especially tried the musician, and as the parochial “judge” was dogmatical, he often found the musical defendant guilty, without permitting any appeal to the congregational jury.

So high flown and persistent were the warden’s orations, and so capricious were his actions, that he very soon acquired the title of “Gas.” On a very cold day he

would walk a long distance to his office ; and on his way he worked himself up to a very high pitch of excitement, with respect to numberless details on the road and his own parochial cares in particular. Every movement, every flush on his face seemed to declare the importance of his position in his own infallible opinion, as if he would declare to all the world —

“I am the parish!”

Arriving at his office he perceives a not uncommon institution, namely, a fire. “Rake all that out ; who wants a fire such a ‘warm’ day as this?” The next morning he rides in an omnibus, and the temperature is much higher than yesterday. The attendants, dreading the great potentate’s wrath, fear to add fuel to the flame.

“What is the meaning of this? No fire! Monstrous! Enough to freeze a man to death!”

From these outlines the reader will be able to estimate the figure, and thus form a notion of his fitness for “official” life. Reppin had scarcely encountered anything like commercial transactions, and I dare say he had never signed a regular business receipt in his life. He received his salary from our friend “Gas,” and there was an end of the matter—as one of them thought.

Not so the other. Powerful discourses were delivered with much gesticulation, on the importance of precision in pecuniary matters. And here he was no doubt perfectly correct, but the sermon was generally spoiled by a certain pompous delivery. Reppin was ever on the alert, and his comical quiver contained a number of arrows. He selected one of these shafts, with which to direct a whimsical blow.

He retired behind the organ, as if to consult his “partner,” the blower, and soon returned with the necessary document. Mr Gas, after a few closing admonitions of an impressive kind, retreated in a very imposing and dignified manner. The vestry meeting was duly held,

and Gas produced his receipt, "at last," as he said, "signed by the organist," and another official commentary proceeded from his lips.

As a matter of form, someone happened to glance at the paper, and a roar of merriment disconcerted even the non-laughing Gas. The portentous document was signed, not Jones Reppin, but "*God save the Queen.*" Never was there such a merry vestry meeting. The man of Gas burst forth into a flame for a time; then he gradually dwindled to a very dim light, and was soon finally extinguished in the eyes of the parishioners.

I was recently startled by reading a newspaper paragraph. I felt obliged to work out two or three small problems of addition and subtraction before I could come to any definite conclusion. It seemed incredible that I should well recollect Master Frere, of Downing College, when I learned that his successor, Dr. Worsley, had been president for forty-nine years.

"We have to record the death of the Rev. Thomas Worsley, D.D., Master of Downing College, which took place yesterday morning at Downing Lodge. The deceased gentleman, who was born in 1798, was the son of the late Rev. Thomas Worsley, of Hovingham Hall, Yorkshire, and Applebercombe, Isle of Wight. He entered and obtained a foundation scholarship at Trinity College in 1818, and graduated as third senior optimist in 1820.

"He was elected to a travelling bachelorship in the university in 1824. He was ordained by the then Bishop of Ely, and proceeded to his M.A. degree in May of the same year. He was elected to a fellowship at Downing College, and in 1836, on the death of Sergeant Frere, was made master of the college, and in the following year vice-chancellor of the university."

Many were the gay musical scenes witnessed at Downing. Mrs. Frere was our local Pasta, and her

favourite solo was "Adeste fideles," accompanied at intervals by band and chorus. There she stood, looking gracious and cheerful, on an orchestra erected in the handsome College Hall, surveying the brilliant company assembled before her. Of course Mr. Venua led the band. On one occasion we found that on three sides of the platform large and thick carpets had been attached to the walls, in order to soften the tone of certain brass instruments.

Professor Willis, a near neighbour, had been experimenting as usual; but for once the ingenious man made a decided mistake, as not only did the "dampers" spoil the appearance of the pleasant room, but the stringed instruments suffered considerably by the change, and the attempt was never repeated.

There was another well-known worthy residing in Downing College, Dr. Fisher, who was an indefatigable "student" during the whole course of his life. Day by day he collected specimens of plants and other objects, and a young artist was continually engaged in painting for him sketches of these botanical rarities. It is to be hoped that these treasures have not remained hidden from the light of day, like so many productions of modest Cambridge men, who, as I have before pointed out, in many cases positively needed a spur ere they would lay their discoveries prominently before the public.

For ages Cambridge seems to have been connected by "telegraphs" with all parts of the world. Go where you would, you were sure to find university associations. One of our six fellow pupils, Fowell, went out to Malta. There he found Mrs. Frere, displaying the same interest in music, singing the same old strains, and wearing a majestic turban similar to the one which had distinguished her formerly. Of course friends met together, talked of Cambridge days, and cultivated the art of music with all the old fervour and devotion.

Then another link was added to the "telegraphic" system. Reppin was on his way to India. The vessel stopped at Malta for a day or two. People did not, in those days, travel "expressly" for the purpose of seeing nothing on their way; but they quietly looked around them and made many pleasant notes, in more senses than one.

An order-loving admiral was supreme governor of the island, and his word was law, which admitted of no remonstrance. Everything seemed to be regulated on principles of the strictest propriety and "gentility." The garden, which had literally been imported in the rocky domain, was open to "very respectable" people, but on the express understanding that no light diversions were to be introduced, and above all, no picnics were to be tolerated.

The two friends made an Arabian night of it, and, according to their antecedents, naturally desired compensation for all these "restrictions." Of course a picnic was very soon resolved upon. Fowell's family uttered certain mild protests, but these were soon overruled by the leading conspirators, and "provisions" were accordingly made for the enterprise.

The festivities commenced in a certain leafy bower, under the most favourable auspices, and merry laughter frequently resounded within the sacred precincts. Suddenly they raised their eyes, and to their horror espied the terrible governor and his friends entering the gardens.

The resident criminals made strenuous efforts to hide all the evidences of disorder and disobedience, and had in a great measure succeeded, when Reppin, impelled by an irresistible instinct, started up as the admiral was approaching, and once more spread out all the materials in the most grotesque order imaginable. Oranges adorned all the prominent angles of the arbour, bottles were in-

verted or formed into ornamental pyramids; knives, forks, and spoons were fixed here and there, and then with the utmost composure the artistic inventor awaited the catastrophe.

The governor passed by majestically with a lady on each side, but whether he was disarmed by the culprit's complete self-possession or for some other cause, he made no remark, and gradually disappeared in the distance.

Reppin, however, determined to see the last act of his drama, and he slyly discovered their high mightinesses laughing heartily among themselves at his decorative skill and his inimitable *sang froid*.

Oddly enough, our Maltese friend soon after came to reside in my neighbourhood, and thus with two or three other fellow pupils we were enabled to enjoy many merry evenings and record our various comical adventures in different parts of the world.

CHAPTER XX.

Pranks of Choristers—Cathedral of Toul—The dead “Hallelujah”—Tops Whipped out of Church—A Tour to Norwich, Yarmouth, and London—A Motherly Question—Sunrise at Sea—Covent Garden Theatre—Mrs. Nesbitt, Madame Vestris, and Charles Mathews—Breakfast with Athletic Mr. Pryor—Mr. Midsummer—Student’s Law Books—Comic “Reflections”—A One-Problem Candidate—Ingenuity Rewarded.

THE pranks of choristers seem to have commenced at a very early period, and we discover that their efforts were by no means confined to secular occasions. Whether it be that a daily and unnatural restraint, imposed upon youngsters, suggests a happy relief whenever it can be obtained, without much regard for decorum and consistency, each thoughtful reader will determine for himself.

Here is a marvellous account of mediæval solemnities conducted by choristers apparently with the sanction of their ecclesiastical authorities:—

“Among the statutes of the Cathedral of Toul there is an article with the title ‘Sepelitur Halleluia.’ It is well known that, during the seasons of fasting, Halleluia, as being an expression of joy, was not sung in the ancient Church. Hence, to honour this Halleluia (which was

dead, as it were) in the time of the fast, a solemn funeral was instituted.

“On the Saturday night before Septuagesima Sunday, children carried through the chancel a kind of coffin, to represent the dead Halleluia. The coffin was attended by the cross, incense, and holy water. The children wept and howled all the way to the cloister, where the grave was prepared.

“A custom equally ridiculous was introduced into a cathedral near Paris. On the same day, a boy of the choir brought into the church a top (*toupie*), around which was written Halleluia, in golden letters; and when the hour arrived that Halleluia was sung for the last time, the boy took a whip in his hand and whipped the top along the floor of the church, quite out of the house; and this was called the Halleluia whip (*fouetter l'Alleluia*).” —(Sch.), Vol. ii., p. 360, “Mosheim’s Institutes.”

Reppin was one of my companions during our famous tour in “foreign parts,” as understood by juveniles in pre-railway times. To complete the history of this ramble I will add a few particulars, on account of an incident which occurred near the end of our journey.

We shouldered our knapsacks and walked from Cambridge to Ely, sixteen miles. The tune “Alas, those chimes,” was repeatedly encored at Ely during the night, but not by us, as I have previously intimated. The “power of sound” was certainly exercised in a sleepless direction.

Next day we went by horse packet to Lynn, then by coach to Norwich, and saw the beautiful cathedral and other objects of interest.

We looked so “dreadfully green” that a waitress at our Norwich hotel said, with a half-suspicious, half-motherly air, when we inquired for beds, “I think you young gentlemen are no strangers to Norwich!” We

felt "younger" than ever, as the remark seemed to imply a reference to our fond, maternal guides.

We took the packet boat from Norwich to Yarmouth, and remained there several days; then one fine morning we arose at four o'clock and were conveyed on board a Hull steam packet, bound for London. Soon after our embarkation we beheld the "god of day" peering forth from the waves, and witnessed for the first time the glorious spectacle of a sunrise at sea; a fact not easily effaced from the memory. On we sailed, past Ipswich and all the other coasting towns and villages, until we saw certain misty isles, and Gravesend; then we proceeded past all the interesting places which border on the noble Thames. This was a "tremendous" voyage *for us*.

At Covent Garden we saw a charming performance of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In the cast were the bright-eyed Mrs. Nesbitt, Madame Vestris, Charles Mathews as Slender, and the character of Falstaff was excellently played by an old and popular favourite named Bartley.

The last, not least, part of our adventures bears upon this history and my position as a public narrator. In London we breakfasted with Mr. Edward Pryor, the celebrated jumper. To us juveniles this was a remarkable event, and it reminded us of several peculiar circumstances. As I before stated, my grandfather had been Mr. Pryor's tutor, and my companion Reppin was nephew to the athletic hero. Here we were, face to face with the noted man. I will only say that we gazed admiringly, said very little, but thought a great deal; as became youthful devotees.

My other jovial companion, Mr. Midsummer, is now a "grave" solicitor. He is, I understand, bound under heavy penalties not to laugh during official hours, but I advise no one to trust him in this particular at a later period of the day.

We read that in the earlier stages of civilization simple-minded law-makers failed to anticipate several grievous offences, and therefore made no provision for their punishment in similar cases. These defects are not by any means discoverable in the ponderous law books ingeniously compiled by the persevering industry of far-seeing students. If you merely avoid looking for "potatoes" among the "T's," and adopt a few other needful precautions relating to the "Heads" of "Justice," you will be almost certain to find examples of every enormity, and particularly in the branch of very "light" comedy.

For instance, imagine a student amusing himself with a mirror. He studies scientifically the angles of reflection, and finds to his "surprise" that the light is thrown back upon various passers-by, who are somewhat dazzled by this brilliant invention. Look out this case and you will discover it under the title of, "Casting reflections on the heads of houses," or "Holding the Mirror up to Human Nature."

The difficulty is fully elucidated in a reference to "Accidents and Offences," and the defence set up is that the said student was diligently engaged in the study of optical delusions, and his efforts were solely intended to "enlighten" the authorities. The punishment appointed in such a predicament is, that the delinquent be quietly left to his own reflections for a time, inside the "gates" of his particular college.

Take another instance. We have heard of an orator—the "one-speech" Hamilton. I may observe that this discourse was not delivered at the "union," and I question if in the whole Cambridge "Hansard" you could find an example of such self-denying abstention. It is needless to say that the student's law-book does not contain a list of impossible offences.

But if you search in vain for a one-speech Cantab, you

will be agreeably surprised to find the case of a "one-problem" candidate. It is recorded that this unique specimen of humanity knew nothing completely of the tree of knowledge except one lateral branch in the mathematical department. Unfortunately the questions placed before him were quite apart from this speciality. Instead of vainly endeavouring to answer anything in his paper, he courageously wrote:—

"Before we consider the many interesting subjects selected for our consideration, we will proceed to examine the Binomial Theorem."

The illustrations which accompanied this remarkable dissertation were so comprehensive and voluminous that "space" would admit of no other inquiries during his examination, and it was "authoritatively" declared that, on account of the ingenious exposition of this double-dealing law, he was charitably allowed to pass!

Thus gaily sped the bark of leisure over the "light blue waters" of Cambridge life, in obedience to an increasing demand for "sweetness and light" literature.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Improved Musical Scale—A Piano-tuning Syndicate—Organs, Virginals, and Spinets—Mr. J. K. Pyne—Church Music—Exclusion of Women—The “Roar” of Organs—Organist and Blower—Advantage of Ante-chapels—Burning One’s Fingers—Barker’s Electric Organ—Remarkable French Organs—Long Movements.

IN my “Memoirs” I expressed a desire for an improvement in our musical scale, especially with regard to organs, pianofortes, and other keyed instruments. Nothing has reached me distinctly bearing on the subject, but a jocular echo has been heard in the columns of *Fun*.

As English echoes are supposed to be somewhat more consistent than those of an “Emerald” tint, I presume that *Fun* responded to a genuine question. I hope most sincerely that this may prove to be the case, as our arrangements at present by no means correspond with the general advance perceptible in other branches of the art, and pianos never agree with fiddles.

“A piano-tuning syndicate has just been formed. As this (s)yndicates a better tone of things, we endorse it ac-c(h)ordingly.”—From *Fun*.

The following remarks by Mr. J. K. Pyne describe the old virginal and spinet which delighted the dames in bygone ages:—

“The virginal became so common in England during the 17th century that Pepys in his diary, describing the

scene on the Thames after the great fire, said that he could not see one boat in three ‘without a pair of virginals in it.’

“The spinet, or ‘couched harp,’ is virtually a triangular virginal. This was the favourite instrument of Queen Anne, while Elizabeth gloried in the square virginal, though it was not named after her, the Virgin Queen, as is often erroneously supposed.

“In the harpsichord the shape is exactly after the pattern of the modern grand piano, though it is virtually an enlarged spinet. It has, however, two strings to each note, against one in each of its predecessors. The famous Hans Rucker, of Antwerp, was the first to make improvements in it.

“There were many contrivances for producing the crescendo and diminuendo in the quality of the tone, but to Schudi we are indebted for the grand invention of the Venetian Swell, which has since been transferred to the organ.”

Mr. Pyne also addressed a few words to the “muscular” school of organists:—

“Fists were used to beat out the brazen notes, and a performer rejoiced in the appellation of *Pulsator organorum*, or organ beater (laughter). Some sarcastic people had been known to say that this breed was not yet defunct, and that even in this nineteenth century there were some descendants of this ‘violent brotherhood’ (laughter).

“In the twelfth century the number of keys increased, and harmonic intervals were added to the unisons. In the thirteenth century a small portable instrument, known as ‘the regals,’ came into use in the religious processions of the Church, and a representation of it might be seen on the cornice of the Manchester Cathedral, at Cirencester Abbey, and on William of Wykeham’s pastoral staff at New College, Oxford.

“Then came the ‘positive’ or choir or chair organs, an interesting specimen of which was to be seen in the cathedral of this city. In the fifteenth century many improvements and inventions in organ building were made in Holland to the sound-board, the pedals, keys, and wind supply, by which the quantity of tone could be regulated from loud to soft, singly or together.

“The pipe work, however, was all of one kind of tone, but experiments were soon made by the builders which resulted in the invention of stopped pipes. By these improvements the instruments became a mass of beautiful combinations, capable of every chromatic form of colour and variety.”

In a bold and appropriate manner Mr. Pyne alluded to other parts of our musical system:—

“His last lecture concluded with Purcell, and he endeavoured to impress his merits upon the minds of those present, and he was assisted in his description by the singing of one of Purcell’s last anthems. He might state by the way that the old masters had not been treated with common gratitude by the Anglican Church.

“The Church never ceased to keep green in the minds of the young, and very properly too, the names of her divines, but the composers, who were equally important in their way, were ignored. He had been to many choral festivals and the like meetings when saintly prelates and eloquent deans had selected music for their themes, and he had taken his seat complacently expecting to hear his loved old friends, the Church composers, eulogized, but he heard little beyond the everlasting nothings about David’s harp, Miriam’s timbrel, and the Levitical trumpets (laughter).

“He only wished he could be a bishop for a few months (renewed laughter); he would take care that the diocese should be properly instructed on these points at all events.

“With regard to the parochial system, it was obvious that in many parts the people were defrauded of their musical rights. They had a right to expect that in their churches they should have such simple music as they could fairly join in. But was that simple form of musical worship to be found now? Certainly not. *Women*, whose voices were flexible and easily trained, *were tabooed*, and boys substituted with an indifferent result. Instead of sticking to the chants and the good old English massive music, the cathedrals were injudiciously copied, and a kind of service and anthems were unwisely introduced and indifferently performed.”

It will be seen that the opinions expressed by me for a number of years are fully endorsed by competent and experienced authorities.

The pointed observations made use of by Mr. Pyne are by no means uncalled for. One of our bishops, who is not very learned in musical matters, did not hesitate to express paradoxical opinions. When organ-chambers were erected of insufficient dimensions, he generally praised the new chancel arrangements; and yet at another time his words unintentionally conveyed a distinct censure on the system, as the reader will perceive in the following lines:—

“The melody, if he might use the word, should be simple and easy to follow, as it was of importance to attract the congregation generally so that they could take part in the chanting. As it was, he very often found very indifferent melodies chanted and great defects in the articulation; the *organ roaring* in such a way that it was quite impossible to know what the words were, and sometimes, if the words of the *Te Deum* were not taken from the Psalms, if his thoughts happened to stray for a moment he found it utterly impossible to recover his place so that he might once more join in the singing.”

Now it is well known to experts, if not to bishops,

that an organ on the ground floor is robbed of half its beauties, and in most cases proves to be a source of pain and annoyance to all who may be near it. And yet, in spite of continued remonstrances by the best informed musicians, these ill-advised "improvements" are pressed upon the public by clergymen and architects who know nothing of the scientific question.

Here is an anecdote of a comical kind, which I insert because the concluding sentence was written by an experienced musician :—

"An amusing interruption to a service occurred only the other Sunday morning at a church in a provincial town. The organ is placed in an "organ chapel," from which all light is excluded, and in the summer season, when the gas is shut off the church, the organist is obliged to have candles lit by his side. On the occasion referred to one of the candles had burnt so low as to set fire to some paper with which it was packed in the socket.

"The organist was playing the psalms at the time, and seeing the danger of something more serious taking fire, signalled to the blower, and that functionary soon came to the relief of his chief, taking back with him the burning paper. In a moment after there was the significant whine of the bellows indicating that the 'wind was out.'

"Of course, the attention of the congregation was drawn towards the choir, and during the short interval of recovery, was heard the hurried appeal of the organist, 'Blow, blow,' and the singular answer of the blower, 'Burnt my fingers, sir ; burnt my fingers.'

"It is a pity that some of the great sticklers for placing organs in such out of the way places don't burn their fingers!"—*Musical Standard*.

The absurd practice of confining an organ in a chamber is so opposed to all the dictates of science and common sense, that evidence the most indisputable might be adduced to an overwhelming extent. That an organ

must be elevated and surrounded by an open space is a truism understood by everyone except those who order and carry out their impractical whims.

The appended newspaper cutting will demonstrate the difficulty experienced, and the ingenuity displayed, in order, if possible, to remedy the lamentable defects of such unreasonable doings:—

“Mr. Barker, organ builder, Paris, inventor of the Pneumatic lever, has just patented in France and England a complete system of applying electricity, to supersede the ordinary moving drawstop and key action in large organs.

“The patentee has already built a grand electric organ of forty-two sounding stops and eight couplers for St. Augustin’s Church, Paris, and another for Salon, near Marseilles; both are pronounced a complete success.

“As the largest organs may now be played through a cable of insulated wires, positions hitherto impracticable can be turned to account. The organist, with his various claviers, can be placed in any direction and at any distance away from the organ, the touch being equally delicate and rapid on *every* manual whether used separately or coupled.

“Bryceson Brothers and Co. have the sole concession for working this patent in Great Britain, either as regards new organs or applying the electric action to existing instruments. For concert rooms and theatres this invention is invaluable.”

CHAPTER XXII.

Spohr Criticized—Clerical and Musical Opinions—A Well-known Canon—Fractional Notes—Mr. Ruskin and Bells—Imperfections—A Scale of Tuning Forks—Gauntlett's Organ Works—Medium Arrangements—Diagonal Drawstops—Hill's Estimates—Dr. Wesley and the Liverpool Organ—An Inventor Ignored—County Museums—Lost Treasures—National Opera—Liberality of Foreigners.

THE gentle composer, Spohr, has been threatened with ecclesiastical censure; in other words, he stands condemned by a "Canon" of the Church. We know from an ancient maxim that "*De Minimis*" clericus cares not much; and Spohr's reputation may survive even this fractional attack. We are further confirmed in this view by the fact that "Musical Opinion" is often found to be totally at variance with clerical opinion, as will be seen from the following extract:—

"At Worcester, the usual festival sermon was preached by a well-known Canon. Life is too short for a man to excel in all things, and the worthy Canon's forte is undoubtedly pulpit oratory; [not the piano-forte]. Some of his musical facts and opinions are said to have been a little disorganized; and certainly it was an error of judgment to accuse Spohr—much as that great musician delighted in chromatic harmony—of trying to divide his tones into a hundred parts, where other people had been satisfied with semitones."

Most "laymen" know that there are twelve notes in a scale, represented on the piano by seven white keys and five black ones. A composer can select any one of these twelve keys for his tonal foundation, but the suggested minute sub-division of musical "properties" exists only in the brain of imaginative orators. For my own part I never heard of a composition entitled:—"Spohr's symphony in G, plus ninety-nine hundredths of a tone."

With regard to an improved musical scale, the veteran, Mr. W. Hill, distinctly said to me: "If I had another B flat I could greatly improve the scale." An extra G flat and D flat would effect a still greater change for the better. I described a similar plan in my "Memoirs" (Vol. ii., p. 125).

The acute and uncompromising art critic, Mr. Ruskin, has added his mite towards the cause of musical improvement. On questions relating to music we may apply the sentiment expressed by a Celtic philosopher:—"One man's opinion is as good as another's, and sometimes a great deal better." This seems to be the popular view of the matter. Mr. Ruskin says:—

"I would first insist on the necessity of a sound system in elementary music. Musicians, like painters, are almost virulently determined in their efforts to abolish the laws of sincerity and purity, and to invent, each for his own glory, new modes of dissolute and lascivious sound.

"No greater benefit could be conferred on the upper, as well as the lower, classes of society than the arrangement of a grammar of simple and pure music, of which the code should be alike taught in every school in the land.

"My attention has been long turned to this subject, but I have never till lately had leisure to begin serious work upon it. During the last year, however, I have been making experiments with a view to the construction of an instrument by which very young children could be securely taught the relations of sound in the octave; un-

successful only in that form of the lyre which was produced for me after months of labour by the British manufacturer, was as curious a creation of visible deformity as a Greek lyre was of grace, besides being nearly as expensive as a piano.

“For the present, therefore, not abandoning the hope of at last obtaining a simple stringed instrument, I have fallen back—and I think, probably, with final good reason—on the most sacred of all musical instruments, the ‘bell.’

“Whether the cattle-bell of the hills, or from the cathedral tower monitor of men, I believe the sweetness of its prolonged tone the most delightful and wholesome for the ear and mind of all instrumental sound.”

It happens to be a well-known fact that of all instruments bells are among those which are most difficult to tune. Few peals of bells are perfect, and an attempt to alter them generally ends in disaster. It is strange that one who has given so much good advice could not resolve to ask for a little from persons competent to form an opinion.

A dozen tuning forks, fixed on a box or board, could at least be sharpened or easily exchanged.

As inquiries may be made for Dr. Gauntlett's organ works, I will mention that his arrangements of choruses for the organ, which are very little known, would prove to be very useful and instructive to pupils. In point of difficulty they rank between the grand “three line” style of organ playing and the somewhat attenuated “organ-piano” form of adaptation.

Among other selections, I recollect the following pieces :—“He trusted in God,” and “Then round about the starry throne.” The tenor and bass parts are clearly separated, and yet the music is contained in two ordinary lines. Similar works, continued by competent organists,

would doubtless be much sought after by amateurs and others.

With regard to the "seventh" discord or "very flat twenty-first," I may supplement my former statement by observing that I first heard this remarkable discord on an organ which Jackson erected for Mr. W. H. Higgin, Q.C., at present Chairman of the Manchester Quarter Sessions. I feel convinced that the subject will create considerable interest and lead to a scientific investigation.

At the same time, that is, nearly forty years ago, I suggested to Jackson, in the presence of Mr. Higgin, the "diagonal drawstop," by which means the stops were presented to the organist at an angle of forty-five, instead of being almost hidden from his view, as in ordinary organs.

It is strange that the plan has not been generally followed, as the convenience afforded is well worth a trifling increase of expenditure. I fear that in too many cases, "estimates" are more considered than genuine and lasting qualities, and this "factor" may account for many serious omissions. Organ builders of the highest rank followed quite a different course on the question of mere "price."

When the veteran Hill found that his plans sent to committees had been pirated, and his offers rejected because of the high terms demanded by him, he boldly refrained from sending further sketches, and said with his characteristic decision, "Add five per cent. to your *highest* estimate and then I will build your organ!"

It generally happens that when you are in safe hands, the "dearest" organ often proves to be the cheapest in the long run.

On the occasion when I proposed to regard the organist as a centre, and draw the stops naturally towards him, Jackson said to Mr. Higgin and myself, "Here have I

been organ building all my life, and I never thought of that simple thing." After he had erected an organ on this principle, I think in Shropshire, Dr. Wesley adopted the plan in the great Liverpool organ.

Jackson claimed the priority, and a correspondence ensued in the Liverpool papers, "of course" ignoring my share in the transaction. A friend personally reminded Jackson of my previous hints to him, while the public debate was progressing, but no confession or acknowledgment appeared, and I put off the matter from day to day, fully expecting to see a frank public statement.

No such candid admission ever reached me directly from Jackson, but I have a courteous letter in my possession from Mr. W. H. Higgin, directed to me, in which he states, "Jackson always 'attributed' the invention to you." With this kind of second-hand explanation I was obliged to be content. Inventors are but too well acquainted with similar examples of "appropriation."

Forty years ago I suggested a "roller" bar on the back of the swell key levers, in order to open the swell shutters by means of a very little extra *pressure* on a valve. I mentioned the notion to an old local builder. He tried it with success, but took no active measures. Quite lately I learned that his assistant *patented the idea*, and I now imagine that the simple and useful system is open to anyone.

Most inventive minds will agree with me when I say that in every county there should be a Museum where novelties, which are not worth the expense of a patent, models, books and manuscripts would be cordially received and registered, with all the certainty which now attends testamentary papers. As it is, intending benefactors are often at a loss with regard to the disposal of their treasures, which are in many instances gradually dispersed or destroyed by time, or by the neglect of unsym-

pathetic heirs. It is needless to say, in cases like these, the unconscious public really loses most by such expensive economy and short-sighted conduct.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has frequently exposed many of our shortcomings. I quote a few extracts on a musical question. After a lengthened delay we are apt to become impatient, but I am sure that our patriotic princes would gladly support the scheme here proposed, if only the necessary funds were certain to be forthcoming. At present, however, not more than half the sum needed has been subscribed :—

“In Paris, as in Germany, Government subsidizes the opera. Even in New York Mr. Mapleson got his house free; but London does nothing for its operatic managers, and they are all left to fight and crowd out each other, often with disastrous results to art as well as the managerial pocket.

“How many have been bankrupt? Were there one good steady operatic institution for all the year round, under the joint management of a committee or board of managers charged with the joint common interests of German, Italian, English, and French opera, it would be better for singers, public managers, and the cause of art.

“How far such a scheme would be self-supporting it is difficult to say, but as a school of art in London it would be at least as invaluable in its way as the *Théâtre Française* is in Paris; nor would it be necessary to go to Government for any special funds.

“The funds are there. Enormous sums have been collected for the Royal College of Music, under royal influence, avowedly for national purposes. What are those funds at present doing?

“We propose that the Royal College should do something to answer a real call—the call for a permanent opera company in London—instead of continuing to glut the pianoforte market, which is already overstocked.

Popularize the musical drama, grant it a subsidy to start with at all events, organize it under royal patronage; train singers and actors, employ playwrights, costumiers, painters, decorators, printers, carpenters; make it more possible for the masses to hear good operas well done and more often.

“There is a sphere for the Royal College of Music, which is at this moment using its vast resources in a far too narrow direction.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

Confused Dates of Events—The Old Cambridge Castle—Juvenile Antiquaries—Trinity Avenue—Girton Spire—Old Buildings—The Pitt Press—Tower and Pinnacles—Street and College Levels—A Beautiful Old Archway—Reported Removal—The University Library—Dr. Humphry's Account—Ancient Books and Manuscripts—St. John's New Courts—Old Debating Room—School for Orators—The Town Gaol—Irving—Carlyle's Warning—Ancient Cambridge—Fuller—Quaint Country Dialect.

WHEN we read of events which happened before our own time, we are prone to suppose that certain changes occurred several ages ago. It, therefore, becomes the duty of each succeeding writer to note down the results of his personal observation with something like precision and certainty.

Some of my readers may have imbibed the notion that the old ruined castle at Cambridge had been demolished long before the present century. But I well recollect the grim, grey, ponderous walls, in which were discernible many dangerous looking crevices, gaping wider and wider when storms swept over them, as if to mock at their tottering condition.

All these warnings did not, however, deter youngsters from "investigating" the premises, in order to boast of having ascended higher (and therefore incurred more danger) than any other person, with all the proverbial

audacity of boyhood. These remarks will furnish sufficient evidence upon this point.

Another instance relates to the famous "Girton" Avenue. One sensitive writer was alarmed at my imaginative licence when I referred to "Whewell's Tower" and Girton Church. I know not whether intervening trees now obscure the prospect, but in Whewell's time he had but to glance from his "observatory" window, and he could then see distinctly the spire of Girton Church, standing exactly in a line with the centre of the avenue. Many thought that the beautiful walk had been purposely planned on account of this landmark.

I also recollect perfectly the old, black-beamed, overhanging houses on the site now occupied by the tower and frontage buildings of the Pitt Press. On the tower were pinnacles of varying lengths. Profane and scoffing students set their mark on this peculiarity by slyly alluding to "the Kangaroo Tower." There were two or three steps to most of the old houses, suggestive of either more wisdom than we find displayed in many old erections, or a greater necessity in former times for such an elevation, on account of certain aqueous considerations. Our street levels must surely be now more carefully preserved than formerly, to judge by appearances; for we may certainly assume that Trinity great court was never *built* two or three feet below the level of the street.

There was a lovely old gateway opposite Clare Hall, forming part of the picturesque ruins of an ancient building, where now stands the University Library. On the broad, damp walls were two or three slender trees, which had apparently found sufficient sustenance to enable them to put forth a few graceful branches. These overhung the antique archway, looking like weeping willows mourning over beauty in decay.

Sketches were published of the charming remnant previous to its demolition, and I understood that the

archway was carefully taken down and rebuilt not far from Cambridge, but I cannot positively guarantee the truth of this statement.

On the south side of the ruins were lofty and partially dilapidated walls, denuded of everything except the mere stonework. These walls extended for a considerable space, running parallel to King's Chapel, and presenting a striking contrast to that noble and well-preserved edifice.

The University Library now occupies the site. Dr. Humphry states that "it is by far the oldest of our great libraries, and still contains some of the books bequeathed by Richard Holme in 1424. There are 400,000 books and many manuscripts. One of the most valuable is the Beza MS. in Greek and Latin, containing the Gospels, the Catholic Epistles, and the Acts of the Apostles. It is attributed to the sixth century.

"A copy of Bede's Ecclesiastical History is the only one now extant written in the lifetime of the author. The Buddhist Sanskrit manuscripts, lately obtained from Nepaul through Dr. Wright, and containing dated specimens ranging back to the sixth century, have placed this collection quite in the first rank.

"The Library is also rich in early English printed books, especially those by Caxton; one of these, the Book of Chess, in 1474, was the first book printed in England."

I recollect perfectly the erection of St. John's New Courts and the bridge over the river. During the progress of the building a tremendous storm threw down a number of splendid trees, and, although I never made a note of the circumstance, I believe it occurred on the 16th of January, about 1834. A retentive memory has often proved extremely useful to me.

I have also a faint recollection of the stone screen in front of King's, the clock tower, and, if I mistake not, part of the Hall or Library being in an incomplete state.

Before the large room at "The Hoops" was built, the "Union" and the Choral Society occupied alternately a much smaller upper room at one *end* of the bowling green.

There were curved, narrow, high-backed tottering forms, each row rising in height towards the walls. It is to be hoped that the "honourable members" were considerably firmer than their "seats," as these were occasionally toppled over by some inscrutable and "supernatural" agency.

I now learn from Dr. Humphry's "Guide" that the "Union" can boast of a special building, a library of 25,000 volumes, and a large room, arranged for debates, which take place fortnightly during Term time. The doctor adds with laudable enthusiasm —

"Not a few of our foremost orators in Parliament, at the Bar, and in the Church, had their early training and won their first triumphs here."

I read that "the gaol was removed to Parker's Piece, and has since been pulled down, the town prisoners being now accommodated in the county gaol."

I well remember the erection of the town gaol, and I believe that the date carved over the entrance was 1829. My impression is that the site of the gaol had been previously unoccupied, but I am not confident upon this point. Other plots of land near Parker's Piece were enclosed, which before had been looked upon as "common land." Doubtless old records and "Blue Books" would throw some light on these mysterious and often vexatious questions. For many years nearly all Parker's Piece was covered with broad undulations presenting the appearance of grass grown upon ploughed land. There was a large bank with a hedge on the top, running parallel with the road near the gaol, and about a hundred yards from it.

A good, large plot was laid down with sods, towards the north-east; here the University tents were pitched, and excellent matches played by both town and gown clubs.

Some of these I have described in former pages. Subsequently a plot was laid down on the western side of Parker's Piece; but in my time the greater part of this fine recreation ground was still uneven and undulating, thus presenting many difficulties to juvenile cricketers.

At the west end of the bank before mentioned I saw Irving standing on a chair and preaching to thousands of people. There was nothing in the demeanour of the crowd at all approaching undue excitement, and I perceived nothing whatever, at that time, of the mountebank in the preacher's behaviour.

We then saw no grotesque placards, and heard no sublime profanity, but earnest, sensible words, suitable to a large, orderly, and attentive body of listeners.

Unhappily, one of his imaginative "deacons," whom I have often met, proposed the puzzling question, "Why are miracles wanting in our modern churches?" The answer agreed upon was, "Want of faith." After this declaration, emotions were stirred and scenes enacted by means of "faith" and "unknown tongues," which made the thoughtless laugh and the judicious grieve.

In spite of many timely warnings from his friend Carlyle, Irving persisted in his visionary course, and gradually sank in health and public estimation. Almost his last words were, "Oh, that I had listened to Thomas Carlyle!" Significant words!

Dr. Humphry informs us with regard to ancient Cambridge:—

"The first generally accredited account is to the effect that Jofferred, Abbot of Croyland (A.D. 1110), sent to his manor of Cottenham, near Cambridge, four monks, who were well instructed in philosophical problems and other primitive sciences; and that they, coming into Cambridge daily, openly taught their sciences in a hired barn, and in a short time collected a large number of scholars. Tradition says that they took up their abode on the site

of Magdalene College. From this 'small fountain,' says Fuller, 'increased to a great river, we behold all England made fruitful, and through the means of some masters and doctors going out of Cambridge, in the likeness of the most holy Paradise.'"

Many Proper Names and other words have been quaintly altered and distorted in Cambridgeshire, and much might be gleaned in that county with respect to the vagaries of dialect.

Words ending in "ford" were often sounded like "er"; thus Duxford and Pampisford became "Dux-er" and "Pahn-zer." Might not we apply the same rule to "Windsor?" I have heard village boys, when playing at marbles, unconsciously revive the old debate between the letters "B" and "V." For instance, "Seben and four are eleben!"—after a Teutonic fashion.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Value of Books—Wide and Narrow Channels—The Sound of “Ely”—Musical and other Academies—Welsh Long-drawn Words—“Duplicate” Correspondents—Freaks of Students—Chinese Newspapers.

“THERE is no end of books,” says the sage, and there is no end of pleasure in writing them ; to say nothing of the reader’s part of the question. Without such aids, you may row down this or that little stream, pouring forth your truisms to loiterers on the banks ; but they gaze at you suspiciously and say, “His words tally not with our old traditions.”

When, however, you nerve yourself for the struggle, and sail out into the broad ocean of literature, you command a more extensive view ; your small local cataracts disappear, and you appeal with confidence to a larger circle of thought, learning, and general intelligence.

Take a case in point. If you suggest, with almost all England at your back, that the word “Ely” rhymes with “freely,” in accordance with general rules, and that you do not say “Der-bye” or “Bu-rye,” a few scattered critics may remain for a time unconvinced, and reply, “Be merciful with the author, and recollect that when the age is in, the wit is out !”

In a short time, however, the murmurers, after appealing pathetically to editors and other authorities, are

quietly extinguished, and long-recognized custom ultimately maintains its rights. We, therefore, say emphatically, "Blessed be the man who invented books and open channels."

In another case, an "exceptional" writer did me the honour of imputing to me the notion that men like Guizot and Renan were members of a *musical* academy! I shall have a few words to say to the scribe on a future occasion.

Students are renowned for their interminable efforts in the waggish department. One example seemed to be in sympathy with the devoted labours of that great antiquary, William Stump, Esq. Terrified by such an exposure, we reproduce the following lines with a sensation of nervous apprehension:—

"A London correspondent says:—I have no doubt that Mr. John Jones, of Llandudno, Carnarvonshire, is an excellent breeder of cattle, but I wish he would adopt a nomenclature for his exhibits, which is not quite beyond the reach of the English tongue.

"This is the name of the three-year-old which Mr. Jones has sent to the Christmas show—Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerchwyrnydrobwlllandisiliogogogoch. Here is a word consisting of nearly 60 letters given as a name of an ox. Perhaps it is only a Welsh "Bull." At all events it stands in the catalogue fairly enough, but I have seen no one who has tried to pronounce it."

It may be that even Professor Max Müller could not suddenly inform us whether there was not a series of mysterious accusations hidden under this terrible hieroglyphical communication. We, therefore, as discreet journalists say, publish it "under all reserve."

Most of us have heard of a wonderful "Philistinian" stone, *miraculously* labelled: "B.C. 500!"

As I intimated, this "long line" system of attack was

well known to irrepressible and scientific students fifty years ago. A neo-antique tablet was once “disenterted” from the sacred soil of pre-historic ages, and duly sent to a certain publication. A “free translation” was also kindly forwarded with a Latin “duplicate.” The English voice of this literary monster uttered sweet and flattering things, but the Latin words were not quite so complimentary, and their real sense, or nonsense, ran as follows:—

“Your miserable sheet has long annoyed us by its unusual display of bigotry and party malevolence, which, happily for our country, has rarely been exceeded, and will, we hope, find very few imitators.”

I have no doubt that the political vehemence of the scribes was temporarily assumed, for the purpose of airing their comical ingenuity and confusing the mind of an overworked editor.

The effect produced by this “inspired” communication upon the much-exercised Latin race of scholars may be “more easily imagined than described.”

Probably a Saxon tablet, similarly constructed, might have deceived our very old friend the Chinaman, if he had been suddenly overwhelmed by an “unusual press of matter,” nearly a thousand years ago:—

“That the Chinese invented gunpowder long before the German monk and alchemist Schwarz is a well-known historical fact; but it is not equally well known that they were the first newspaper publishers. The Nestor amongst journalistic literature is the *Journal of Peking*, established in A.D. 911, but issued regularly only since 1351.

“No wonder the Celestials look upon us Westerns as ‘barbarians.’ The Chinese journal in question has recently undergone a thorough change, and is now published in three editions.

“The first, which is called the *King Paou* (Journal of the Inhabitants), and printed on yellow paper, is the official

organ of the Chinese Empire. The second edition, *Chsina Paou* (Commercial Journal), also printed on yellow paper, publishes commercial news. The third issue, the *Pitan Paou* (Provincial Journal), which appears on red paper, prints extracts from the two first-named newspapers."

After reading this remarkable statement, our Germans and Caxtons must readily admit that without doubt they are "dreadfully young."

CHAPTER XXV.

Conscientious Examiners—Their Verdicts Anticipated—The Rev. J. M. Wilson—Telegraphic Contests—Opinion of Government—Exciting Competition—Noted Cambridge Men—Rooms of Macaulay and Thackeray—Apartments of Byron and Sedgwick—Choristers' Gowns in Hall—Merton Hall Corner.

ENGLISHMEN who trust implicitly to the honour of examiners will be gratified to hear that their official verdicts are generally anticipated by impartial and scrutinizing fellow students.

A paragraph in the *Cambridge Review* reminded me of this very pleasant and consoling fact:—

“Our readers will have noticed the prominence given in the recent Church Congress at Carlisle to some of the great Social questions of the day. Those who were present or have followed the course of the discussions cannot fail to have been much encouraged by the emphatic recognition of the Church's duty to teach and lead in these as in other high questions affecting the welfare of the people.

“On the subject assigned to the first afternoon's discussion, ‘The duty of the Church with regard to the overcrowded dwellings of the poor,’ we must refer to the essay of the Rev. J. M. Wilson, the Head Master of Clifton, who, if not a resident, yet is well known to

Cambridge men as one of our most distinguished Senior Wranglers."

For many months previous to Mr. Wilson's examination I was "favoured" (not to use another term) with a daily list of about a dozen wranglers, arranged by my speculative and industrious friend, whom I called "Euclid." Several slight changes were made, as time went on, among the lower names; but I can say with certainty that Mr. Wilson was always "first," and six or eight men were privately placed almost exactly as they appeared in the authentic list.

In a former volume I referred to the "crooked" fingers of musicians and telegraph clerks. A few weeks after my "Memoirs" appeared, I was exceedingly glad to find that the Government had declined to countenance further competitions among telegraphists.

Many sensitive and ambitious young men might have been tempted to enter the lists and engage in this dangerous contest. Such an undertaking would be not much unlike establishing a prize for the candidate who should "execute" a piece of music in the least possible time. We now hear of "nails dropping off," and other evils.

"According to the forthcoming number of the *Telegraphist* the proposed telegraphic competition of British telegraphists, the second of its kind, has been abandoned. This determination would appear to have been come to in consequence of a letter written by Mr. Patey, one of the secretaries of the General Post Office.

"It may be remembered that, through the kindness of the engineering department, a Wheatstone receiver was lent for the use of the competitors at the first contest last February, and the concession was highly appreciated by the telegraph clerks of the country.

"When the application was renewed a few days ago,

the following letter was received from Mr. Patey:—
 ‘General Post Office, London, December 12. Sir,—With reference to your letter of the 8th inst., addressed to the engineer-in-chief, asking for the loan of certain telegraph instruments for use in connection with a proposed competition of British telegraphists in February next, I beg leave to acquaint you that this department is not prepared to lend any instruments for such a purpose.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, C. H. B. PATEY. Mr. W. Lynd.’”

In addition to the many celebrated Cambridge names already noticed in previous pages, I select a few others out of a large remaining number.

Pembroke College—Spenser, Ridley, William Pitt, and John Bradford.

Caius College—Jeremy Taylor, William Harvey (circulation of the blood), and Sir Thomas Gresham.

Queen’s College—Tyndale and Fuller the historian.

Jesus College—Cranmer, Strype, Sterne, and S. T. Coleridge.

Christ’s College—Latimer, Milton, Sir Philip Sydney, and Paley.

St. John’s College—Ben Jonson, Cecil, Lord Palmers-ton, Wilberforce, and Rowland Hill.

Trinity College—Dryden, Locke, Coke, Cowley, Barrow, Pearson, Lord Lyndhurst, and Thackeray.

Macaulay’s rooms were at the north-east corner of Trinity great court, and Thackeray was located but a few yards distant, near the chief entrance gate.

I have seen a statement to the effect that Byron “kept” in Neville’s Court; I can merely report the common tradition—that “Byron’s Corner” was the south-east angle of Trinity great court. I may add that in my time the choristers wore *blue gowns*, not surplices, when they sang grace in hall.

The name of “Merton,” alluded to in various histories,

was associated with the south-west angle of the Master's court, and when the title was hurriedly spoken it generally sounded like "Mutton Hall Corner." In conclusion I may remark that formerly Professor Sedgwick resided near the centre of the south side of Neville's Court.

Since the publication of my "Memoirs" I have learned with much pleasure that the Professorship of Music has been permanently endowed.

In the year 1841 Professor Walmisley, who was leaving for Rochester, gave me a theme in G minor, to be worked up into a fugue. He was about to examine candidates for the post of organist in that cathedral city, and he (in the prime of life) little thought of a strange sequence of events. Mr. Hopkins elaborated that subject, and gained the position. In after years, he *succeeded Walmisley* as organist of Trinity.

With regard to organ compass, I may say that, after life-long consideration, I am now decidedly in favour of a C C C scale, on the great organ manual (five octaves and a half), and I write thus for many important reasons of simplicity and completeness, quite apart from, and superior to, the mere question of economy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Departure for the North—Journey by Coach—The Novel Sight of a Train—Strange Sensations—Arrival—A Railway Crew Unknown—Meeting of Old Friends—Theatres and Concerts—Paucity of Cricket Clubs—Thackeray in Manchester—His Striking Hits—Conflicting Desires—Mynn and Felix—Tennis and Battledore—Difficulties of Players—Cricketing Serenade.

AT last the hour arrived when I was to bid adieu to dear old Cambridge. This was in February, 1842. There were then few railways except the London and North Western, as we now call it. I went from Cambridge to Weedon by coach, saw a railway train for the first time, and when it was about to start, I stepped on to the foot-board and entered a carriage. Luckily, a guard observed me, and summoned me to return, as my hastily-selected train was destined for London, and not for Manchester!

We had not been accustomed to see “two” coaches waiting for passengers, and a tramp over platforms and bridges somewhat confused our notions of north and south. It was only when the train began to move that I became aware of my error; and I resolved to be more careful in future with respect to the steam horse and his novel “caprices.”

The sensation attendant on the act of progression by steam power was exciting in the highest degree. No

post-horns, deliberate stoppages, and friendly greetings ; but puffing, whizzing, screaming, and roaring sounds, as we dived under bridges, rushed over embankments, alarmed the browsing cattle, and astonished in no small degree the peasants themselves. All seemed to stand in awe of this gigantic and marvellous agent, and the "happy" days of dripping coats, pinched but contented faces, and all the merry incidents of stage-coach life were abolished for ever.

In spite of all the perils by tunnels and viaducts, I arrived safely at the Liverpool Road Station, near Knott Mill, and found my old schoolfellow, Mr. Reppin, awaiting my arrival. There was then no Crewe, in a railway sense, no "straight and direct road, if you please," but a strange angular departure at Warrington, on the one hand to Liverpool, on the other to Manchester. During the first month four old schoolfellows met together. One was a clergyman, and a second friend was the calculating musical "Guage," of whom I have previously recorded much. Not long afterwards another fellow pupil became a Grammar School-master at Stockport, and, in addition to these, a second clergyman soon joined our bright and enthusiastic circle.

Thus, of seven pupils all told, who studied under one Trinity man at the same time, nearly all met together in a distant part of the country. Here were we launched for good or evil into the great ocean of life, to learn the difference between a quiet, scholastic, contemplative course, and the bustle, din, and "struggle for existence," appertaining to a large and important commercial centre.

Youth, however, is a compensating period, and is not found wanting in hopeful resources. If we could not loiter and listen in bright and cheerful ante-chapels, we could attend band and choral rehearsals at the "Wellington Rooms" (where the Theatre Royal now stands), or hear Mr. Wilkinson and an excellent chorus perform

Handel's oratorios at the Royal Institution. Or we could see Butler and Pitt, Mrs. Weston and Mrs. Horsman, Davidge and Munyard at the Theatres in Fountain Street and Spring Gardens. Most of these artists occupied positions near the first rank of contemporary performers.

Actuated by an "unaccountable impulse," I positively soon began to inquire if the game of cricket was cultivated in Lancashire. I found that one club was known to exist, and that a few small fragments were gathering together, somewhere between Broughton and Pendleton. Another strange desire seized me, namely, to visit this particular club.

One day, about 1843, when I visited the Manchester ground, a match was proceeding. Spectators were not then counted by hundreds or thousands, as was the case subsequently.

During an interval I noticed one individual, who was evidently a stranger, for he was lying at full length on the ground, a practice not always adopted by impervious natives. He rested his chin upon his hands, and judging from certain jerky movements of elbows and toes, he appeared to be desirous of gradually excavating a very long "blockhole," in which he might hide himself from a world now become utterly useless and unmeaning to him. I feel confident that not a soul knew him except myself.

I hesitated for a long time; the circumstances were so contradictory. If the "culprit" really was the person he appeared to be, why was he attired in sober black, and wearing a suspicious and irreproachable white tie? It could not be; and yet there was but one indefatigable, ever-striving Thackeray in the world. A duplicate was not to be thought of.

But then Thackeray, to be on a cricket field at all, must certainly be clothed in flannel. All Cambridge men would have supported this assertion. A moderately

passive, disengaged Thackeray was opposed to all known precedents ; I therefore adjourned the trial of conflicting opinions until a future day, and in the meantime watched whether the strange apparition would be visible again.

Subsequent minute examination at length convinced me that the enthusiastic, never-tiring cricketer was positively in Lancashire. In addition to this fact, I found that he had come to acquire a "title" to exhort and admonish his followers in a certain lofty Stockport three decker. But how would his slashing hits "to the point" be received—with open hands, or hesitatingly ? Would he outrun his audience as he had often done his fellows in the field, or would not time try all and moderate his superfluous energy ? I was certain there would be no underhand delivery. Then, what about the glorious game ? If he should appear as a timid candidate, desirous of admission to the cricket club, would the "serious" Stockport people at once no-ball him or cry "out !" If so, he would be compelled to think of other "fields" of exercise and other kinds of "stumps," no longer hoping to dwell in flimsy secular tabernacles.

Evidently he must now endeavour to forget that at certain periods of the year every Briton is at heart a gipsy, and seriously turn his thoughts in a totally different direction.

As a demure and sober deacon he must wear his green weeping willow for a twelvemonth and a day, instead of carrying a well-seasoned one upon his broad, athletic shoulders, as in days of old.

Now the noted Kent cricketers, Felix and Mynn, paid lengthy visits, occasionally, to their admirers in this locality, on other thoughts intent than those which relate to cricket, as I can personally testify. If the game be forbidden, the question arises, "what can we do with" Thackeray and his friends ?

Imagine a cosy country villa, with a beautiful lawn in

front of it. Can the three giants of the tented field be reduced to the necessity of playing at "La Grace" or an embryo form of "Lawn Tennis," long known to the Italians? No such thought enters their heads; but suddenly, while the warriors are fighting again their battles in pleasant conversation, the sound of a bell is heard, and all three start to their feet. "It must come from the Pavilion." Alas, it is the muffin bell!

"Hear it not, Alfred, 'tis the bell
That summons thee to Katie or to Nell."

They discover a large "lawn" party assembled. Severe critics will fancy they perceive an anachronism in my suggestion, when I allude to a pre-tennis period. But I shall, I hope, establish my position by a quotation from those pre-eminently reliable historians, the ballad mongers:—

"One said it was a tennis ball,
Another said nay;
He said it was a cork,
With the feathers blown away."

In other words, your game is "battledore," with a "net weight" added, as the handicappers say.

(Qy.—Is not "shuttlecock" the true and proper word?)

Observe a profound theologian solemnly wheeling a leaky jar of white liquid, in a small perambulator, while the virtuous giant attends to cakes and tea! What a falling off is here.

Just consider for a moment this kind of battledore-tennis quadrille. The object is, evidently, to separate you from your own sweet partner, while you caper and chasser incessantly in every possible direction. During all these remarkable prances, not one word can you insinuate confidentially in a true tennis-courting fashion.

Another fatal objection is, you cannot conveniently play the romantic part of a "walking" or jumping "gentleman" in a delightful love or steeple-chase after your intrenched fair enemy, because of this awkward, confounded and entangling net, which has been so ingeniously set against you. To complete your misery, the "other fellow," while you are politely hunting for lost balls, may be quoting lovely lawn-tennisonian verses to your own adorable princess.

Why, there is not even a "popping" crease! However, we know for a certainty that lost balls count for six, that is one consolation; so that we may rely upon making a large score at any rate.

Now, two hundred years ago, the gallant Italians *did* provide a popping crease, in the shape of a low rope, between the two courts of romantic opponents, as you may see in an account of their well-known game called "Pallone."

But we poor Britons are hopelessly separated, like very high and strict church men and women. I was once bowed and curtseyed out of my seat in Hereford Cathedral; and by a lady, too! Clearly, she believed in the popping crease.

As a last resource, the ladies will be compelled to take a leap in the dark, form a round-robin sort of circle and serenade Alfred the Great at unseasonable hours, in something like the following terms:—

"He is Mynn, he is Mynn;
He has told me he is Mynn."

or,

"Come on to the garden sward,
For the lily-white bat has flown."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Humble Apology—Benefits of Lawn Tennis—Early Cricket in Lancashire—Moss Lane Ground—Austere Prejudices—More Liberty in Norfolk—Old Amateurs—Sherman and Shearman—Girling—Stockport Club—Thackeray and Cornwell—Broughton and Longsight Clubs—Clarke and “All England”—Contrasts—The Cambridge Dons—Criticisms—A Grand Match—Cornwell and Clarke—A Pair of Knowing Ones.

AFTER all the dreadful and unromantic charges related in my last chapter, I feel it my duty to make the lowest of low penitential bows, and humbly beg permission to withdraw my pleas; promising not to offend again except under circumstances of the greatest provocation.

If our young men are to be hardy and valiant, it is clear that they must engage in bracing, vigorous outdoor exercises, many of which are unsuited to the softer sex. Ladies cannot and ought not to play at cricket, for many reasons, and various other games appear to have been invented solely with the object of interesting the stronger half of humanity. Again, two or three out-door recreations, like croquet and archery, have been often found to be dangerously slow in our humid and uncertain climate.

A medium game was undoubtedly a want of the age, and lawn tennis admirably supplied this want. When we see our gentler companions walking with a firmer,

easier, and more natural step than formerly, we may safely attribute much of this improvement to games like lawn tennis, in which ladies can take an active part without losing either their grace or their feminine character.

In spite of my pretended cricketing selfishness, I may say that I believe lawn tennis will prove to be a perpetual boon to our family circles and social gatherings.

Having blown away these feathers of fancy, I will endeavour to give a sober account of early Manchester cricket.

More than forty years ago Friday afternoon was regarded as a holiday in wealthy and professional circles. The Manchester ground near Moss Lane was surrounded by fields, one or two of which intervened between it and the "White House Gardens." The country was quite open, the air fresh, and scarcely a building was to be seen except the pavilion. The grass was fine and the turf firm, reminding one of the celebrated Parker's Piece.

Lancashire cricket was then so much in its infancy that two sides were rarely complete except on match days. Omitting the Liverpool and Manchester Clubs, I cannot recollect another brick or stone pavilion in the county.

I never heard the slightest reason why the energetic Cambridge cricketer, Mr. Thackeray, should have been so exceedingly reserved and cautious in his behaviour at first. Perhaps he thought of the very strict Cambridge people, who in the olden time seemed to consider that a clergyman must at least put on the appearance of a miserable man, excluded from all innocent recreations and social enjoyments.

This is no mere idle remark, for I distinctly remember that a young, active, and wealthy dissenter in Cambridge was obliged to indulge in his favourite game at unusual hours, by stealth, and blushed to find it known, so rigid

and forbidding were the notions of that time. And yet he was but an ordinary "layman" among his co-religionists!

Norfolk was, I believe, the last county in which squires and clergymen "assisted" and gave a tone to Sunday evening cricket matches. The villagers appeared to me to be among the most innocent and simple-hearted to be found in this kingdom; and I am not prepared suddenly to thank Heaven that we are not as these Norfolk peasants were.

Among the members of the Manchester Club were Mr. Lee Birch, three of the McConnell family—good, steady batsmen—Mr. Wright, and others; and as time went on, the names of other families began to be heard—Messrs. Pickford, Bellhouse, G. F. Cooke, and the brothers Rowley. Very good cricket was displayed on this ground.

The Club practice bowler was an elder Sherman, a Surrey man, with an underhand delivery and a considerable twist, in the style of Caldecourt and Clarke. His nephew in after years was known as a very fast round-hand bowler in the Surrey Club, but I fear that he overtaxed himself, as he was at one time quite as fast as Tarrant, another overworker in the cricketing cause.

I have seen the nephew's name spelt Shearman, but I heard the veteran say that he was uncle to the Surrey player. Girling, a useful and respectable player, succeeded the elder Sherman.

After cautiously feeling his way in a due course of "probation," and perhaps finding that the Stockport people were after all not exclusively Puritans, Mr. Thackeray ventured on the ground with a little more courage, and he felt almost inclined to think about donning certain well-known flannel garments. More than this, he was positively proposed at the Stockport Club, and few except himself were surprised to find that he was not "no-balled" by the "umpires." Matters

began to assume a more cheerful aspect, and he almost dared to sniff from afar the air of his much-loved battle field.

He became not only a member, but an indefatigable worker in the cause. Wishing to obtain the aid of an efficient deputy, he naturally turned his yearning eyes to the old eastern Mecca, and he summoned to his side the well-known Cornwell, literally a cricketing gipsy, dwelling in tents for weeks together. For as the Cambridge Corporation would allow no substantial pavilion to be erected, marquees belonging to the university remained standing day and night for a length of time, and, of course, they needed the protection of caretakers. Two or three of the "gipsy" tribe positively lived and slept in tents on Parker's Piece.

Stockport cricket made rapid progress under such devoted leaders, and I doubt not they contributed much towards the great improvement which took place in several other places. The Broughton, Victoria, and Longsight Clubs began to "lengthen their cords," and in a short time the noble game was cultivated with considerable ardour and success, and a number of excellent players arose in the district.

A long and lofty natural bank at Broughton, filled with thousands of the poorer classes, presented a striking scene at many a famous match. Wherever possible a similar indulgence might be offered.

At length, bowling and other matters arrived at such a "pitch" that Thackeray and Cornwell were announced to play with sixteen others of Lancashire, at Moss Lane, against the formidable All-England eleven, commanded by "Captain" Clarke. I have no doubt it was the first time that the noted eleven appeared in Lancashire; and I question if the captain ever led a finer set of men into the field. Pilch, Mynn, Felix, and Box were scarcely past their prime, while Parr, Anderson, Goode, Martingell, and

others were at their very best, in the flood tide of activity and manly vigour. I need not say that I attended early in order to witness such a rare performance. Thackeray and Cornwell were the local heroes of the day, and much curiosity was excited with respect to them. They were rigorously scanned, and an amusing illustration was afforded of the different effects which result from the use of free and open cricket grounds, and those of a more private character.

Thackeray was nephew to the Provost of King's, an educated, athletic gentleman; the other was a tall, long-legged "gipsy" fag, whose chief duty in life consisted in stopping and watching the balls delivered by Redgate and other noted bowlers during practice hours. Cornwell delighted to collect a small crowd of juveniles, and expound to them the mysteries of miraculous "twists," both to the "on" and "off;" and wonderful were his examples, displayed at a time when these two-fold gifts were but little understood. He could make a ball "break," on either side, more than two feet from a straight line, and almost invariably hit the wicket. His discourses in a special vernacular were exceedingly racy and diverting when delivered in uncommonly forcible English. These two "companions" might often be seen promenading together and taking secret counsel how they could defeat the objects of certain "enemies," just as Mr. F. P. Miller would walk round and consult with Lockyer, with all the freedom allowed by the rules and needs of a cricketing "mess."

I met a young friend on the ground, and he alluded with enthusiasm to the Cambridge "dons." He examined them minutely near the pavilion, and heard their remarks respecting the world of cricket generally. On his return he appeared to entertain a few suspicions concerning them, and I inquired the reason.

"Well, I don't think much of *one* of your Cambridge men."

“How is that?”

“Why, his manners are certainly not refined, and he murders the Queen’s English most unmercifully.”

“Very likely,” I replied; “the gipsy and the gentleman are, however, for the time being, friends and companions on the cricket field.”

My young friend was not immediately converted, but repeated lessons in the wonderful art of intermixture, as displayed on a *public* ground, would soon convince doubters that at no other meeting of various classes can such beneficial intercourse take place, and thus usefully impress both our upper and lower ranks by a display of ennobling virtues possessed by men occupying positions different from their own.

At last the game began. Thackeray was, of course, ubiquitous. There were apparently seven Thackerays in the field—Thackeray bowling, batting, running, walking, suggesting, pointing, and “slipping;” but not one single moment resting from his ever-delightful task. As we fully anticipated, he overtook his batting partner, instead of meeting him half way, and created the usual amount of general merriment.

Luckily, Cornwell was not a partner with him, or we should certainly have heard a “nineteenthly” discourse, in the choicest English, on the evils of impetuosity in cricketing operations. No man was so tediously deliberate as he. After adjusting his pads and gloves, rapping the handle of his bat on the ground, to note if an evil spirit whispered “sprung,” he walked to the stumps, pausing two or three times on his way as if to mark the position of each fielder in the splendid team.

Arriving at the wicket, the “pitch” ground required much patting with his bat; then, special directions to the umpire with respect to his “block hole.” “Other people adopted this or that plan,” lest they should be off their guard, “but he always acted differently to other people.” Then Box was scrutinized as if to weigh the chance of

penalties for "stepping out" to Clarke. "The stumps were not perfectly upright," and the umpire was instructed accordingly. After this, a view of the ground from behind the stumps was found to be desirable, and a general survey of the field. Finally, the astonished Clarke heard the royal command—"All right."

The spectators forgave him all his delays and "fads" when they witnessed his batting. I never saw the cunning, scientific-schoolboy style so perfectly played and mastered, as on this occasion.

The greatest batters disliked Clarke's bowling. Felix detested it, although he was an excellent underhand bowler himself; as I once saw demonstrated, when he played a single-wicket match against Hineckley, a destructive and fast round-hand Kent bowler. I may revert to this match on a future occasion.

Cornwell, like many fags and bowlers, rarely had the chance of practising against good round-hand bowling, and I would not have said much for his probable performance in such a case, but he knew every trick of pace, and pitch and twist, which Clarke could devise in his shrewd old scheming head. Even the universal Pileh had so far forgotten his schoolboy lessons that he played Clarke's bowling perfectly indeed, but yet as though he would have preferred to meet any other bowler. Not so Cornwell; he delighted in it, and, in spite of all strict laws and customs, he indulged in various small monologues respecting Clarke's designs, when he found that he could not inveigle Box into a friendly conversation, "Not bad;" "Try again;" "Oh, you would, would you?" and so on, for a length of time. It was well understood that if you engaged Corney at any time, you must take him comments and all.

He stretched his long legs almost to a horizontal position, and played the best balls of Clarke with perfect ease and freedom, at a time when the best bats were often

“pinned up” by the knowing one. He glanced over his shoulder at the varying movements of active Anderson at long leg, and then quietly lifted the ball and landed it just between long and short leg. It was an admirable display, and he soon made a good score.

Clarke, seeing that nothing was to be done with an ordinary field, placed a second long leg in position, but every device was, for a long time, useless. Delicious threes and twos were “deliberately” added to the score, and when Clarke seemed quite impatient and anxious to proceed, Corney consoled him by pausing a few moments, artistically patting the ground, and adding a few “encouraging” remarks.

He neatly dropped the ball between the short and two long legs, until the case seemed hopeless, and he made the longest score against Clarke, personally, that I ever saw or heard of. At last his “deliberation” ruined him; for, after gauging Anderson and others, a slight interval was occupied by arranging various details, during which the sly long leg crept to another place, and, amid the tumultuous shouts of the spectators, caught the verbose commentator out. His wonderful second stopping excited the admiration of all beholders in the next innings. In this department he was supreme.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Pilch at Moss Lane—The Virtue of a Name—English and Foreign Notions of Cricket—Trials of Temper—War and Cricket—Opinion of Soldiers—A Caution to Players—Influence of Fuller Pilch—His Unassuming Manners—Pleasant Instruction—A Different Character—Cowardly Conduct—A Pair of Noblemen—A King of Men.

It was on this same Moss Lane ground at Chorlton that I saw Pilch bowl, when he was “given” to one of the contending parties. Probably the match was between Manchester, with Pilch, against one of the Yorkshire clubs, of which there were at that time several in that extensive county.

In any case, the opponents were found to be invincible until master “Fuller” handled the ball, as I related in my “Memoirs.” Never was a more striking illustration afforded of the power exercised by a great name and general reputation. I never saw Pilch bowl in any other match; but a slow, straight ball from him was, on this occasion, quite sufficient to dislodge the overawed batters, and their stumps fell in rapid succession, amid the uproarious laughter of spectators and to the surprise of the unpretentious bowler himself.

As I remarked elsewhere, no simpler bowling was ever seen than that which upset the nerves and stumps of men who were terrified by the name and repute of a noted

cricketer. Pilch had electrified older Yorkshiremen in a marvellous single-wicket match.

Like the case of the renowned Celtic "violinist," the batters could not have been perfectly certain of Pilch's bowling powers, as they had "never tried him."

Volumes might be written concerning the character of this famous "Norfolk-Kentish" player. No hero described by Mr. Smiles, no public character of this century would be more deserving of study and meditation than a record of this unaffected countryman.

I am fully aware that a sceptical foreigner might simply say:—"May I suggest that you are discussing an art which consists in striking a piece of leather with a piece of wood?" I do not forget the fact for a moment, and I think that most Englishmen will boldly assert that few acts in a man's life require such sudden resolution, such prolonged composure, patient endurance, steady courage, and the controlling power of a perfectly balanced mind as this same art of "striking a leathern ball," when it is delivered on a "certain spot" by a master hand.

[The above remarks were written three weeks before Lord Harris published his agreeable comments on the "bit of red leather" and "mild lawn tennis." The same remark also applies to several small witticisms, which appeared in comic journals after I had privately penned them. Writers are always subject to these "contingencies."]

The celebrated Felix, in his admirable little book, alluded to an "invisible shilling," which was supposed to lie upon this fatal spot between the wickets, and he referred to the instantaneous decision required to prevent a catastrophe. In fact, a "moment" is much too prolonged an expression to convey a notion of the mental operation performed. (Is this book procurable at the present time? It is well worth reprinting.)

Here is an illustration: Many of our young officers in

the Crimea had never been previously engaged in actual warfare, but they knew well the peaceful combats of the cricket field. I happen to know that on their return home, they were questioned concerning this "fiery baptism" of dreadful war. "What were the sensations you experienced?" said the unmilitary critics. The answer given surprised a few, but it did not in the least astonish well-seasoned cricketers —

"Oh, you at once feel that you are 'in for it,' and that most of your wounds do not depend upon yourself. The excitement carries you through; in fact, it is nothing like facing first-rate bowling on a hard, uneven ground!"

A general may have deeply studied the art of war, he may possess a well-balanced mind, and even if his eyesight should fail him, he could have recourse to his telescope; but the cricketer depends entirely upon himself and his own unaided efforts.

Men may laugh over a game at draughts, or feel half serious during a game at chess, but the requirements of cricket penetrate so much deeper into the inner man that I believe studious, sedentary men should be particularly careful how they suddenly rush into a cricketing combat, unless they clearly feel that their bodies, as well as their minds, are in a state of health suitable for such an undertaking.

There are men who would yield to none in their admiration of the game, who have enjoyed exceptional advantages in practising the art—nay, more, who are, to all appearance, enjoying excellent health—yet, after several months of seclusion and cogitation, a few rapid runs across the wickets would utterly derange their vision and send bewildering motes into their eyes, representing to the brain a confused assemblage of cricket balls instead of the desirable singular number.

Viewing, therefore, cricket as a gauge of so many important qualities, I repeat that practitioners should

especially guard themselves from applying a supposed universal test to each particular case, but they should either prepare themselves for the task by continued and careful exercise, or else abstain for a time from a delightful but often disappointing pursuit.

Now all these striking characteristics of a well-poised mind Fuller Pilch possessed to perfection. Wonderful was the influence he exercised on a free and open ground, an influence extending far beyond the mere behaviour observable on a playground, and often tending to regulate the conduct of many in the thousand details of a complicated battle of life. When I hear of "scuttling," vulgarity, and boorishness I often think of breezy Parker's Piece and the impressive lessons there received on points which deeply concern a man's respect for himself and his duties to those around him on the larger field of life.

Pilch was engaged by the Cambridge Club, and it was delightful to watch his conduct week after week. I never saw in any man such a combination of the lion and the lamb. How many of our celebrated heroes would have borne this daily scrutiny? Your "perfect specimen" may be after all an outside show, or his "correctness" may proceed from comparative indifference. In how many have you not detected a "pose" adopted for effect, a liberty indulged in to add a piquant interest to the favourite's reputation, or a slight delay to increase the fervour of a leader's reception? There was nothing of all this in Pilch, the cricketer.

Everything was manly and natural. He little knew how he was watched from day to day, not merely by one, but hundreds. His presence was a pervading influence with regard to all that is generous, true, and noble in the inmost heart of man. We frequently find that, in the case of well-intentioned men, leaders must often pay a penalty for their prominence. Detractors will arise, and envy lift its head; inharmonious meddlers will mar the pleasant

picture, and the purest motives will be misconstrued. Now Pilch was metaphorically "head and shoulders" taller than his brethren, and yet he escaped all these conflicting criticisms. Depend upon it, he who could thus act as a foremost man and yet secure universal respect was no ordinary individual. The lessons thus learned on the peaceful grassy ground are not to be lightly regarded by those who would guide our younger minds and endeavour to make them worthy of the name of brave and steadfast Englishmen.

It was delightful to witness Pilch's demeanour, even on practice days. I never saw instruction of any kind so conveyed or so received. He was engaged to "coach" the Cambridge Town Club, as I said, and he played with them from time to time. His words were few and simple, yet always to the purpose. A gentle hint on this point, a gesture on that, and all given with a patient smile of conscious power certain to be recognized by his admiring auditors. Examples like these leave a lasting impression upon the young.

I see that an Australian player advocates putting the left leg forward, when cutting or driving. I can only say that Pilch always advanced his *right* foot in such cases; as I have seen him play and teach many times on Parker's Piece.

At a match he always seemed to be in his place (cover point) at the proper moment. There was no delay and no over-anxious precipitation.

He first set the fashion of a champion going in third man, after he had quietly walked round and observed his opponents' play. This wise resolve was very soon generally imitated. There was no straining of a law to suit the leader's whim; no sly advantage taken in right of acknowledged primacy. All was firm, fearless, and unaffected, as became one of nature's noblemen.

I have observed him in many trying positions, but I never knew his temper fail. Once at Lord's, about 1851,

he was playing for his county (Kent) against the All England Eleven. His batting companion was a being of a very different stamp, a man of common clay. He struck a ball which Pilch could not distinctly see, then pointedly called him, disgracefully retreated, and ran the great player out. A groan of contempt was heard from the indignant crowd. This was the last time I saw Wenman play. No word of reproach escaped Pilch's lips. He quietly walked to the Pavilion with the air of a man who felt that the offender would soon suffer much more than he, the injured one; knowing full well that an ill deed done could never be recalled, and that perfect recompense was impossible. As in the greater game of life, when right and wrong are trembling in the balance, the man who hesitates is lost.

Another incident, apparently trifling in itself, struck my boyish mind particularly on Parker's Piece. A few young enthusiasts generally delighted to be present previous to a match, in order to see the mystic ground marked out on the famous battle field, and tread the sacred soil, soon to be reserved for the sole use of noted champions. Pilch was to be one umpire and Mr. Aislabie the other. Pilch was already there, surveying with his practised eye a desirable position, when the great cricket patron, Mr. Aislabie, was seen advancing from a tent. There stood Pilch, ready to receive him, with all the quiet ease and frankness of noble, English manhood. There was no pride or patronage on the one hand; no servility or shadow of defiance on the other.

They met like equals on a common ground, and each respected his fellow man. How strange, and important is it, that boys should note these things admiringly. Mr. Aislabie began the conversation, which I distinctly heard—"Good morning, Mister Pilch." "Good morning, sir," and then both raised their hats in token of mutual respect for the virtues each possessed.

How striking are the national lessons learnt on a

public recreation ground, when they are thus engraven on memory's tablets, lasting for a lifetime, and handed down from age to age.

When in after life I met with a fearless, gentle, accomplished, and unassuming rector, a veritable King of men in all that related to nobleness and unflinching probity, one who never counted the cost when justice was to be done and wrong repelled, his bright yet tranquil eye and his unruffled face often reminded me of another man ; and I seriously say that I could find no higher praise for him than to place him, as an "honest man," upon a par with a famous unblemished cricketer.

These thoughts lift us into higher regions than those of mere wood and leather.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Felix and Hinckley—Felix as a Bowler—Alfred Mynn—Great Single-Wicket Matches—Mynn and Redgate—Hinckley's Furious Attack—Splendid Defence of Felix—His Notes on Cricket — Article in *The Quarterly* — Books Concerning Cricket—A List Desirable—Free Gifts of Land made Legal—A Single Runner—Mynn as a Dancer—A well-known Lancashire Cricketer—Blows from Horns and Fingers.

I ALLUDED previously to the merry Felix. He was the Yorick of the cricket field. No one so ready as he to set the circle in a roar, by an innocent and well-timed prank of harmless merriment, when the "heavy fathers" of the play seemed to be all too serious and absorbed. I saw him exhibit his marvellous power of defence against the powerful Hinckley, a destructive bowler and a native of the same county, Kent. The contest was really between these men, although two of the brothers Cooke assisted, one on either side. The match took place on the old Broughton ground. Mr. Cooke was a liberal patron of the game.

Felix was an excellent underhand bowler, and yet he showed to the least advantage when attacked by similar efforts. He would display a kind of comic contempt occasionally, by crushing a slow ball, as it were, between his bat and the ground. He had, however, practised the

underhand style assiduously, previous to his celebrated match with gigantic Alfred Mynn.

I have seen Felix practise bowling at a single stump, and his accuracy was astonishing, accompanied by all the arts of varied pace and pitch. But Mynn's forte was especially forward hitting, and as of course no fielder could be allowed in a strictly single-wicket match, he secured an easy victory. In round-hand bowling, too, Mynn was only exceeded by Redgate. Their "deliveries" were almost equally good, but Redgate was the straighter bowler of the two, and moreover he did not dilute his strength by playing two great parts on a single day. I have alluded to this point in a former work, and I am more and more convinced of its importance.

Hinckley was a round-hand, left-handed bowler, and, if I mistake not, Felix batted "left hand" and bowled with his right.

In this single-wicket match, Hinckley began by bowling to Felix at a tremendous speed. It was a wonderful exhibition of defensive batting. No advantage could be gained on either side. The batter could not score, and the bowler could not reach the wickets; and thus matters went on for thirty or forty minutes. I think that during all this time Felix scarcely made a run; he was not a forward hitter, but in one sense he was gaining ground, as there was no relief in the shape of "overs" and pauses for the toiling bowler. These steady tactics on the part of cautious Felix ultimately produced the desired effect, and Hinckley became exhausted by incessant exertion.

There was therefore no alternative but to employ Mr. G. F. Cooke as a substitute, or discontinue the game. After facing Hinckley's tremendous attack, the deputy's moderate powers were very soon overmatched, and runs were easily obtained.

I am not sure that Felix was bowled at all, but sufficient

runs were made to allow his opponents a chance at the wicket. Here Hinckley was no very formidable rival; still, he made a fair defence against the straight, well-pitched balls of Felix. At length the merry and wily bowler enticed the batter with a tempting one. Hinckley could no longer resist; he struck, but not the ball, and an ominous crash was heard.

The state of the game was decidedly in favour of Felix and his companion, Mr. Henry Cooke.

Considering the vigour and determination of Hinckley, who was then in the prime of life, his great speed, excellent pitch, and the rapid way that ball succeeded ball for such a length of time, I regarded the batting power manifested by Felix on this occasion as one of the most brilliant displays ever witnessed on a cricket field.

As I mentioned before, Felix published a little volume which contained many useful hints concerning the game he loved so well. When we think of the myriads who now delight in the manly pastime, it is surprising to note how few books are to be found on the subject.

In October, 1884, an interesting article appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and I was astonished to see that six titles of works exhausted the cricket library, so far as it was known to one who had evidently bestowed much thought on the question.

But surely there are readers who recollect other works beyond this limited list. I have already mentioned one by Felix, and other records are floating in my mind, although I cannot distinctly recall the particulars.

Would it not be well worth the attention of the Marylebone Club to direct inquiries with regard to this subject of "cricket on the hearth," now that so many thousands take increasing interest in the manly recreation? Requests might be issued for additional information with respect to the number of works published; and a list, as complete as possible, could be then furnished to the

scores of clubs which are now to be found in every large district.

It is to be hoped that all who are able to assist in obtaining these statistics will cheerfully exert themselves and aid the great central Club in such a pleasant undertaking.

In order to prevent superfluous labour, I here reprint the titles of works referred to by the writer in the *Quarterly* :—

“Cricket Notes,” by William Bolland, 1851.

Frederick Lillywhite, “Scores and Biographies,” 1862.

“Echoes from Cricket Fields,” by Frederick Gale, 1871.

“The Cricket Field,” by the Rev. J. Pycroft, 1873.

“The English Game of Cricket,” by Charles Box, 1877.

[We may now add (in legallanguage) :—“Steel upon Lyttleton.”]

A reprint from the *Quarterly* would be very attractive.

I shall be glad to receive other additions from readers who are able to supply information, as at present our “Cricket Library” is by no means a crowded one. Of willing readers and sympathizers the numbers will certainly not be few, judging as I do from the hearty reception accorded to works of a similar import.

As public cricket grounds are rare in crowded districts, I published a short letter on the subject, and I hope that good will result from the effort :—

“PLAYGROUNDS AND RESTRICTIONS.

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE ‘MANCHESTER COURIER.’

SIR,—I was delighted to hear that Lord Lilford had presented a recreation ground to the good people of Leigh. Let us hope that others will follow his noble example. The benefits of such a proceeding are incalculable, and endure for all time. Would it not be wise to pass a short Act empowering ‘possessors for life’ to

make similar presents, notwithstanding existing restrictive settlements? I feel sure that the late Lord Cairns would have willingly assented to such a course had a similar proposal been presented to his notice.

“Yours, etc.,

“June 18, 1885.”

“W. G.

[The permission here desired has since been accorded.]

In the splendid and purifying ordeal of cricket nothing is more annoying than to be run out. The just objections to duelling apply in this case, as a most valuable “life” may often be matched with a worthless one. A first-rate batsman is now at the “call” of the worst player in a team. I think that a remedy can be found for this evil, on the principle that in every society a man should be punished for his *own* misdeeds, and not for those of his neighbour.

I would say, let the *striker*, alone, run across the space between the wickets; his companion standing aside, and taking his place at the vacant end when the ball is dead. Many *pros* and *cons* might be urged in the argument, but there would certainly be less perplexity and irritation in store for a batter, there would be less chance of collisions, the fielders would have a clearer view of the wickets, and each player would freely act upon his own responsibility. The non-striker might still “advise” his companion, but he could not “command” him as at present.

This notion of a single runner reminds me of another point. Formerly when a one-sided game suddenly collapsed, a single-wicket match was arranged among a few of the best players in order to entertain the disappointed spectators; the professionals, of course, receiving extra remuneration. A previous announcement to this effect would often secure a good attendance at the conclusion of a match, and would add considerably to the funds of a

club. These special exhibitions of great talent would frequently prove to be the most interesting part of a day's entertainment, as in the case of Pilch *versus* Redgate, described in my "Memoirs."

I once enjoyed the felicity of "catching out" the jovial Alfred the Great, of Kent, after one of his tremendous long field forward hits. In the evening his very Serene Highness was regaled for a time with the delicious strains of string quartet music. I cannot clearly trace the chain of events, but it is certain that *a dance* was suddenly proposed later on, and my statement will surprise many who have seen the giant, when I say that His Greatness actually joined in the merry whirl. I had seen Lablache positively revolving on the stage with the petite Sontag, and, therefore, nothing could be absolutely impossible in the dancing world.

In any case, the success of the "revolutionary" leader was undoubted, and that infallible court of appeal, consisting of feminine judges, unanimously declared that the stupendous Alfred, like his high and mighty musical brother, was one of the "lightest" trippers they ever had the pleasure of dancing with.

In my various remarks upon cricket, here and elsewhere, I have dealt chiefly with our ancient heroes. There is, however, one Lancashire devotee who deserves a word or two, although he belongs to a later class of prominent representatives. I hear that he is now "unfortunately" engaged in other "trials of skill," but principally as "umpire," I believe.

Here, again, we find a connecting link between music and cricket. Our umpire's "judgment" gained unbounded applause, in a case where a man practised an "euphonious" instrument for six or eight hours a day, to the intense grief of his agonized neighbours. The performance ended with certain "striking" illustrations, and the enthusiast complained of muscular intervention.

The president rebuked him with something like the following exhortation, "I would rather have a blow from a fist than such a series of blows from your horn."

Probably the president is frequently annoyed by "brazen" defendants. Be that as it may, we can safely affirm that no more effective defender of the Cambridge faith was ever seen at Lord's, Broughton, or the Cambridge University Cricket Ground.

With respect to a much-debated question, I should certainly vote for limiting bowlers to a "shoulder-high" delivery. In this position jerks and throws become much more difficult to execute, and they can be more easily detected by umpires and many supporting witnesses. I would be the last to discountenance hardy and even daring exercises, but I have no hesitation in saying that very high bowling is apt to degenerate into throwing. When this is the case the manly beauty of the game is destroyed; the ball often bounces high over the wickets or injures the batter, and to such an extent that the noble pastime becomes positively dangerous.

There can be no doubt that good shoulder-high bowling is more difficult to play, and actually hits more wickets than any other style, without causing unnecessary fears on the part of a batsman.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Popular Preacher—His Flood of Language—Sins of Omission—An Equivocal Leave-taking—Dr. Mansell—A Blushing Amateur—Universal Slaughter—The Doctor's Protest—Guage and Mynn—Excessive Vibration—A Sound Post Added—A Chromatic Dance of Witches—Guage's Musical Powers—A Doubtful Umpire—Remarkable Substitution.

For the sake of chronology, I insert here two or three miscellaneous anecdotes.

One popular preacher at Cambridge was so fluent and inexhaustible in his language, that, whether in the pulpit or in conversation, his words often seemed to well up with a kind of overpowering exuberance, almost reminding one, at the end of his sentences, of an aldermanic gurgle, or the "inverted bottle" illustration provided by Swift.

It happened that he was making one of his "thousand and one" declarations of eternal friendship to a fair admirer, when his gushing enthusiasm overmastered his perspicuity, and caused the omission of two or three essential words.

After an immense number of effusive protestations, he concluded as follows:—

"Good-bye (*agitato*), goo-bye, goo-o-o-o-bye; I shall never think of you till I see you again!"

I have lately seen an anecdote in which that incorrigible

punster, Dr. Mansell, played a "negative" part. A private performer was pressed very much to favour the company with a specimen of his powers. "Unaccustomed as he was," he parried for a time the soft impeachment, and the doctor, who had evidently heard him before, did not join in the chorus of requests.

Several pieces were named in succession by his friendly companions, but these notes of admiration were gently "protested" by the blushing hero. At last one bright individual fell back upon the sole known resource provided in such cases, whether for Georgian or plebeian instrumentalists, namely, "The Hundredth Psalm."

The doctor interposed:—

"I cannot for a moment think of tolerating the murder of 'All people that on earth do dwell!'"

On one occasion, when I met the famous Alfred Mynn, the much-noted "single"-wicket player, "Guage" happened to be present with other musical and cricketing amateurs. I have elsewhere described Guage's great performance in this particular line. In fact, he always wisely preferred a single stump to a threefold number, especially when the bowling was difficult to play.

At this party of course a few double-faced puns were flying about in such a mixed assemblage of musicians and cricketers. Reference was slyly made to old "scores," and "putting on the screw" when "tightening your cords;" spectacle notes were compared with "duck eggs," and a few other mild atrocities were perpetrated. At that time table-turning had scarcely come into fashion, but during the dance I noticed a peculiar piano-rocking movement as if to imply a sort of nodding approbation with regard to our proceedings.

I have no wish to lay all the "weight" of blame upon our gigantic visitor, but it is a fact that the violoncellist descended to the base of the building, and quietly added a strong "sound post" to the vibrating apartment.

A depraved guest remarked that Mynn came from a "hop" county.

Our quartettists contributed a strange kind of accompaniment to the piano, "out of their own heads." The universal Guage "presided at the pianoforte," although he had scarcely ever "practised" that instrument; and one quaint incident will make manifest his marvellous versatility.

There was no music before him, no collusion or arrangement between us, but I suddenly nudged him and mischievously whispered, "Half a note higher." Off he went on this novel track, to the great consternation of the fiddlers, who of course were blamed for playing "so awfully flat" all of a sudden. They soon recovered the scent, however, and when they had settled down to fair and "straight running," I again jogged Guage's elbow in the midst of his playing and named outrageously distant keys, until the "Lancashire Witches" dance seemed for a time to be matched by the music. For an easy-going amateur, who seldom touched the piano, this sudden effort must be considered a remarkable feat.

Naturally, in such company, cricket was not ignored. Many quaint stories were told, and flash answered flash with electrical brilliancy. I recollect one suggestive anecdote which was current at the time, and which some of our judges and juries might take seriously to heart.

Towards the end of an exciting match, a fervent Notch-tale umpire appeared to be in difficulties; facts would not condescend to agree with figures, as desired by him, and his friends, like leaves, kept falling fast. At the last wicket merely three or four runs were required, when, dreadful to relate, the ball struck a leg instead of the wicket.

"How's that, umpire?"

"In" (very loudly). (Pianissimo) "But by goom if thee does it again I'll gie thee out!"

I will conclude with a racy anecdote from the *Quarterly Review*, which contains a useful hint with regard to the election of a leader.

The captain of the team is a bowler of rather an indifferent sort : he has put himself “on,” and his friends very much “out.” Large scores have been made, and a miracle has been faithfully promised during each successive over ; but the “spirits” are dull to day. Point and slip exchange ominous glances, and at length the wicket-keeper whispers submissively —

“Don’t you think a change advisable ?”

“A very good idea. I fully agree with you. I will try *the other end* !”

CHAPTER XXXI.

Charles Dickens—His interview with Mr. Cheeryble—Mr. Gilbert Winter's Account—Mr. Grant's Generosity—Stock's House—Mr. J. Crossley—Mr. Renshaw—A Sceptical Correspondent—A Disclaimer by Dickens—Reasons for it—Miss Dickens—Mr. Burnett and Nicholas Nickleby—Memorial to Dickens—Cheeryble and Grant Identified by Dickens—His Quaint Letter—Anecdote of Mark Lemon—Identity Confirmed.

CHARLES DICKENS.—On the death of this very popular writer I sent the following communications to all the Manchester newspapers, referring to interviews which had taken place many years previously. I append other particulars which I trust will be found interesting:—

“In connection with the world's loss of its favourite author may be named a spot to be for ever sacred and celebrated as the meeting place of Charles Dickens and Mr. Cheeryble—the house at Stocks, Cheetham, then a charming nook, containing more fishes in the ponds and leaves on the trees than I am afraid can be found at present.

“Mr. Gilbert Winter, the host, described the interview to me in the most racy and enjoyable manner. Dickens was even then the lion of the day, fresh from the field of victory. He evidently expected, and he certainly found, a good and original character, worthy of his wonderful literary talents; and while certain quaint remarks occa-

sioned the greatest merriment, the eagle-eyed Cruikshank, who was present, seemed to be photographing for ever the benevolent hero without moving a muscle himself.

"The tableau, as described by Mr. Winter, was not to be forgotten, and I fancy that the host had helped to prepare the canvas for the reception of such a noted figure."

Mr. Grant's nephew informed me he believed that Harrison Ainsworth was also present; thus there would be a goodly assemblage of celebrities.

Mr. Winter's account to me was most graphic and interesting; I will transcribe it almost exactly in his own words:—

"I said to Dickens, 'Now, take particular notice to-night; you will meet with a decided character, Mr. Grant, who is always doing some good action or other.'

"In the evening I introduced them. Dickens seemed to be scanning the quaint worthy, when Mr. Grant plunged at once into a state of generous intimacy:—'Delighted to meet you; breakfast with me in the morning!' Dickens appeared to be so much tickled with the 'character' and his frank invitation at such a short notice, that he did not utter one word, but soon after retired to a corner of the room, pondered for a few moments, turned his head to the wall, put his hands before his face, and burst out into uncontrollable fits of laughter."

Those who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Grant would readily admit that he was indeed a "character" rarely to be met with in this prosaic world.

Dickens, with all his imagination, could not, however, overstate one point in the hero's character, whether for politeness, charity, or refined delicacy. I was about to call upon Mr. Grant for a subscription to a work, and on my way I met a well-known attorney, who said: "I was the third applicant this morning, and he gave me £10 for

a poor widow." This did not deter me, as these deeds were of daily occurrence. I only asked for his own name; he looked at my "list," and finding not more than "two copies" attached to any one signature, with his usual lavish behaviour he wrote down his name for two copies, his brother for two, and his nephew for one copy; of course these two latter knew nothing of the whole affair. Then, raising his hat, he said: "I feel much obliged to you for the honour you have done me!"

No romancer could exceed this. Fact is, indeed, often stranger than fiction. Thus, while Dickens describes a partner in one of his works, who is the scapegoat for all the hard, shabby doings of the firm, here was a man inventing excuses for his unbounded benevolence, and in order to prevent the least appearance of ostentation. Others have nobly given their hundreds of thousands once or twice in a life, but he gave still larger sums in daily and hourly portions. Wonderful munificence, wonderful author, to portray so affectionately such a loving character.

Might not this memorable spot in Cheetham be a suitable place for a group of the three worthies—author, painter, and giver? If the site be not soon occupied, I think that foreigners will insist, as they did at Rugby, upon doing honour to departed worth. Surely these combined heart treasures should be embodied in a worthy and lasting memento while "Heaven preserves our memories green."

"Stocks House" was then a charming rural retreat, surrounded by healthy trees and verdant meadows. Opposite the house was a woody hollow and a secluded country cottage; and except on the narrow "North road" there was scarcely a house to be seen, looking north, east, or west, but merely lanes or footpaths leading from Smedley or Stocks to Cheetwood and Broughton.

Mr. Winter's house, the resort of those who were artistic and cultivated, seemed destined to be associated

with literary and other celebrities. Mr. Winter's successor was an accomplished musical amateur, possessing a refined taste for all that was charming and elevating. After him came the "Johnsonian" President of the Cheetham Society, Mr. James Crossley, who filled room after room with his never-ending purchases. To him, as he said, "There was nothing so ravishing as records."

The before-named amateur at Stocks House was related by marriage to another Manchester worthy, Mr. Renshaw, of the Adelphi, Salford, who, previous to amassing a large fortune, commenced his career as a violinist, and played in the orchestra at the opening of the Fountain Street Theatre in 1807.

It was singular that members of these different families should assemble, from time to time, for the purpose of indulging in the delights of quartet chamber music. Mr. Renshaw led the quartets with a vigour and precision, remarkable considering his advanced years, and the viola was played in a smooth and pleasing style by a venerable musician, nearly eighty years of age, and formerly of Darlington, who was no other than an elder brother of the celebrated James Crossley, the learned "President."

One gentleman resolved, with commendable caution, not to take every statement upon trust, as the following letter will show :—

"MR. CHARLES DICKENS AND THE CHEERYBLE BROTHERS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER COURIER.'

"SIR,—Your correspondent professes to give an account of a meeting between Mr. Dickens and Mr. George Cruikshank with one of the Brothers Grant, at the house of Mr. Gilbert Winter, Cheetham.

"Mr. Dickens, in the preface to 'Nicholas Nickleby,' says :—'I believe the applications for loans, gifts, and offices of profit that I have been requested to forward to the originals of the Brothers Cheeryble, with whom I

never interchanged any communication in my life, would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the Rest of the Bank of England.'

"Observe—'with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life.' Before we proceed to erect the memorial proposed by your correspondent, will he tell us how we are to reconcile Mr. Dickens's statement with his own?"

"Yours truly,

"June 21, 1870."

"N. H. J.

After reading this note of interrogation, I made further inquiries from Mr. Grant's nephew and others, and replied as follows:—

"Sometimes authors forget; sometimes they 'remember to forget;' I could produce several instances. If Dickens had distinctly written:—'Mr. Grant was not the model for Mr. Cheeryble,' I should not now dare to argue the matter. If not confuted, I should at least be overwhelmed by public feeling, although I could refer to a man equally esteemed—Sir Walter Scott—and ascending higher, to the denial even of an inspired apostle. Fortunately for me, Dickens did not deny; I believe that he evaded this and scores of other questions. 'Interchange of communications' generally refers to written correspondence, and the phrase evidently comes from the 'circumlocution office' of a public sensitive writer, who is incessantly bored. It is not like the unconstrained style of Dickens.

"The whole question is one of probabilities contrasted with facts. What was the great secret of our author's success? Why, in watching his footsteps you could generally find a plain, visible track of reality, adorned by his own wonderful genius. If he did not meet with defiant Republicans and half-starved schoolboys, his characters were merely shocking libels on the classes

satirized; and if I possessed certificates like the following, I should not often produce them:—‘This Mr. Queer is not my Mr. Queer.’ ‘Mr. Dash is not the gentleman who declared, revolver in hand, that Utopia “must be cracked up.”’

“On the favourable side, publicity is almost equally disturbing. Quiet people know but little of the thousand letters and impertinent questions involved. Mr. Grant was surrounded and impeded in the public streets; and I doubt not that Miss Burdett Coutts would confer a handsome annuity upon any editor who could occasionally convince the craving multitude that her house is not the General Post-office, and that she is only distantly related to the great benefactress. After employing your model, the greatest kindness you can do him is to discard him as the ‘original.’

“‘N. H. J.’ may say:—‘Well, ascription is not conclusive evidence,’ although even he helped to swell the ranks of believers by naming Mr. Grant when I did not. I have no doubt on the point. Where is a competitor? Mr. Winter, who introduced the immortal pair, had no doubt. Lancashire, if not the world, has believed it. Mr. Winter’s words to me were, among others:—‘I said to Dickens, “Now, take notice, you will meet with a decided character;” and the introduction itself was a very remarkable incident, perhaps more interesting as a fireside story than it would be in a public print. Again, Dickens had a continual ‘interchange of communications’ with his sister, who lived and, I suppose, died in Manchester, and whose husband strongly resembled ‘Nicholas Nickleby.’

“Dickens was ‘well up’ in various local subjects, yet, of course (like Mrs. Gaskell), after one or two severe satires, he would not care to enter further into the questions. Most authors are very sensitive as to plots, colours, and materials; and there are certain implied professional rules—‘Don’t believe all the defendant says;’ ‘Don’t

ask the doctor what is the matter with So-and-So; 'Don't ask an editor about his correspondents,' or his first public duty may be to 'fence' with you.

"Scott wrote whole sheets for the purpose of putting people on a wrong scent, and he most deliberately defended his denial to royalty. Paley said, 'A highwayman expects a lie.' We may have become stronger or more pretentious nowadays, but while we should despise these sophistries in public, we might imitate them at a pinch in private life, or in the company of Mr. William Sykes.

"Rightly or wrongly, the practice will be to say, 'Are the questions convenient or impertinent?' and Dickens refers to heaps of letters. I can see nothing really to interfere with our local claims, whether in the matters of fact, probability, or invariable literary custom."—June 18, 1870.

Miss Dickens studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and possessed a voice of remarkable sweetness and purity. In flowing, melodious works like the *Creation* there was, at the time, no English soprano to surpass her except Clara Novello. Mr. Burnett, the husband of Miss Dickens, was a tasteful tenor vocalist, and sang ballads like "I locked up all my treasure," and more serious music with great effect, but unfortunately his voice did not last very long.

It was feared at the time that Dickens would not be honoured by a public memorial, but his private wishes were fortunately overruled, by general acclamation. I published the following:—

"England allows a great and modest testator all reasonable control over his own possessions, but can he, or should he be, able to limit the powers of others, if these functions be exercised as incitements to public and private virtue? In the cases of Dickens and Palmerston, the very first act of the public after their deaths showed a disregard of personal wishes, and the nation with one voice justified

the loving breach of faith. It would have acted similarly with regard to Wellington and Derby, and there will be many more such instances of respectful violence. There is an Abbey grave; there will yet be an Abbey bust. There are thousands and there will be millions of marbles, paintings, and photographs of the beloved writer. There will be hospitals, almshouses, and scholarships connected with his name, and it should be so with worthy men.

"After death, names and reputations become public property, and it would be against public policy to interfere with this custom. Next to the love for a man's productions comes the wish to see the author or his likeness. With contemporaries this desire is great; with descendants it is irresistible. If this feeling be wrong, our national portrait gallery will be viewed only as a truly splendid offence, and Vandyke, Reynolds, and Chantrey will be regarded as favourite and easily-pardoned criminals. Shakespeare himself could not have turned back the tide.

"Depend upon it the whole civilized world will respect nearly everything written by Dickens, except his own last modest words regarding himself."

After the lapse of a year or two the following amusing letter, addressed by Dickens to Professor Fulton, was published. It is too characteristic to be further curtailed, as even the boyish fun of such an author becomes a pleasing and public heritage. I have heard that at home the romps and gaiety of Dickens were inexhaustible. In fact, he was generally the "youngest" of the party:—

"Clifton House, Niagara Falls.

". . . So much for that. 'Bisness first, pleasure arterwards, as King Richard the Third said ven he stabbed the tother king in the tower, afore he murdered the babbies.' I have long suspected that oysters have a rheumatic tendency. Their feet are always wet; and so much damp company in a man's inside cannot contribute to his peace. But whatever the cause of your indisposition,

we are truly grieved and pained to hear of it, and should be more so, but that we hope from your account of that farewell dinner, that you are all right again. I did receive Longfellow's note. Sumner I have not heard from; for which reason I am constantly bringing telescopes to bear on the ferry boat, in hopes to see him coming over, accompanied by a modest portmanteau. To say anything about this wonderful place would be sheer nonsense. It far exceeds my most sanguine expectations, though the impression on my mind has been, from the first, nothing but beauty and peace. I haven't drunk the water. Bearing in mind your caution, I have devoted myself to beer, whereof there is an exceedingly pretty fall in this house. One of the noble hearts who sat for the Cheeryble Brothers is dead. If I had been in England, I would certainly have gone into mourning for the loss of such a glorious life. His brother is not expected to survive him. I am told that it appears from the memorandum found among the papers of the deceased, that in his lifetime he gave away in charity £600,000, or three millions of dollars!"

This frank confession soon converted critics and other public writers, as will be seen presently.

Trifling anecdotes and well-known localities become more noteworthy when associated with the doings of admired celebrities. At the Art Treasures Exhibition, in 1857, among other notables present were Dickens and Lemon. Considering the wonders contained in the building and the architect thereof, *Mr. Punch* might have named it "Solomon's" Temple. At that time custom compelled the ladies to appear in very large and fashionable circles. As the two writers were promenading in the rear of a superlatively stylish crinoline, Dickens observed, "Classical, eh, Mark?" "No," replied the genial Lemon, whose taste was anything but bitter, "false quantity."

The following is a newspaper cutting :—

“The sale by auction of the Manchester portion of the extensive library of the late Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., president of the Cheetham Society, commenced this morning at the Stocks House, Cheetham Hill Road.

“The collection which is being sold in Manchester (the bulk of the library, about 70,000 volumes, having been sent to London for sale during the present year) comprises 2,682 lots, and will occupy the whole of the present week and next Monday to sell.

“The interior of the house itself (the property of the Earl of Derby)—now a complete wreck of former magnificence—caused some curiosity among people not bent on buying books. Fully half a century ago the Stocks was one of the best appointed houses in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and the warm hospitality of its tenant, Mr. Gilbert Winter, attracted not only the *elite* of Manchester, but some of the most famous men of the day.

“Here it was, in the cosy dining-room, at the back of the house, that Dickens first made the acquaintance of his subsequent celebrated originals of the Cheeryble Brothers in ‘Nicholas Nickleby,’ in the persons of Daniel and William Grant.

“In many respects the ‘Stocks’ is unique in the history of Manchester, and is well worth a visit just now, as doubtless, when Mr. Crossley’s executors give up possession of the house to Lord Derby’s agents, the place will very soon become ‘a thing of the past.’”—*Evening News*, May 12, 1884.

Readers will be able to judge for themselves whether my surmisings were not fully justified in the end.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Mr. Wynn Ellis—His Large Collection of Pictures—Extensive Bequests—A Merchant's Fears—Halevy Suspected—The Sister of Mr. Ellis—Old-Fashioned Ways—A Quiet Country Home—English and French Manners—A Wealthy Miser—His Unpractical Behaviour—Scheffer and Nenkomm—Professor Scott—A Privileged Visitor—Municipal Support of Art.

IN 1875 died the wealthy owner of the noted "Duchess of Devonshire" portrait, afterwards stolen and supposed to be destroyed. The following is a newspaper cutting, from *The Times*, I believe :—

"The will and codicil of the late Mr. Wynn Ellis, of Tankerton Tower, near Whitstable, who died at his town residence, 30, Cadogan Place, were proved on the 31st ult. by William Frederick Elrington, John Howell, and Edgar Rowe Evrington, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £600,000, and the stamp duty paid on the probate amounting to £7,500. The will and codicil were both executed on November 18 last, and the deceased died two days afterwards.

"The bequest of a splendid collection of pictures, all by foreign masters, to the trustees of the National Gallery has already been made public. A complete list of these pictures is given in the codicil, and fills ten or twelve sheets of brief paper.

"The condition upon which they are given is that a

room or rooms be set apart by such trustees for their separate exhibition at Trafalgar Square for ten years, to be called 'The Wynn Ellis Collection.' After ten years they are to be exhibited as the trustees of the National Gallery shall think fit, but each picture is to be labelled 'The Gift of Mr. Wynn Ellis.'

"There is also a condition that the National Gallery trustees shall pay the legacy duty. We believe that this collection *nearly equals in number the whole of the present pictures in the National Gallery.* They have accepted the gift, subject to selection, on the conditions named. His collection of modern pictures is directed to and will be sold by public auction in the coming spring.

"The testator bequeaths altogether for charitable purposes £125,200, and the legacy duty thereon, which comes to £12,520, is to be paid out of his residuary estate.

"Among the numerous other legacies may be noted £50,000 to each of the following clergymen:—The Rev. Canon Carus, the Rev. Mr. Holland, the Rev. Mr. Venn, the Rev. E. Auriol, and the Rev. William Cadman, to be paid at the expiration of two years from the death, and these gentlemen are themselves to pay the legacy duty thereon, amounting to £5,000. All the rest of the legacies and the annuities are duty free.

"The other legatees and annuitants include relatives, friends, his executors, doctors, solicitors, servants, and others, the sum amounting to about £140,000. The remainder of his property of every description is to be sold by his executors, and after payment of his debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, the legacies, and annuities, the ultimate residue is given to the Rev. Arthur Conrad Graystone."

As I happened to know much about the testator in earlier times I will relate a few particulars respecting him, which may teach many of us what to imitate and what to avoid.

On January 11, 1876, I wrote as follows to the newspapers :—

“By a want of faith in the rewards of duty and perseverance Manchester clearly lost a splendid endowment for the Grammar School. By a similar want of faith we may have lost the splendid pictures of Mr. Wynn Ellis. He fully appreciated our Art Treasures in 1857, and lent his paintings for the occasion. After £40,000 had been promised for an art gallery I wrote on the subject to Mr. Ellis, but the building scheme fell through, as is too often the case with us. Had our casket been ready the jewels, I think, would not have been wanting, instead of being partially burnt in a London storehouse. I write this warning as one whose motto is ‘Onward,’ and who wishes to point out the danger of becoming a pillar of salt.”

The first paragraph refers to a local gentleman who declined, for certain reasons, to bequeath his property, as originally intended, to the Grammar School.

The *Illustrated News* published a portrait of the aged millionaire, and added certain suggestive remarks : “He believed chiefly in work and wages.” Many an edifying “lay sermon” might have been delivered on his double-sided life.

So-called profound critics warn our novelists against the danger of portraying too even and consistent characters. For my own part I acknowledge a certain weakness for a moderate amount of uniformity, “adorned,” perhaps, with a few quaint and mild imperfections. But of course the theorists are invariably right, and I therefore say no more.

In the case we are considering, however, certain astounding contrasts were not wanting. We might with perfect truth say that one-half of his life was a well-meant mistake. What appeared to be meanness and indifference he probably intended for laudable worldly prudence, but the “facts” were decidedly against him,

and any fiction writer who had dared to introduce such a character in its fulness would in all probability have been denounced as an idiot.

A young Englishman, Mr. Redmont, as I will call him, represented the firm in Paris, and was splendidly remunerated by the seniors. There was no "meanness" apparent in actual business matters.

Mr. Redmont had married a French lady, and hence arose a pleasant blending of the artistic and practical. They entertained in their beautiful "suite" celebrities like Meyerbeer, Rossini, Viardot, Halevy, Lablache, and many others. Wishing one day to gratify a guest without resorting to the compliment direct, the hostess addressed another French lady on the subject of *The Huguenots*, then a modern work.

"Oh," said the fair critic, "it is all very grand and imposing, no doubt, but—no melody, my dear—no melody."

The gentleman next to the speaker happened to be Meyerbeer! Such an event in a Parisian drawing-room is only "too awful" for further consideration.

All went smoothly for a length of time. Business was combined with pleasure in a way known to many French people, and, perhaps, to a few Englishmen, but it certainly was not appreciated by the old London merchant, as you will soon understand.

Halevy wrote a lively opera, in which mountainous Lablache performed many of his mirth-inspiring, elephantine antics. He appeared in wonderfully-patterned apparel; he made endless fun of his own unwieldiness, and concluded by positively dancing a ponderous polka with the diminutive Sontag. Comedy could no further go, when Lablache danced on the light fantastic toe.

When that glorious musician—often apparently so mirthful, comic, and happy—Lablache, was playing "Othello" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, he was so overcome by the pathetic appeals of his victim that he could scarcely proceed with his part; veritable tears

streamed down his honest face at the bare notion of injuring that charming, refined, and gentle creature, the elegant Sontag. Such is the wondrous power of music!

Halevy, like Hamlet, was said to be bound for the land of Britons and "sane" merchants. He asked no favour whatever, but merely paid Mr. Redmont £200, receiving in return a cheque upon the London firm.

Earthquakes and revolutions are poor and mean expressions to describe the ferment which ensued. I wonder how Threadneedle Street ever recovered.

The compact of Dr. Faustus was trifling compared with such an enormity. No word of discussion was needed; the commercial world had evidently come to an end, and as this broad fact included the Parisian compact, the valuable agency aforesaid terminated at once and for ever.

The old merchant's elder sister happened to be my aunt, so that I had full opportunities for studying the case in her quiet old cosy country home. Miss Austen should have been there with her prim attire and neatly-balanced pen, to describe with feminine minuteness all the old-world manners, uncompromising dignity, and matronly reserve which were observable from day to day.

Miss Austen would have told us of sweet-scented flowers peeping in at the windows, heaps of rose leaves in large china vases, treasures of lavender, and other fragrant herbs in the rooms upstairs, perfect paths in the garden with perfect box borders at the sides; a sleek saucy pony, whose "mission" was to eat more and work less than was good for him, and many other particulars far too numerous to be described in this short historical sketch.

Imagine the old dame's interview with the "offenders." Tears were shed on the English side of the argument, but I grieve to say that the "spiritual" Mrs. Redmont was much more inclined for an opposite form of display, in her supreme ignorance of strait-laced old English prejudices.

Her surprise was not diminished when the old lady burst forth into a paroxysm of alarm and vexation.

"Oh, my dear, what have you been doing? My brother is so dreadfully shocked, and no wonder. He says that you have been 'taking up with players and *opera dancers*!'"

Poor Halevy and his companions! I fancy he never knew anything of the details. The subject was too dreadful for allusion in the London house, and I dare-say, attended perhaps by an extra policeman or two, the "wages of sin" were paid under silent protest by a trembling, awe-stricken cashier.

Whether we laugh or not, one side was thoroughly in earnest. The young people would not humbly apologize for an act of graceful civility, the commercial "wound" was unhealed, and the estrangement was lifelong and complete.

Inconsistencies were piled up in heaps. The enormous wealth, far beyond the mere "personalty," was a burden to the possessor; he was always pondering over the future difficulties and labours of his executors, yet he could not resolve to part with one pound or one picture, lest he should "spoil people, you know," by tempting them to the sin of enjoying moderate relaxation and elevating pleasures, while life and health remained.

He outlived almost all his near relations of two generations, so that no one can now be hurt by these suggestive details. He had also another widowed sister with two delicate sons. Both these were constrained to go round with the daily "mill wheel" of commerce and drudgery, while a moderate provision would have almost certainly prevented their early deaths, which the old man deeply regretted, but could not "for the life of him account for."

As a seal to my statements I may add that this great millionaire allowed the said widowed sister, after losing her children, the munificent sum of £50 a year; of course, in order not to "spoil" her!

His wealth continued to increase and his relations continued to die. Practical and punctilious as he supposed himself, he only signed his will, as we have seen, two days before his death, which occurred when he was about eighty-five years of age, and even then, many of his bequests seemed to be made almost at random. In his latter days he remained like a useless log rather than a beneficent fruit-bearing tree, merely existing, decaying, and in fact cumbering the ground.

Mrs. Redmont and her little son lent a novel-like interest to our agreeable meetings at my uncle's house, at which many simple and diverting incidents occurred. The youngster hovered between French and English associations, and once when writing to his mother he anxiously inquired:—

“Do you write Monday with a majestic ‘M’?”

This vastly amused the stout, sturdy old Briton.

At another time the innocent question was:—

“Do people live long here?”

“As long as they like, my boy,” was the bluff reply. Much was conveyed in this mysterious answer; my old aunt seemed to act upon the principle inferred, for she managed with care to reach her ninety-third year.

The contrast was immense between the ancient dame and the sparkling young Frenchwoman, as you will shortly perceive.

At dinner Mrs. Redmont shocked the old lady very much by asking for a little “suet,” and as this term was pronounced like a rough English word, you may imagine the consternation created; in fact, the stranger never quite succeeded in distinguishing the two sounds.

One glimpse of old-world reserve and shyness which I am about to present would certainly appear to be overdrawn if related in a reasonable novel.

Mrs. Redmont made a perfectly innocent remark about a certain cooing, newly-married pair.

The old dame was somewhat deaf, but she caught the word "marriage" and heard the fatal laugh. She was then nearly eighty, and had been married about forty-five years. She gently approached the "criminals," drooped her eyelids, and solemnly whispered the following admonition in the deepest of contralto voices, "My dear, never joke anyone about marriage. I am sure I shall never forget my crimson blushes and confusion when the subject was alluded to."

My uncle was a hale, active, and, "fortunately" for his peace, a very determined man. Confinement in the house depressed him, and he once declared in his impatience that "he was really very ill and would not live a month."

The lively French lady visitor reproached him with characteristic emphasis:—

"It is very wrong of you to distress us; you are a very 'ugly' man to say so."

This quaint expression proved a comical restorative, and the old gentleman replied, almost chuckling:—

"Yes, my dear, I never was considered very good-looking."

Scheffer was well-known to, and early appreciated by the art-loving visitors, and when we were discussing similar lofty questions, the old dame, absorbed in her store-room calculations, would suddenly exclaim, "My dear, I can give you an excellent recipe for preserving pickled cucumbers."

Thus were amusingly mingled useful English house duties, when they are not interminable, and antiquated over-refinement, with the highest flights of artistic conversation. As I could not understand one department in Scheffer's pictures, I was gratified to find that his comparative sameness was not by any means intentional, but that he envied our English painters their richness of colour.

I heard one clever artist say, "If Scheffer would let me see him paint I would brush his boots for him."

The late Professor Scott enjoyed the former privilege, and he related to me with much enthusiasm that the venerable Neukomm "assisted" the artist on these occasions by learnedly developing old church themes on a beautiful harmonium.

If we imagine the sedate, thoughtful painter, the veteran musician in his velvet scull-cap, and both artists lost in the wonders of earnest German dreamland, we may fancy that many worse subjects might be found for a picture.

In 1875 I wrote two or three long and earnest letters to the Manchester papers on the municipal patronage of Art, as displayed by the great cities of Italy; but these observations were not inserted, I suppose because the plan proposed was then thought to be too sanguine, premature, or utterly impossible in our large English towns.

We have lived to see the ideas carried out in Manchester with a spirit and determination not unworthy of the great objects in view.

Doubtless, the good work thus commenced will proceed with increasing vigour and success as the beneficial results become more and more apparent in our growing populous centres of energy and enterprise.

Few now doubt the soothing and elevating influence of Art on the minds of our toiling masses.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Rise of Prominent Firms—Jones and Loyd—Newall's Buildings—Small Beginnings—Suspicious Aroused—A Practical Courtship—Miss Loyd—Banker or Schoolmaster—Old Sir Robert Peel—The National Loan—Peel's Assiduity—His Visit to Crompton—A Cool Reception—The Mule—Mrs. Crompton's Quick Ear—Anecdote by Dr. Crompton—Peels and Jennies.

I LEARNED many very interesting particulars concerning numerous celebrities, from a successful and highly-esteemed gentleman, the late Mr. Samuel Fletcher. His sketches of commercial life at the commencement of this century were graphic and entertaining in the highest degree, embracing, as they did, world-renowned names like Jones, Loyd, and Co., and the first Sir Robert Peel.

Mr. Fletcher delighted to recount how young men of limited means, possessing habits of probity and perseverance, were faithfully supported by the indefatigable Mr. Jones, then a rising banker and shopkeeper. I will relate a short history of the events, based upon many conversations which I had with Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Jones, as I understood, kept a grocer's shop in Newall's Buildings, Manchester, which subsequently became famous as the home of the Anti-Corn Law League.

Mr. Cobden afterwards pleasantly narrated how, when three or four Leaguers met together on this spot, they were frequently hidden from the public gaze by means of a curtain, in order to conceal the paucity of numbers.

Mr. Jones began by discounting a few bills over his modest counter, and gradually enlarged his operations slowly and surely. He would say to his trusted clients: "You can have any amount of paper you like, but don't let it run into cash." He inspected their books at any time he chose; thus he ascertained their position and their means of repayment. The bargains were faithfully observed on both sides, and many well-known merchants owed their subsequent fortunes to this beneficial arrangement.

In time the transactions became so important that one day the London supporters of Mr. Jones conceived the demands to be of such an extraordinary nature that they imagined Mr. Jones must be either overreaching himself or meditating flight. Meetings of prominent merchants were held; they solemnly assured the wavering Londoners that Mr. Jones had not yet run away, but was still safe and solvent in the old but not, then, very important town of Manchester.

Mr. Jones lived with his sister, and attended the Unitarian chapel. One evening a Mr. Loyd preached in this chapel, and on leaving the building rain came on, as it sometimes does in Manchester. Either owing to Welsh or Lancashire experiences, Mr. Loyd carried an umbrella, wisely prepared for the early and the latter rain. In the street he protected from the weather a lonely lady who perhaps was more inured to the noted "institution." A conversation ensued, the sermon was discussed, and Mr. Loyd was courteously invited to enter the house. He declined on that occasion, but the incident led to an intimacy, and in time Mr. Loyd proposed to the "water-proof" lady.

As my informant remarked:—In those days schoolmasters were looked up to, as knowing something more of figures and other mysteries than ordinary men, and the offer was therefore favourably entertained "by the firm." Yes, Mr. Jones had "no objection, and when they were married Mr. Loyd should be taken into partner-

ship." The lover, however, appeared to combine affection with prudence, and said with suggestive modesty:—"Would it not sound much better—'Miss Jones, on a given date, to Mr. Loyd, banker,' than 'Miss Jones, to Mr. Loyd, schoolmaster?'" The well-matched pair played their various moves, and this cautiously romantic course was ultimately adopted. The happy pair were made one, and the bonds of wedlock were accepted without further protestation.

Mr. Jones never forgot the fact that he had once been suspected in London. He established a branch distinctly connected with the parent stock; he called in a brother of Mr. Lewis Loyd, Edward by name, and the firm proceeded step by step to an eminence exceeded by few in the annals of banking corporations.

Mr. Fletcher also told me that he was once on the jury during a trial at Lancaster; this trial first brought Brougham prominently before the public. He overwhelmed his opponents and the jury with a torrent of words, exceptions, and elaborate devices; and, as is often the case, he ultimately won his cause by the sheer force of irresistible power. Mark the foundations upon which this fabric was built, whether substantial or not.

My informant assured me, from his personal knowledge, that Brougham re-wrote and corrected that speech no less than *thirteen times*!

I have, however, heard a venerable lawyer say that no Lord Chancellor's decisions were so generally reversed as those of the restless and popular advocate.

I believe that for many years Mr. Fletcher set apart a clear tenth of his income for purposes of charity and munificence.

The first Sir Robert Peel's character was also frankly discussed, and many diverting anecdotes were related concerning him. In very anxious times Mr. Robert Peel

first astonished the world by contributing ten thousand pounds to the National Fund, when similar deeds were not often heard of. The "loose way of mentioning thousands" has surprised many landholders even down to the present Duke of Richmond. "Sir Robert" himself might have been amazed had he been able to read a leader in *The Times*, when the editor was astounded at the fact that three wealthy merchants in Manchester were all paying income-tax on a profit of a hundred thousand a year!

Sir Robert, however, with all his energy and foresight, seemed to be suited only to a limited sphere of action, just as we have read of men in various public situations, who were very good "captains" and colonels, but who proved to be very bad generals in emergencies. As I was informed, the mercantile baronet had been accustomed to large and steady profits on a comparatively limited trade, and he would hear of no abatement in this particular. I understood that he expected a profit of a guinea on each "piece" of goods, declaring that he would never accept less. My informant said that a shilling or two expressed the notion of modern requirements; he further remarked that Sir Robert's stock was accumulating so fast, that had he not been persuaded to retire, he would have lost all the fortune he had previously made.

Grandfather Peel was described as a regular martinet, never relaxing for a moment in his labour and watchfulness. An old and wealthy gentleman, Mr. Wrigley, was alive at the time I allude to; in his early days he had worked at the old factory near Bury, if I remember rightly. He told my informant that Sir Robert was to be found at the works every morning five minutes before six, and woe to the workman who should arrive five minutes late. So greatly was the strict master feared, that Mr. Wrigley and others often preferred to "walk through the river" and enter the building unperceived, declaring that they would rather face "Old Nick" than the governor on such an occasion.

I was once dining with a liberal and very genial gentleman from Bristol and other guests. The conversation turned on the first Sir Robert Peel. One of our party narrated several anecdotes concerning him. It was whispered among a few that Crompton was engaged in perfecting a certain mysterious machine, and great care was taken to exclude the inquisitive. On one occasion when Crompton was away from home, Mrs. Crompton, ever on the alert, fancied she heard a certain latch of the sacred room quietly moved.

"Who's there?" she cried out, in the utmost alarm.

"It's only 'me,'" replied Robert Peel, in a meek and mild voice. He found another kind of "mule."

"And what's 'me' doing there?"

"Oh, nothing. I only—"

But the exasperated dame soon cut short the excuse, and at last contrived to hustle Master Robert off the premises in a very peremptory manner.

The narrator was then a stranger to me, and I wondered at his intimate knowledge of the many minute details revealed in his story. I found, however, that he was fully entitled to an opinion on the subject, as he was no other than Dr. Crompton, a well-known medical man and son of the famous and persevering inventor.

In Mr. Croker's interesting "Diary and Correspondence" there is an amusing anecdote illustrative of the easy and friendly manners of royalty, and the readiness evinced, during periods of relaxation, for enjoying conversational fun.

"I must tell you a joke attributed to George the Fourth, and I think a good one:—William Peel married Lady Jane Moore, and his younger brother has lately married Lady Jane Lennox. 'The Peels,' said his Majesty, 'still have a hankering after the *Jennies*.'"

Certainly one of them had, as we have just seen.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Recreations in Manchester—Limited Holidays—Mr. Fuss—Saturday Half-Holiday—An Objector—Bowling Club—John Dalton, President—Mr. Shore—Malibran—Late and Early Promenades—Mr. Whitewall—An Extended Walk—Grisi's Impatience—Her Sudden Demand—A Resolute Director—A Scene at the Concert Hall.

WHILE men of leisure, solicitors, and other professional men in Manchester selected Friday as their day of recreation at the Moss Lane cricket ground or elsewhere, others preferred Thursday as a more convenient time, reserving themselves for the most laborious period of the week, namely, Saturday. A half-holiday on this day was not then considered possible, two or three days' work being frequently compressed into one. The hurried duties often continued until the small hours of Sunday morning.

On one occasion a very active and "pious" churchwarden was parading his parish during service, in accordance with certain ancient instructions, in order to discover any breach of the seventh day commandment, when he observed a heavily laden waggon proceeding at a rapid pace towards a railway station.

The parochial authority became eloquently indignant. "Such an act was ill-timed, disgraceful, and unnecessary. There could be no valid excuse for such an atrocity."

A reply was forthcoming which rather disconcerted the beadle in broadcloth:—

"Mr. Fuss, if you would not send these goods at the

very last moment and then insist that they must be instantly forwarded we should be able to enjoy the Sunday like yourself."

The dialogue was suddenly discontinued.

Like most novel propositions, the Saturday half-holiday encountered much opposition from isolated objectors. One pragmatical little man professed to have "serious reasons" for withholding his consent. When his determined resistance proved to be ineffectual and the holiday became general, Mr. Charlish declared that *his* warehouse, at least, should be an exception. He gave strict orders to his *employés* to attend as on former occasions. In a short time one after another insisted upon "playing truant" and joining their companions in healthful recreation, until no one was left but the stern defender of antiquity in the counting-house.

Amid the silent, deserted streets a friend happened to pass by, and he observed, to his surprise, one solitary door open. He entered, thinking that other than merchants were "taking stock" of the contents. There was Mr. C. Worth, firmly seated on a tall office stool, apparently doing nothing with great determination.

"How is this—all alone? I surely thought that you must be very busy when I saw you thus occupied."

The inveterate little despot was not easily discomposed. He continued his laborious thinking operations, and when his friend insisted upon a full explanation it was given in the following somewhat nasal terms:—

"Sir, I do not read in the Scriptures, 'Five days and a half shalt thou labour!'"

In the end, however, even Mr. C. Worth succumbed to the force of general opinion.

A noted Club assembled on Thursdays at Old Trafford, opposite the Botanical Gardens, to indulge in bowls, a substantial tea, and the indispensable game of whist, which latter amusement was frequently prolonged until the "sweetest hours" of the night or early morning.

You were ushered into a large, cosy room, adorned with portraits and other pictures; one representing the famous Dr. Dalton, who was president of the Club, and for a long time a regular attendant at the weekly meetings. The members and the learned doctor seemed to fully appreciate one another, and you were duly informed of these particulars at your first introduction to the assembly.

Many quaint characters then existed in Manchester. One of these was the well-known musical amateur, Mr. Shore, a devotee in these bowling and whist playing departments. It was he who related to me the anecdote respecting Sir George Smart and the Chevalier Neukomm, described in my "*Memoirs*." Sir George carefully measured his words and also the music on that occasion, when he delivered his laconic verdict. Mr. Shore was one of the vocalists in that quaint musical trial scene, and his vivacious description of the "actors" added pungency to the narrative. Mr. Shore saw much of Malibran during the Manchester Festival of 1836. He informed me that early in the week the great vocalist complained of indisposition, and said to him:—

"Oh, Mr. Shore, this music will kill me!"

Her great strength of will, however, supported her for a time; in fact, it induced her to overtax her powers, for she declared with characteristic energy:—

"I will sing a note higher than Caradori, if I die for it!"

The result is too well known to need recapitulation. Shortly afterwards she expired and was buried (for a time only) in the "*Old Church*" of Manchester.

Malibran's kindness and consideration, displayed towards the young Clara Novello, was often referred to by her old friend Mr. Shore in terms of affectionate sympathy and respect.

In spite of late hours and the attractions of whist, the veteran lived to the advanced age of ninety or thereabouts, thus proving that the breach of general laws

relating to repose did not affect every rebel, and that a few hardy men could resolve with impunity that "as time would not stay they would add night to the day," and thus fill up a full measure of earthly enjoyment.

Mr. Shore told me many amusing stories of old Manchester and musical life, a few of which I must endeavour to relate in due time.

Another worthy resided at Cheetham Hill, Mr. Whitewall, a remarkable character in many respects. Dark complexioned and sturdy was he, persistent and inflexible in all his movements, whether rapidly walking home or quietly making a purchase. His dark, twinkling eye, his deep bass voice, and his firmly knit frame reminded me very much of Professor Sedgwick of Cambridge. There was the same kind of humorous gruffness, absence of pretence, and a quaint manner of warding off anything like thanks for a courtesy rendered. Both these specimens of rough exterior, and yet possessing the kindest sentiments within, seemed to declare to all the world with much mock severity: "Don't suppose for a moment that we are ever tender and impressionable; if we *are* weak enough to do a kind thing now and then, that is no reason why we should always be reminded of it." These old-world celebrities are not easily replaced.

It was said that our Cheetham Hill hero did and refrained from doing a number of things opposed to all the ways and customs of ordinary men. Report said that he for many years never sat in an omnibus, never wore flannel, and never closed his upper windows as prudent people did, but walked two miles and back to his dinner, partook of toasted cheese every night of his life, had his fire lighted every day in the year, and could walk twenty miles a day with the youngest man on 'Change.

Like most robust and active men, he was fond of early rising; in fact, very early rising. Envious people, who required a longer allowance of repose, slyly referred to the subject of toasted cheese; but they were instantly

reproved, and the allegation was quashed by an energetic protest, delivered in a firm, basso profundo tone of voice. On one of these very early mornings the stalwart man was strolling as usual, enjoying the fresh and invigorating air, despising with jovial serenity those weaker mortals who declared that the world was not properly aired before eight o'clock, when he espied Mr. Shore *returning* to his rest.

Both pedestrians appeared to be very much surprised, but for somewhat different reasons, as the reader will easily understand.

"Why, Shore! I'm delighted; no idea that *you* were an early riser; capital notion, I shall often call for you. By the way, come along with me; I have something very interesting to show you."

"Is it very far?" meekly asked the exhausted man of nightly toil.

"Oh, no; a mere stone's throw to men like you and myself."

The hare and tortoise proceeded on their way; one of them overcome by a four-mile walk and the absence of rest; the other fresh as a lark and apparently increasing in vigour, as they passed over a space far exceeding the limits attained by the very best slingers known in ancient or modern times.

"Is it *very* much farther?" inquired the almost dozing truant.

"A very short distance, I assure you," replied the lively basso; and on they trudged, until, faint and weary, the victim of the hour "fortunately" remembered that he had a very particular engagement that morning, and would much enjoy a prolonged investigation on a future occasion. As the veteran Shore greatly relished an innocent joke when it told against a friend, so did he enjoy this story when related by himself.

If he had but taken the trouble to jot down his ex-

periences, they would have been found exceedingly entertaining. He had met most of our musical celebrities. Clara Novello and Regondi, the Paganini of the guitar and concertina, were certain to be his honoured guests when they came into the neighbourhood. He knew all about the early Concert Hall in Concert Lane, and he was a director during perhaps the most flourishing period of its existence. On one occasion Madame Grisi was engaged to sing. At the conclusion of the first part "my lady" suddenly demanded payment for her services! Probably the directors of this noted institution had never before been similarly assailed. Mr. Shore remonstrated with his characteristic resolution, but still the determined dame persisted, and declared that if her demands were not immediately satisfied, she would not sing another note.

The director, on his part, was equally firm; he emphatically informed the excited vocalist that if she did not make her appearance at the proper time and perform her part satisfactorily, he would then and there address the audience, and relate all the circumstances of the case. Madame's "second thoughts" were wiser than her first; she rushed on to the orchestra, her dark eyes flashing with indignation, and, as Mr. Shore assured me, sang better than he had ever heard her on any previous occasion.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Derbyshire Doctor—His Travels and Notable Friends—A Jovial Patient—His Banquet—The Doctor Confounded—Medicine Repudiated—A Musical Doctor—Early Efforts—Stupendous Flute Duets—Quaint Congratulations—Two Ancient Worthies—Their Self-Complacency—An Old Friend with a New Face.

IN a picturesque town of Derbyshire lived an imposing personage, one Dr. Tawltauk, a fine-looking, white-haired, portly individual, confident in himself, and capable of inspiring confidence in others. Great was the excitement in the neighbourhood when he returned, after a journey to places unknown to the less favoured inhabitants.

According to the doctor's accounts, Emperors, Princes, and noblemen conversed with and consulted him with respect to many important transactions. If he went to Paris, the Emperor and his courtiers were fully described and their addresses on various topics were copiously reported. When he visited Stratford-upon-Avon to take part in a grand celebration in honour of Shakespeare, he assured his local audience that he kindly and publicly congratulated Coote, the orchestral conductor; then, perceiving that the benevolent Earl of Shaftesbury occupied the chief place of honour, the impressive doctor contrived to have a few words with his lordship on the state of the drama and numerous other questions. Of course these marvellous narratives produced the desired effect upon a rural population. In his case, if "appearance" was not

“everything,” it certainly counted for much in his various undertakings; and, coupled as it was with considerable self-possession, each new recital seemed to add to his already extensive reputation.

Like other distinguished prophets, he discovered that all his neighbours did not trust in him implicitly, and occasionally a rebel would impertinently cross his path. A certain jovial “host” had been seriously ill; the doctor attended him, and supplied a number of medicines from time to time, until the bottles received assumed a formidable appearance.

There was one consolation, however; the patient continued to improve, and the man of medicine duly chronicled the fact, according to a long established custom. At length so favourable appeared the symptoms, that the jolly patient declared he would celebrate his recovery by inviting all his friends to a grand and sumptuous banquet.

The happy day arrived; the festival took place, and all the guests were in a state of pleasant excitement, after partaking of a hearty meal and sundry glasses of exhilarating wine. Now was the doctor’s time. He deliberately arose, put on an air of much importance, and proceeded to enlarge upon the difficulty of the dread disease, the anxiety it occasioned him, and finally how he mastered it by an unusual display of science, attention, and very peculiar medicine.

With the energy of Demosthenes he exclaimed:—

“By gum, sir, but for me, the sufferer would be now in his grave.” This triumphant peroration was received with tumultuous enthusiasm.

Then arose the happy host, with something like a twinkle in his eye; he alluded rather slyly to the “many calls” upon him during his illness, and among the number, the doctor was specially singled out for his unremitting attentions. He candidly admitted his debt of gratitude to the man of medicine, but rather for his

cheery conversation than his physic ; “ For,” said he, throwing open the door of a plate closet, “ on that shelf are all the bottles sent me by the doctor ; and, by Jove ! gentlemen, up to this moment you will not find the cork of one of them withdrawn ! ”

For a short time the doctor appeared to have rather less to say than usual.

I had another reason for the introduction of this medical worthy, namely, his unlooked for connection with a character already referred to.

The doctor, like another great Cambridge prototype, often displayed his peculiar strength and weakness with regard to his unlimited powers of “ receptivity.” No science was too great, no investigation too minute for his capacious intellect. In his early days he had even patronized the art of music, and his exultation when speaking of his performances reminded me of an anecdote, related in my “ *Memoirs*,” respecting the “ harmony of two flutes.” He and another young executant must have been, indeed, prodigies, that is, in their own opinion at least.

His face beamed with rapture and his form swelled with emotion when he enthusiastically declared :—

“ By Jove, sir ! After we had finished a movement of our flute duct, we used to glance furtively at each other, then rise deliberately from our chairs, congratulate ourselves, and heartily shake hands across the music desks and table, concluding on my part with the solemn remark :—

“ ‘ Robert, there is not much music to be heard like that in this part of the country ! ’ ”

The stupendous duets were composed by the immortal Wragg, and were almost as difficult and sublime as “ *The Duke of York’s March*,” or “ *In my Cottage near a Wood* ! ”

These tales were repeated whenever old friends met together, and were listened to with considerable patience

and resignation. For many years I supposed that the flattered companion in these musical triumphs had long departed this life, leaving behind him only this "harmonious" memory of the past. Imagine my intense surprise, when one day, after minute inquiries, I discovered that the immortal "Robert" was no other than our sturdy pedestrian and cheese eater, Mr. Whitewall!

To those who knew the worthy pair of old fogies, then far advanced in years and "solidity," nothing more quaint and ridiculous could be presented to the mind than the scene described so impressively by the grandiloquent doctor.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Early Advantages—Contrasts—Worthy Rectors—Scene at Nun-eaton—Reform Bill Bonfires—Threats—A Rector Undismayed—Hill's Organ at Cheetham—A "Father's" Preference—Dr. Wesley at St. Matthew's—Melville—Bates and Wesley—Grand Services—Pleasant Evenings—An Oxford and Cambridge Debate—Two "Unprejudiced" Witnesses—Mr. Cordwain—His Imputed Ambition—A Papal Candidate.

FOR a number of years, during the earlier portion of my life, I was, to use a common expression, liable to be "spoiled with the best of everything." I need scarcely say that this is a most dangerous form of experience to pass through, as a preparation for the more troublous duties of life and the patient reception of inferior kinds of nourishment. The contrast between stony and fruitful soil, upon which the young seed falls, becomes painfully manifest in its effect on youthful efforts, when old friends are removed from our neighbourhood and their kindly voices are no more heard in our daily course of life.

Most men have, however, to endure these trying changes sooner or later in this mysterious and complicated world, and few ever reflect how much an artist depends, for his comfort and success, upon his immediate surroundings. It was my special lot to meet with two of the best and "worst" examples which a young man could encounter. The Rev. W. H. King, of St. Luke's, Cheetham, was, indeed, a model clergyman ; learned, refined, gentle, and

modest to a remarkable degree, and yet firm as a rock when principle was concerned.

He had been at Nuneaton during the Reform Bill agitation, and was there expected by many to join in the general chorus of exultation. No doubt various reforms were greatly needed at that time, and most men now agree that a measure more or less extensive had become absolutely necessary; but when conscientious objectors were imperiously commanded to bow down to the popular idol of the hour, and were threatened with all the pains and penalties of immediate violence in case of refusal, we cannot withhold our tribute of respect to one who declined to be convinced against his will by such very "forcible" and physical means.

A day was set apart in order to celebrate the important event; illuminations were proclaimed, and bonfires were ordered to be lighted. The calm but indomitable cleric quietly informed his friends that he at least would not be one of the jubilant crowd. A deputation waited upon him, and finding that he still remained unmoved, it was gently hinted that his house might be burnt down.

"Very well," replied the undaunted man, "we shall have to build it up again."

This tranquil and yet determined behaviour somewhat astonished the intending rioters, and at length overawed them. Englishmen as they were, they proved themselves to be not destitute of all notions of honour and fair play. When they retired, one of them was heard to exclaim:—

"Well, he has pluck, at any rate."

The reverend "rebel" did not illuminate, and I am glad to relate that his house was not burnt down.

When Mr. King related this story, Hill's beautiful organ at St. Luke's, Cheetham, was in good condition. If what I heard be true, visitors at the present time can form but a faint conception of the purity, mellowness and variety of tone formerly derivable from this admirable instrument. Alterations have, I believe, been made of a

somewhat doubtful character, and I have been warned by persons of experience that I should scarcely recognize the exquisite charmer of old.

My own favourable opinions might be easily biased by old associations, but I am able to confirm my statement by the encomiums of others. An enthusiastic organ lover at Liverpool, Mr. Job, if I remember rightly, assisted considerably in procuring the large and fine organ at George Street Chapel. He derived his first inspiration from the instrument at St. Luke's, and, unasked by anyone, he ingenuously declared that though the Liverpool organ was larger and more comprehensive, he could never forget his "one first love."

I also happen to know the opinion of the great organ builder himself, Mr. William Hill, imparted almost unconsciously to an inquiring social circle. As an impartial "father," he fenced with the question for a considerable time, and assured his auditors that all his instrumental children were dear to him, but when he was closely pressed beyond the power of escape, in an "unguarded" moment he confessed that "if he had a preference for one more than another, it was undoubtedly the organ at Cheetham Hill." Many old readers will agree with the veteran. This verdict was not communicated to interested persons, but to Derbyshire friends, one of whom was known in my "Memoirs" as Mr. F. Rich.

At St. Matthew's too, I had the pleasure and advantage of meeting with another musical devotee, the Rev. Canon Bently. No one was more ready than he to relish the last new joke or join in a scene of comical merriment. I shall endeavour to recollect a few amusing incidents bearing upon this pleasant, social side of his comprehensive character. When his old friend, "Vicar Bates," joined the merry band, I need not say that old recollections were not entirely forgotten.

The Canon and I arranged the choral service on a single card.

Hundreds of delightful evenings have I passed in this domestic circle, where learning, wit, and a keen appreciation of art combined to enliven the spirits and charm the understanding. Opportunities like these were not often to be met with, and their occurrence at such a period of life proved to be of the greatest importance in an artistic career. The "memories" of these sympathetic friends must for ever remain "green" and undying in the mind of the writer.

Then there were the visits of distinguished men, Mendelssohn, Melville, and Wesley. Vicar Bates came over expressly to hear Dr. Wesley at two special services, at which anthems and services composed by the talented organist were rendered with much force and fulness by a large and experienced body of adult singers.

The massive Castleton Vicar Bates read the lessons at morning and evening service in a ponderously sonorous voice, as if he had at last found a church large enough for the display of his powers. We had Wesley's elaborate "Te Deum," abounding in difficulties, double sharps and high soprano parts, suitable chiefly for adult singers of considerable experience, such as were employed on these particular occasions. This important work is too rarely heard.

We also heard Wesley's charming anthem, "The Wilderness," to which the previous remarks also apply. Among other pieces the accomplished organist played Bach's fugue in C and a beautiful slow movement of his own composition, written somewhat after the pattern of melodious Mozart. This parochial festival was long remembered as one of a most interesting and exceptional nature. The large church was crowded both morning and evening.

Then came the much-looked-for social evening assembly. Old memories were revived, old family debates renewed, the merits of great musicians and Abbey festivals were descanted on, until we were reminded by

the "tongue of time" in a neighbouring belfry that in spite of our "Pauses" and desires for "*Ritardando*," the Old Timekeeper marched steadily on, regardless of all our marks of "expression" and sentiment.

But the hearty vicar was not to be easily thwarted. He arose and demanded one more piece from the doctor—"The Harmonious Blacksmith;" this request he gallantly declared was made "just to gratify the ladies;" but those who knew him best asserted that he evidently desired the melody for the fair sex, and the sweet old-fashioned variations for himself.

The doctor, though he was often suspicious, if not abrupt, in the presence of strangers, when he found that he was truly and honestly dealt with, became, on several occasions when I met him, as trusting and simple-hearted as a child. He acceded to the vicar's request with a corresponding old-fashioned smile, and displayed all his well-known smoothness and skill upon the pianoforte. And thus terminated one of our many pleasant evenings.

I must record one quaint discussion which occurred at the canon's house, as it powerfully illustrates the blinding effect of reckless partisanship. Two gentle and amiable clergymen were the debaters. One of them had taken a Cambridge degree, and the other hailed from Oxford; and I may say that I never heard either of them express a hasty opinion, except on this occasion. One was extolling the glories of Oxford as a town and university combined. The Cantab "of course" greatly preferred Cambridge; and, on his part, displayed much comical warmth when supporting his argument. "Ah," said the other, "but perhaps you have never seen Oxford." We were paralyzed at this audacity, and were not much relieved when the champion admitted that such was the fact. A roar of laughter followed this announcement, and the victim appeared to be utterly extinguished. In a short time, however, he revived, and ventured meekly to suggest—"May be, you have not been at Cambridge?"

After many evasions his opponent positively pleaded guilty to the charge! Another roar terminated the marvellous debate.

One of the wordy gladiators was a mild and well-known chaplain, and the other was an amiable and gentle-minded curate. Excepting Moses, of course, the chaplain was the meekest of men. Luckily for the then excited clerical world, Mr. Cordwain declared that he was not a party man, or woe to the opposite party if he had otherwise decided. His chief relaxation consisted in forwarding applications whenever a vacancy occurred; and he invariably consoled his hearers on his return from the "hunt," by cheerfully affirming that he always occupied the enviable position of second favourite.

A number of these merry sheep in black clothing formed a music class among themselves. The rehearsals were of a very lively description. One day Mr. Cordwain failed to make his appearance, and much regret was felt at the absence of Old Neutrality. "Sure," said Patdenver, "the pope's dead, and, of course, Cordwain is trying for the place!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

St. Luke's, Cheetham—Celebrated Visitors—Organ Performances—An Exceptional Position—A Noted Cleric—His Quaint Sayings—Interview with his Bishop—A Request Evaded—Law and Gospel—Bishop Lee's Oratory—An Interruption—A Pointed Dart—Quick Resolutions—A Brotherly Hint—Distant Clergymen.

ST. LUKE'S, Cheetham, was indeed a model church. Everything was done by the authorities to render an artist's position delightful to himself and instructive to others. An apparitor was daily in attendance in order to preserve the church in a scrupulously clean condition, or to act as blower when the organist desired to practise. Many were the pilgrimages made by musical devotees to this beautiful organ shrine, situated as it then was in an open, breezy neighbourhood, composed chiefly of green fields and secluded country paths.

Here would assemble from time to time a knot of enthusiasts to listen to any prominent musician who might happen to visit the district. Mendelssohn, Neukomm, Wesley, Gauntlett, and last, not least, the accomplished Mr. Best, displayed their powers and the beauties of the organ to an admiring circle of appreciative hearers. On a tranquil summer evening a select few would alternately try their hands, while the others retired to distant corners of the church, amid the darkening shades of night, to enjoy the greatest works ever written for the instrument.

There was an excellent adult choir of steady, competent vocalists; the emoluments were liberal, and all seemed to unite in fostering feelings of sympathy and devotion, while the congregation contained a number of refined, generous, and highly educated supporters. Those were, indeed, golden days, and peace long reigned around the much favoured spot.

When, unhappily, Mr. King resigned, on account of ill-health, he feelingly referred to the services in his published farewell sermon, and warmly expressed his admiration for them. As the last word was spoken, we all felt that he had been indeed the right man in the right place. After his time the authorities rather "tolerated" than appreciated the sober and devotional music, and the beautiful organ suffered in consequence. I may have more to say on this point at a future time.

Mr. King's sermons were admirable specimens of earnestness without cant, and sobriety without dulness. An acute critic once declared that many of them were worthy of Barrow. A selection might well deserve publication, in memory of a brave, modest, and affectionate man.

Formerly there seemed to be more "characters" and less uniformity noticeable in the world. These glowing and exceptional figures stood out in bold relief against the more sober background of ordinary life. One such character resided in our neighbourhood. He was a gifted and imaginative rector, universally beloved by clergymen and laymen. You would observe him wandering along unfrequented paths, with a small sacred volume in his hand, planning his next discourse, which was sure to be illumined by bright flashes of genius, the most brilliant of which were often forthcoming on the spur of the moment.

He appeared to be one of those happy "originals" who are in the habit of "thinking aloud" and expressing from time to time an involuntary thought as if they were but unconscious instruments of hidden inspiration. Thus many quaint and striking expressions were faithfully

treasured up by numerous friends and neighbours until they formed a standard list of valued "household words."

When his brethren of the cloth met together, frequently the first question was, "Have you heard Dart's last?" This latest oracular phrase was sure to contain something piquant and telling, now conveying in a few graphic words a general opinion on any particular topic, or painting in vivid colours a prominent official, with all his marked and well-known peculiarities.

On one occasion the reverend critic called upon Bishop Lee, to request the favour of a sermon on a special parish festival. His lordship was generally somewhat reserved, if not austere, in his manners; but the visitor, in his half absent-minded way, delivered his "messages" as if they had been communicated by his internal monitor; he, at the same time, fearing no man, whether bishop or beadle.

The prelate declared that he was quite unable to comply, and pointed to a heap of papers upon his table. There were "causes" secular and ecclesiastical, engagements here and disputations there. The "oracle," however, remained completely unabashed, and delivered his verdict with perfect composure, while his "eloquent eye" was "in a fine frenzy rolling":—

"Ah, my lord, I see that you are so occupied with the 'law' that you have no time for the gospel."

To those who well knew both the combatants the repartee was enjoyed to the fullest extent.

When Bishop Lee first went to Manchester he presided at a meeting held in the morning, and he bestowed much of his rhetoric upon an "awe-stricken" audience. It was well understood by natives that at these early assemblies speeches should be short and effective, in order that resolutions might be passed within a given time.

On went the bishop, delivering his "charge" with the precision and deliberation of a privileged orator. All seemed to be anxious to convey a needful hint, but no one ventured to storm the mitred breach. At length the

right "Dart" was found exactly in the right place, and it reached the goal with unfailing accuracy. The unconscious prophet arose, calm and self-possessed, and in full, mellow tones he uttered the following warning:—

"My lord, unless you bring your remarks to a close, a signal will soon be given which will dissolve all the charms of your eloquence."

The new bishop stood aghast at this daring interruption, and inquired with tremendous dignity and loftiness:—

"To what does Mr. Dart allude?"

"My lord, I refer to the one o'clock dinner bell."

The proceedings terminated in a very lively manner, and I doubt not that a mental tribute was silently and unanimously voted to the happy, impulsive, and opportune interloper.

Even the mild victims of Dart's perpetual sallies could not refrain from reporting his witticisms; his manner of abstraction and his quaint modes of utterance were so peculiar and fascinating.

During his rambles he frequently chanced to meet a brother cleric, who lived at a considerable distance, and who appeared to have no particular object in view.

The spirit of the seer burned within him, and at last he spoke with his irrepressible tongue:—

"Ah, Longfellow, I perceive you have at least learned one part of your clerical duty."

"What is that?"

"Why, the art of keeping your congregation at a distance."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Lack of Concert Rooms—"Jerusalem" Performed—Generous Criticisms—Enthusiastic Supporters—Frequent Rehearsals—The Oratorio "Emmanuel"—Flattering Offers—Calcutta and Madras—Proposals declined—"The Corsair"—Quartets and Trios—A Popular Glee.

ENCOURAGED by clerical and various other friends, I produced my first Oratorio, "Jerusalem." I can appeal to old residents when I say that a more brilliant, crowded, and appreciative audience was never assembled within the walls of the old Mechanics' Institution than at this public performance of the work.

At that time there was no large and suitable public concert room in Manchester. The old barn-like Free Trade Hall was chiefly adapted for lusty orators and powerful military bands; in fact, until the present fine music hall was erected, no adequate idea could be formed of a musical work, except in the Concert Hall, which belonged to a private and chiefly instrumental society.

I have heard "Israel in Egypt" performed at a wooden circus in Fountain Street!

As I have been generously rebuked for my reticence on previous occasions, I venture to insert a few public criticisms on my first large musical undertaking.

I was favoured with the assistance of Mrs. Sunderland and other experienced singers, combined with a full band and an exceptionally good chorus, who attended many

rehearsals with unwearied diligence, and the most praiseworthy patience. Mr. Burnett, brother-in-law of Charles Dickens, sang the tenor part admirably.

“The musical work under notice is the composition of Mr. William Glover, a gentleman who has been resident in Manchester for, we believe, six years past. For the whole of that time he has been the organist of St. Matthew’s, and for a portion of it the organist also of St. Luke’s Church, Cheetham. His great skill in the most exalted style of organ-playing has been the means of his personal introduction to some, and has rendered his name familiar to others; and in April last he was honoured by a visit from Mendelssohn himself, with whom, we understand, he had occasionally corresponded.

“Some of the choruses (and we speak of them abstractedly as vocal compositions) are really grand, and calculated to produce in the mind the most elevated feelings. We may specialize two—‘The sun shall be turned into darkness,’ and ‘O Lord, correct me,’ which latter is a fine and solemn composition, and certainly as devotional as anything we ever heard (it was the subject of an encore)—in the first part; four, ‘Hosannah in the highest’ (encored); ‘Not unto us, O Lord,’ a pleasing unaccompanied chorus for two trebles and two altos (encored); ‘Away with him,’ a ponderous and spirited composition, descriptive of rebellious determination, and the concluding chorale and double chorus, ‘How great and wonderful,’ in which is introduced a solid and finely-wrought fugue, assimilated by a veridical friend of ours to the ecclesiastical style of Palestrina, of whom we believe it worthy—in the second part; and also, ‘My God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ (a chorale), ‘Awake thou that sleepest’ (quartet and chorus), well worthy of the encore which it obtained, ‘Great is our God,’ a brilliant and stirring composition, ‘Salvation and glory,’ also worthily encored, and the *finale*, ‘Trust in the Lord,’ which opens with a few bars of plain counterpoint, the acute part being subsequently introduced as a *canto*

fermo in the elaborate fugue which follows, in the third part.

“‘He did no sin,’ is a very pleasing melody for the *contralto*, and ‘Rend your hearts,’ and ‘His way is in the sea,’ fine songs for the *tenore* and *basso* respectively. The two quartets in the third part deserve especial notice. Indeed one, ‘And there shall be no more death,’ is a charming composition. It is an unaccompanied quartet, and really it was sung on Saturday with the truest appreciation of its worth, by the principal vocalists engaged at the concert. It was encored with the most lively enthusiasm. . . .”—*Manchester Courier*, February 16th, 1848.

“The production of a successful oratorio must test the highest qualities of a musician. It belongs to the highest class of dramatic poetry—allowing, for a moment, the term dramatic to be applied to a sacred subject. To achieve so great a work is almost worth the labour of a life; and consequently that such an ambition should enter the mind of an enthusiastic worshipper of the divine art—mingle with his daily life, and take part with him in his nightly dreams—may be easily understood.

“Among the choicest pieces in the first part, we may name the unaccompanied chorus, ‘The winter is past’—‘To the Lord our God,’ which has an approach to grandeur—the duet, ‘But if we confess our sins’ (well sung by Mrs. Sunderland and Mrs. Winterbottom), and the *finale*, ‘O Lord, correct me, but with judgment,’ which is really a fine piece of harmony, devotional in character. It was loudly encored. The chorus of women, in the second part (unaccompanied), ‘Not unto us, O Lord,’ approached the beautiful; the fine fugued chorus, ‘Away with him,’ possesses much dramatic character, whilst the emphasis upon the words ‘If he be the son of God, let him come down from the cross,’ showed good judgment as well as good taste. It received a general encore.

“The air, ‘He did no sin,” was nicely sung by Mrs. Winterbottom, and is of an elegant character. A double chorus, ‘Down with Jerusalem,’ has a fine martial effect, well contrasted with the voices of the Jewish people. The air, ‘The ways of Zion,’ accompanied by chorus, ‘How are the mighty fallen,’ was very pleasing in character, and sung by Mrs. Sunderland and the choir with much care and cleverness. Mr. Burnett did full justice to the pleasing air which followed, ‘Rend your hearts, and not your garments;’ and the chorale and double chorus, ‘How great and wonderful,’ introducing a well-wrought fugue, wound up the second part very effectively, and certainly much to the satisfaction of those present.

“The third part is much the best—a good sign for the future. But we have run out our limit or more, and must only observe that the audience became excited as the performance proceeded, the consequence of which was several encores.”—*Manchester Times*, February 19th, 1848.

“Mr. Wm. Glover’s new oratorio, ‘Jerusalem,’ was performed for the first time at the Mechanics’ Institute, on Saturday evening. There were frequent rehearsals, which enabled the choristers to become acquainted with the form and style of the oratorio, and to this was added a laudable enthusiasm in all concerned in behalf of a rising and gifted townsman.

“We could not have desired a better exposition of the recitative, ‘As I live, saith the Lord,’ than that which Mrs. Winterbottom gave. It was chaste and impressive. Her enunciation was withal clear and unconstrained. It and the next recitative (Mrs. Sunderland) ‘Behold, the days come,’ received due applause. A fine mass of instrumental harmony follows through the larger portion of the succeeding chorus, ‘To the Lord belong mercies,’ and the next also, ‘We will burn incense,’ and, after a short duet (Mrs. Sunderland and Mrs. Winterbottom) and recitative, ‘Thus saith the Lord’ (Mr. Mellor), we are brought to the close of the part with two choruses, the last of which, ‘O

Lord, correct me,' is undoubtedly the gem of this part of the performance. Its execution produced a deep feeling on the listeners, particularly in the fugal treatment of the words, 'Not in thine anger.' Its repetition was loudly demanded and readily accorded.

"The second part relates the coming of the Messiah, his entry into Jerusalem, the prophecy of the destruction of the city, and the crucifixion of the Saviour. A succession of choruses and recitatives of simple and natural construction being gone through, the chorus of women, 'Not unto us,' was executed by the female portion of the choir with marked effect. A striking peculiarity was then exhibited in the Israelitish chorus, 'Away with him,' the intonations of which were intended to express the mad, boisterous hate of the people against the Saviour. It was spiritedly given.

"Mrs. Winterbottom again appeared to advantage in the air, 'He did no sin.' The delicious accompaniment, chiefly of stringed instruments, in a subdued tone, made this simple and pathetic melody one of the most successful during the evening. It produced a powerful impression. Towards the close of the part is a double chorus of Romans and Jews, to give force to the tone of which the trumpets were brought into prominence. 'The ways of Zion' is a thoroughly hymnal piece of music, and well calculated to inspire devotional feeling. It fell to the lot of Mrs. Sunderland, and was ably given.

"The chorale and double chorus of Christians and Romans is a fine piece of combined music, and is effective from the succession of fugal effects. The third part begins with a chorale of Jews, 'My God, why hast thou forsaken me,' and a quartet, 'Awake, thou that sleepest,' both of which were ably executed. They were loudly encored. A duet, 'Cast all your care upon him,' introduced a new candidate for public favour, Miss Fanny Leech, who, along with Mrs. Sunderland, gave this

smooth and pleasing piece in a style which promises highly for her future appearances. It was characterized by correctness, softness, and an absence of straining.

“Another recitative (Mrs. Sutherland) and a quartet by the principal vocalists having been gone through, we had a moderately-well executed air, ‘His way is on the sea,’ in which the instrumental accompaniment was good. A very splendid effect was produced by the performance of the chorus, ‘Salvation and glory’—the jubilant and comforting language of which calls forth the entire strength of the band, whose voices are also sustained at the close of the several sentences by the *obbligato* movements of various instruments.

“The next piece we regarded as the most masterly-musical effect of the oratorio. It is a quartet, ‘And there shall be no more death,’ for the four chief vocalists. It is full of touching pathetic melody, and was treated with a feeling and emphasis which prevented it passing without a hearty encore. It makes a worthy prelude to the final chorus, ‘Trust in the Lord,’ representing the gladsome and rapturous joys of the believers in ‘The heavenly Jerusalem,’ to which Jew and Gentile are called to look forward.”—*Manchester Examiner*, February 15th, 1848.

Probably few young composers ever had more reason to feel gratified by the kind sympathy manifested both by critics and auditors. I append a few concluding remarks :—

“The first public performance of Mr. William Glover’s new oratorio, ‘Jerusalem,’ took place in the lecture theatre of the Mechanics’ Institution, on Saturday evening, before a large and highly respectable audience. The chorus, ‘Repent ye,’ is effective and original. By far the best thing, in the first part, is the concluding chorus, ‘O Lord, correct me.’ The opening chorus (in the second part)—‘Now is come salvation’—is bold and effective,

and has some good points. The unaccompanied chorus of women, 'Not unto us, O Lord,' is a good specimen of choral writing, and the modulation and harmony are well preserved throughout.

"A pretty and flowing air, 'He did no sin,' was very nicely sung by Mrs. Winterbottom, and was much applauded. The quartet and chorus, 'Awake, thou that sleepest,' has some good instrumentation for the wind instruments, and in the chorus the basses lead off well. It was encored. One of the most effective and best things in the oratorio is the chorus, 'Great is our God.' Another chorus, 'Salvation and glory,' which was also encored, is a good composition, and presents many features for commendation. Perhaps the best thing in the whole work is the quartet, 'And there shall be no more death.' It was sung with great care by the principals, and was loudly encored."—*Manchester Guardian*, February 19th, 1848.

"During the months of November and December, a few musical gentlemen of this city took the opportunity of attending one or two rehearsals of a new work which Mr. Glover had composed. They were so impressed with the sterling character of the oratorio, even from the very imperfect means they had then of judging of its merits, that they at once determined to form themselves into a committee for the purpose of having it publicly performed in as complete a manner as possible; and finding themselves met in a very handsome manner by the directors of the Mechanics' Institution, they entered into an arrangement with those gentlemen, and the result, from what we witnessed on Saturday evening, must have been highly satisfactory to all parties.

"The overture commences with an adagio movement of solemn wailing chords, and is succeeded by an allegro, expressive of the turbulence of an unconstrained populace, varied by sensuous strains of self-confidence, well embodied by the hautboy and clarionet; the overture terminates with passages of wild, unruly joy. The succeeding

chorus, 'Bring hither the harp,' represents the licentious character of the enjoyments of the Jews at this period. A recitative for a tenor voice, admirably sung by Mr. Burnett, 'O that my head were waters,' is a fitting prelude for a majestic chorus of great solemnity and power, 'Repent ye,' in which the brass instruments and drums are used with great effect. 'The winter is past' is a pastoral composition without accompaniment, and is intended to express the reckless levity and sportive abandonment of the Israelites. A recitative of persuasive eloquence, 'As I live, saith the Lord God,' was finely rendered by Mrs. Winterbottom, as was also the next recitative, 'Behold, the days come,' by Mrs. Sunderland. This recitative is a prophecy full of the promises of God to believers. 'To the Lord our God belong mercies,' is a noble chorus of massive character, with a fine orchestral accompaniment.

"The next piece is a chorus of an idolatrous multitude and a duet of two believing women, which, together, form a good specimen of dramatic composition. The idolators are crying in strains of wanton impiety, 'We will burn incense to the queen of heaven,' &c., whilst the two believers are trustfully and placidly relying on the promise, 'But if we confess our sins, he is faithful,' &c. The contrast is here well sustained.

"The prophet now denounces the idolators, in a recitative, 'Thus saith the Lord,' which is followed by a chorus conveying the prophecy, 'The sun shall be turned into darkness.' The first part concludes with a most solemn and devotional chorus, 'O Lord, correct me,' which was so well appreciated as to be redemanded by the audience.

"The second part opens with a chorus, 'Now is come salvation,' which is a prelude to the entrance of the Messiah, represented in a recitative, sung by Mrs. Winterbottom, 'And the people cut down branches.' The rejoicing of the multitude is expressed in a fine chorus, 'Hosannah.' After a recitative by Mrs. Sunderland, a

chorus of women unaccompanied, 'Not unto us,' was most effective, fitly representing purity, faith, and resignation. We are glad that an encore gave us the pleasure of hearing it again. Now follows a chorus, 'Away with Him,' in which is embodied the terrific fury of the people, and their deadly hatred against the Messiah. We consider this a masterly effort as a composition, and the execution was most worthy of praise.

"A recitative and air, describing the meekness and purity of Our Saviour, was admirably sung by Mrs. Winterbottom. The melody is simple and pathetic, and the accompaniment is most appropriate. A prophet now expostulates with the people for their sinfulness. In the next recitative, a Roman leader (Mr. Burnett) proposes to go up against Jerusalem. The fine double chorus which follows represents the Romans urging forward against the city, crying, 'Down with Jerusalem,' whilst the Jews still adhere to the belief expressed by the words, 'The Lord will descend and save us.' The brass instruments are here used with good effect, and the measured tramp of the Roman soldiery is well contrasted with the false security of the Jews.

"An air and chorus, 'The ways of Zion do mourn,' by Mrs. Sunderland and full choir, expressive of sorrow and depression on account of the capture of Jerusalem, formed a highly-impressive feature. A recitative, 'And I beheld,' is followed by an energetic chorus, in which the jubilant heavenly host is represented as ascribing 'Salvation and glory' to the Lord Jesus. This was deservedly encored. A fine effect is produced by the sudden piano at the words 'His own blood.' After a recitative by Mrs. Winterbottom, follows a quartet unaccompanied, 'And there shall be no more death,' to which we must award praise as probably the most talented composition in the oratorio. It is of fine melodious character, and was sung with just appreciation and taste by the four principals. It was encored with rapturous enthusiasm.

“The final chorus, ‘Trust in the Lord,’ is a noble termination of this highly meritorious work, portraying the joy and gladness of the believers on a prospect of the heavenly Jerusalem. We believe that few of the best composers of any country have produced in their first attempt so many merits as will be found in ‘Jerusalem.’”—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, February 19th, 1848.

I have omitted many favourable comments on account of their length, and I may be allowed to say that the insertion of the remaining portion has been due to the influence of others rather than my own desire.

My second oratorio, “Emmanuel,” was produced in 1852, and was received with much favour by a large audience in the Free Trade Hall. Encouraging critiques appeared in the *Illustrated News*, the *Musical World*, and the Manchester newspapers. Few young authors were ever supported by more sympathizing friends and gratifying marks of genuine approval.

About this time I was offered several excellent appointments. One of these was the post of organist at the cathedral of Calcutta, with a salary of £360 per annum, for Sunday duty only, and also a similar appointment at Madras; but as I was so comfortably situated in Manchester, and enjoyed so completely the confidence of the two clergymen already named, I ventured to decline these and other flattering invitations. When youth basks in pleasant sunshine, a less favourable atmosphere is rarely anticipated, and the change, when it occurs, causes a shock not soon to be forgotten.

In addition to the foregoing works I composed a number of quartets for stringed instruments, two quintets of a similar kind, besides other chamber music for piano-forte and strings. In 1856 I published a cantata, entitled “The Corsair,” written for four principals and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments.

With regard to string chamber music, I may say that little inducement is held out to native composers, either

by publishers or audiences; and yet there can be no better criterion afforded of the state of public taste than by the neglect or encouragement of this refined branch of the art. The greatest musicians have humbly bent the knee at this lovely and enchanting shrine.

The question of promoting the publication of Chamber Music would be well worth the serious attention of our Royal College of Music. No other Institution is more capable of influencing such efforts and thereby directing public attention to refined and imaginative composition.

I venture also to name another composition which attained considerable popularity, entitled "I cannot lose thee." It is a glee for four voices.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Proposals and Disposals—Music and Mechanics—Inventors and Outsiders—New Men for New Thoughts—Clerical Machinists—Dr. Cartwright's Loom—Mercantile Objectors—A First Attempt—Large Expenditure—A Grant by Parliament—The First Weaving Factory—Knott Mill—The Draw Loom—William Cheape—Jacquard Loom—Napoleon's Austerity—Loom Destroyed in Lyons—Reasons for Experiments.

To the many friends who have watched my career with brotherly interest, an explanation is due with regard to my apparent desertion of a musical course, commenced at an early age and pursued with unflagging vigour for a great number of years. This "desertion" was on my part quite unintentional; but while man often "proposes" to adopt a clear system of action, he is frequently reminded that many circumstances intervene to prevent the fulfilment of his wishes. Even when his intentions and plans are distinctly mapped out in his own mind with unimpeachable correctness, the result as presented to the world often assumes an appearance at once mysterious and unsatisfactory.

I was always exceedingly fond of mechanical pursuits, and I have no doubt whatever that I possessed what is termed a "talent" for such an occupation; that is to say, a continual delight in working out engineering problems in my brain, as a relief from other duties, without suffering the least feeling of fatigue or waste of

power; but on the contrary, experiencing a sense of positive relief from the adoption of this alternating form of mental relaxation.

Another important point which attracted my attention was the fact that marked deviations from the ordinary line of thought were not to be looked for among those who were perpetually engaged in working ordinary machines. On all sides I found that this significant point was generally acknowledged. I shall produce a few illustrations in support of this statement, which will only surprise those outsiders who are unacquainted with the vagaries of invention.

When a certain naval authority lectured upon torpedoes and other destructive engines, he startled his audience by assuring them that of the many drawings suspended on the walls, nearly all were the work of clergymen in quiet rectories, "amateurs" as they were often called, or other professional men, who had leisure and a liking for such undertakings, but who really had never been concerned in warlike or any other mechanical productions.

I found that this peculiarity pervaded the whole range of engineering studies; that pure novelty generally came from "strangers" and not from those who were absorbed in the contemplation of existing arrangements.

In proof of these assertions I shall introduce evidence of a remarkable and incontrovertible character. I will quote a forcible example from an official publication, entitled "Abridgments of Specifications relating to Weaving, 1860—1866. Printed by order of the Commissioners of Patents."

"In the year 1785 D. Edmund Cartwright [a clergyman] obtained a patent (No. 1470) for the first practical power loom. The circumstances which led to the invention have been thus described in a letter from himself to Mr. Bannatyne, inserted in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*:—'Happening to be at Matlock in 1784, I fell in company with some gentlemen from Manchester, when the conver-

sation turned on Arkwright's spinning machinery. I remarked that when his spinning patent expired he must then set his wits to work to invent a weaving mill. The Manchester gentlemen *unanimously agreed that the thing was impracticable*, and in defence of their opinions they adduced arguments which I certainly was incompetent to answer, having *never, at that time, seen a person weave*. I controverted, however, the impracticability of the thing by remarking that there had lately been exhibited in London an automaton figure, which played at chess. "Now you will not assert, gentlemen," said I, "that it is more difficult to construct a machine that shall weave, than one which shall make all the variety of moves which are required in that complicated game."

"Some little time afterwards it struck me that as there could only be three movements in plain weaving, which were to follow each other in succession, there would be little difficulty in producing and repeating them.

"Full of these ideas, I immediately employed a carpenter and smith to carry them into effect. As soon as the machine was finished I got a weaver to put in the warp, and to my great delight a piece of cloth, such as it was, was the produce. As I had *never before* turned my thoughts to *anything mechanical*, either in theory or practice, you will readily suppose that my first loom was a rude piece of machinery.

"This being done, I then condescended to see how other people wove. Availing myself of what I then saw, I made a loom in its general principles nearly as they are now made. But it was not till the year 1787 that I completed my invention, when I took out my last weaving patent, August the first of that year.'

"In 1808 Dr. Cartwright presented a petition to Parliament for remuneration for his invention of the power loom, on which he showed that he had spent upwards of £30,000 in bringing it to perfection; and in the following year a grant of £10,000 was made to him

by Parliament, for ‘the great service he had rendered to the public by his invention of weaving.’

“About 1790 Messrs. Grimshaw, of Gorton, under a licence from Dr. Cartwright, erected a weaving factory at ‘Knott Mill,’ Manchester, and attempted to improve the power loom at great cost to themselves. They did not succeed, and the factory being burnt down, they abandoned the undertaking.”

We perceive from the foregoing instances that a professional man, who had never studied the art of weaving, and had never seen a person working at a loom, was enabled to accomplish a feat which had been declared to be impossible by manufacturing experts. This mental peculiarity of inventiveness is so remarkable and unique that it almost seems to be opposed to all our ordinary notions of study and natural development. But, in fact, pure thought of any kind partakes of this exceptional character, and is the result of much solitary, mental labour, and frequently is independent of daily contact with ordinary methods of production. In truth, routine often exercises an injurious and contaminating effect, instead of tending to new ideas and a course of desirable novelty. The apparent “mystery” will be to a great extent presently explained.

I again quote from official documents:—

“Formerly two persons were necessary for weaving figured fabrics, the weaver and the draw boy. In the year 1779 William Cheape obtained a patent (No. 1237) for a method of arranging a draw-loom so as to do without the assistance of a draw boy.” This mechanical draw boy was improved by others, and continued in use until the introduction of the Jacquard machine. Dr. Ure, in “The Philosophy of Manufactures,” gives the following history of this invention:—

“The inventor of the beautiful Jacquard loom was originally an obscure straw hat manufacturer, *who had never turned his mind to automatic action*, till he saw in an

English newspaper the offer of a reward by our Society of Arts to any man who should weave a net by machinery. He forthwith roused his dormant faculties and produced a net by mechanism.

“On the machine being sent to Paris, an order was issued for the arrest of its constructor by Napoleon, in his usual sudden and arbitrary way. On his being presented to Bonaparte he was addressed by the general in the following coarse language:—‘Are you the man who pretends to do what God Almighty cannot do, to tie a knot in a stretched string?’ He then produced the machine and exhibited its mode of operation.”

He was afterwards called upon to examine a loom, on which from 20,000 to 30,000 francs had been expended, for making fabrics for Bonaparte's use.

“He undertook to do by a simple mechanism what had been attempted in vain by a very complicated one; and taking, as his pattern, a model machine of Vaucanson, he produced the famous Jacquard loom.

“He returned to his native town, rewarded with a pension of a thousand crowns; but he experienced the utmost difficulty in introducing his machine among the silk weavers, and was three times exposed to imminent danger of assassination. The ‘Conseil des Prud'hommes,’ who are the official conservators of the trade of Lyons, broke up his loom in the public place, sold the iron and wood for old materials, and denounced him as an object of universal hatred and ignominy. Nor was it until the French people were beginning to feel the force of foreign competition that they had recourse to this admirable aid of their countryman.”

From the preceding and many other instances, we learn that while the maxim “Everyone to his trade” holds good as a rule, an exception must be made with respect to the inventive faculty; because it is evident that no man, however successful himself, can impart to a learner the mysterious art of original invention.

I also found that many and serious defects existed in various machines forty-five years ago. Manufacturers daily complained, and those who were supposed to know most of the subject, as usual, declared that the difficulties were insuperable.

Another point struck me very forcibly, namely, that as we could not by any form of legislation prevent the export of our machinery or drawings, our endeavours should be made in the direction of *continual improvement*; and this in the interest of our workmen as well as their masters. In developing a trade which was for the most part "artificial," this course of mechanical improvement seemed to be the only one open to us. I therefore in 1850 began to think seriously about mechanical questions.

CHAPTER XL.

The Process of Invention—"Chance" Discoveries—Unconscious Preparation—Relaxation Desirable—An Overworked Ear—Stumbling-blocks to Inventors—Sir J. Whitworth—Official Obstacles—Needful Precautions—Extended Patent Rights—Incomplete Machines—A National Loss—The Might and Right of Purchasers—Envious Traders.

A FEW words on the mental process of invention may be found useful to succeeding experimentalists. I have, in former pages, dwelt upon the importance of labour as contrasted with what are called the "gifts of nature," and a few of these later remarks may appear to clash with my previous utterances. But the difference is merely superficial, for it will be found on close investigation that nearly everything depends upon the old phrase—"an immense capacity for exertion," whether mental or corporeal.

The art of poetry is often referred to as an instance of "unassisted inspiration," and I have never seen an attempt to upset this notion. But the subject merely requires careful investigation. What are the ingredients needful for the poet? Comparative leisure, as in the case of a shepherd, a due observation of nature, a slight groundwork of education, a few books and poems, determined cultivation and writing materials, and your poet may labour, plot, and plan to his heart's content during years of quiet contemplation. When he does at last put pen to paper, the world cries "A miracle!" forgetting the reply of Sir Joshua Reynolds to Lord Holland's grudging remark:—"A large sum for a little labour; how long did it take you?" "My lord, all my life." Poetry is

produced by nearly every class of society, because the simple materials are open to so many.

Doubtless many discoveries have been made by "empirical" means, such as the accidental burning of mud walls tending to the formation of bricks, glass, and the smelting of metals. But in pure mental problems, which result in novel combinations, I feel certain that success is generally the reward of continual observation and thought. I admit that in many walks of art or science, one man will accomplish his task in half or a quarter of the time required by another, yet this advantage may, in most cases, be traced to the possession of a healthy body uncorrupted by disease or excess of any kind, the enjoyment of robust exercise in early youth, and the consequent development of a brain capable of continued exertion; in fact, the habit of desiring rather than avoiding perpetual occupation. Thus what is actually fatiguing to one man, becomes a positive pleasure to another who is more vigorously constituted.

Depend upon it, in a record of averages, the most persistent observer of the stars will in the long run know most about their positions, and while "nuggets" may be met with in the material world unexpectedly, the general rule will still remain unchallenged with regard to mental efforts and the results of unceasing inquiry.

Doubtless even thinkers themselves are sometimes deceived, and imagine that a fact has been revealed as if by a sudden flash of light, but a calm investigation often reminds us of the time expended in thought.

Thus it is, I believe, with the ordinary rewards and deprivations of life. Given a temperate, patient, and persevering thinker, one to whom thought is a delight, who cares nothing for days and nights passed in earnest contemplation, who never calculates the hours thus employed, though they may amount to hundreds or thousands, such a man will, I doubt not, in due time find his own particular "star" in the vast expanse of thought, and

will go on his way rejoicing that a healthy frame and a capable head have enabled him to take his part, however small, in the pursuit of knowledge and useful discovery.

When I diverted my thoughts in the direction of mechanics, I had pondered much upon the pains and penalties which generally attended such a course of action. The entire library relating to inventors and their troubles had been duly conned and noted by me. I did nothing without full and complete deliberation; and therefore, while my life and doings seemed to my friends and the world to be a confused and tangled mass of strange contradictions, to myself my actions and resolves were clear and intelligible.

One reason for my deviation was that after so many years of seclusion and study, my ear had become painfully sensitive to anything harsh and discordant; so much so, that music, if not perfect and complete of its kind, produced a feeling of annoyance rather than pleasure. This delicacy in the sense of hearing appears to be not specially confined to musicians.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble relates that when she appeared on the stage and proceeded to act a difficult part, the excitement seemed to overwhelm her, and often rendered her partially deaf; although one would suppose that her ear had not been exercised so much as other organs during the effort. Certainly in the musical world the ear is very liable to be excited and overworked by incessant occupation.

I did not forget another point. I resolved to transfer Sir Walter Scott's maxim respecting literature to mechanical pursuits. In other words—"Make mechanics your walking cane and not your crutch." To a limited degree my resolution was opportune, for if my ups and downs were extraordinary and frequent, even to an extent almost laughable, what would they have been had I depended solely upon one branch of study, like so many other strugglers in the path of experiment.

I believe that most inventors must have experienced

the feeling that the moment you launch out into a novel domain and leave the common track, numberless imps of mischief and misrule immediately assemble and forthwith determine to interfere and thwart if possible every effort of the innovator. Volumes might be quoted in support of this apparently imaginative view of the subject.

The history of invention appears to represent little more than a confused scramble, a perpetual nightmare, an oppressive vision, in which right and wrong, vice and virtue, are continually intermixed, in order to form a mysterious patchwork of inscrutable riddles. These misadventures are not at all confined to beginners and dabbles, but attach themselves to our mechanical giants, who are supported by every resource suitable for prosecuting their aims and bringing them to a favourable conclusion.

Take the case of the renowned Sir Joseph Whitworth. If any man could reasonably hope for the fulfilment of his desires, possessing as he did every possible advantage, surely he was the happy man; and yet he seemed to attract an unusual number of "imps" of various kinds, all of them delighting to harass and perplex the notable engineer. I heard from a friend of his family that when he had concentrated his attention and expended a small fortune upon a certain "engine," he selected two specimens and forwarded them to the proper authorities. Letters of acknowledgment were received, a correspondence ensued, and then came a period of mysterious obscurity and evasion. After months spent in vain inquiries, he determined to see his chief correspondent. He was driven from pillar to post, and many a man would have desisted altogether from the search. Not so Sir Joseph. Stationing himself firmly in an official quarter, he declared that he would wait in that office until he had seen the authority. For once, red tape was confounded; and he accomplished his object, but he was only on the threshold of his sorrows. A chief official appeared and assured Sir Joseph that he had never seen the specimens!

“Well, but I have letters written in your name, acknowledging the receipt of them.”

“It may be so ; but it is nevertheless true that I have neither seen your letters nor the specimens referred to !”

As there was every reason to believe, after minute investigation, that the high official had spoken nothing but the truth, we outsiders can merely gape with astonishment at such remarkable proceedings, and say that red tape has a great deal to answer for in this world with respect to human and other “machines.”

After a prolonged and tedious search the two specimens were found, but in such a state of rust and decay that they were utterly useless for all experimental purposes.

I adopted a further precaution. I determined that as I might be superfluously confident when called upon to estimate my own productions, I would devote all my energy and a good part of my purse in order to make a complete working model of any machine I might wish to construct. If an engine was found to be worth all this expenditure, I thought that an admirer of it should prove his own earnestness by devoting a portion of his capital to the object in view, and thus relieve me from the slightest charge of prejudice and self-exaltation.

Here, again, I believe that I was standing on the firm ground of prudence and reasonable caution ; and I mention these circumstances as guides and warnings to those who may come after me, assuring them that situated as I was, with no large fortune to throw away upon my designs unless they were backed by the efforts of others, I believe that in scarcely one particular could I change my procedure if I were required to travel over a similar course at a more advanced and experienced period of life.

Wonderful, indeed, is the dance after mechanical success ; a whirligig so involved, prolonged, attractive, and inscrutable that with regard to many inventions I am convinced that a term of forty years, like that

allowed for copyright, would be barely sufficient to complete many of our novelties. Not merely do these entanglements occur with those who are outside the engineering world, but I have known regular mechanics produce wonderful models and, later on, perfect and numerous copies, finished and at work; yet then and there the invention would come to stand because a great engineer, who had already erected an extensive and perfect set of machines, was unable to undertake more, he having in the meantime engaged in various contracts which would occupy his whole attention.

If our countrymen really desire to see manufactures flourish and become remunerative, they will, I believe, ere long insist that a much longer period shall be allotted to inventors than the deceptive number of years now supposed to be sufficient. This subject is the more important because not merely are thinkers impoverished by their attempts, but the machines are, in most cases, rendered utterly useless to the world. In these difficult mechanical operations most experienced inventors would willingly allow that abortion is often worse in its national effect than positive sterility.

Luckily the mishaps and stumbling-blocks which encumbered my path were not matters of life and death to me; but for number, oddity, and the grotesque variety of continued annoyances, they would equal, if not surpass, any record known to me concerning the trials of inventors.

I tremble when I contemplate the lot of a man doomed to pursue his solitary course of invention and study unrelieved by avocations of a more cheering and independent character. An experimentalist who devotes himself solely to a mechanical "idea" in expensive, fee-demanding, and "repressive" old England, must be undoubtedly of all men most miserable. The heavy taxes levied, the many inducements held out by Government to enter their ingenious "trap" at a cheap rate, and the system of leaving the victims to struggle as best they can with enormous charges

and impossible conditions ; all these absurd complications might have been designed for the very purpose of inflicting permanent and general injury by the most determined enemies of national progress.

There is another important point relating to "partners." When a man purchases a working model he has no moral right whatever to disturb that model until other machines are made and they can be fully compared together. Years are often wasted in this manner by incompetent men, who persist in introducing movements which have been tried long ago and discarded by the original inventor. What would be thought of a man who should assert his right to "improve" a picture, merely because he had "bought" it, when at the same time he positively knew nothing whatever of painting? He should be content with taking copies. The nation is deeply concerned in preventing such enormities.

Where such a course of interference is persisted in, and the term of patent right becomes exhausted, I contend that the inventor, supported by the interests of "public policy," should resume possession of the property, and be allowed an extension of time without further expense.

I once sent a beautiful model to a firm, who made light of a useful and original invention. As there were but few makers in the kingdom, and all declined to take up the idea, I allowed the patent to expire, for want of renewal. At this stage the firm above mentioned slightly modified the plan, and made a prominent feature of it. They now boast that this very improvement secures a first prize at every great exhibition! Yet that which is at present "anybody's" property might have been profitably employed for our mutual benefit.

Such are the whims and fancies of short-sighted traders, who reject all novelties which do not proceed from themselves or a limited number of manufacturers.

I may add that the "tell tale" model was never returned to me!

CHAPTER XLI.

Model-making Difficulties—In the Power of the Law—A Reckless Partner—His Absurd Behaviour—A Building Unroofed—Demolition of Engine—Years of Labour—A Second Partner—Vacillating Conduct—A Proposed Appeal—Whims of Mechanics—Advice Ignored—More Doubtful Assistants—Need of Solidity and Perseverance—Injury of Half Measures—Three “Unpaid Commissioners.”

At a future time I may be able to enter more into particulars, but at present I shall only mention a few instances of neglect in a general way, in order not to hurt the feelings of offenders or their relatives more than is absolutely necessary for my own justification. I could relate scores of instances almost tragically ludicrous, one or two of which almost surpass the efforts of an extravagant novel writer.

More than thirty years ago, after an immense amount of labour, many long delays, breakdowns, and interruptions, I completed a model “engine” and sought the opinions of competent judges. They advised me to proceed. I did so, and sent the machine to be exhibited at a certain house. In the course of a few weeks I received a friendly hint to remove it as *the bailiffs* were in possession. This was a question of some little difficulty, but after several absurd encounters I succeeded at last in rescuing my property.

A commercial friend became interested in the machine, and he introduced me to a likely and wealthy merchant. This gentleman was delighted; he produced a handful of

bank notes, thrust them into the hands of my friend, and desired that a large model should be immediately constructed. I inquired as to the character of this enthusiastic supporter, and found that although he had been somewhat erratic in former times, he was now thoroughly sober and reliable.

His behaviour confirmed this consoling assertion, as when he called for wine to celebrate our new adventure he did not partake of a single glass himself. Who could hope for a better beginning? Alas! in a few weeks he returned to his former habits, drank to excess, and a man was at length specially appointed to watch his capricious movements, and carry him off homewards in case of emergency.

Here was a strange predicament. In such a case you are entirely at the mercy of your miserable partner. If you remonstrate and a quarrel ensues, he can, out of sheer spite, injure your mechanical reputation and damage your prospects.

Thus matters went on. One day Mr. Reckless would be most enthusiastic; another day he would stop the entire proceedings of workmen; and, finally, he went from bad to worse, and died in a hopeless and idiotic condition.

Similar was my fate on several occasions. I was fully prepared for all sorts of delays and disappointments before affecting a *start*, knowing, as I well did, the history of others. But my lot was the strangest of all, in my opinion. For I rarely experienced the slightest difficulty in launching my schemes, being generally successful with the very first person I applied to. Then came the annoying interludes of meddling and bungling by intrusive mechanics, the fluctuating support of principals, and the trial of useless and extraneous experiments which were not at all necessary to the various machines; in fact, in many cases these very plans had been previously tried by me.

The successors of Mr. Reckless knew little and cared

less about my invention. At length the lease of the premises expired. I was informed one day that the building would be demolished; next, that the roof was partly off; and, lastly, that the machine would be buried in the ruins. In fine, the "engine" was taken down, or rather chopped to pieces, and was removed to a shed belonging to a friend. For six or seven years I devoted one day in the week to the work, patching the broken sections, and further developing the principles involved in my system. At the end of this time I had, with my own hands, perfected the model, and was able to exhibit it in complete working order, producing, at the same time, excellent results.

According to my custom, I selected one person in my own mind and applied to him. As usual in my experience, he entered at once into partnership, and seemed to be delighted with the success of my labours. Here was another promising start, as I thought; but in a few months I found that a person interested in diverting my partner's capital had persuaded him to desist from proceeding any further.

In addition to this difficulty, my supposed "helper" suddenly assured me that his funds were exhausted. Of course I regarded this statement as a genuine proof of poverty, and in such a case I could only resolve to bow to the inevitable. I made, single-handed, various other improvements, and then my "impoverished" friend wished to join me once more! To prevent public comments I acceded to his request, in spite of my disgust at his conduct.

I could not but reflect, after noting several instances, that in too many cases the old English habit of steady perseverance under difficulties had certainly given place to timidity and vacillation. Life seemed to have become one vast, fluctuating "share list," "Up" to-day and "Down" to-morrow. The sturdy, unflinching character of former days had been replaced by the modern representatives—Messrs. Fickle, Reckless, and Turnstile!

Now, I submit that where engagements are wilfully broken, and inventions are consequently injured, a Town Clerk or the County Magistrates' Clerk should be empowered to receive and register a protest or statement from an ill-used inventor; so that, after a long delay, the original thinker might be reinstated in possession of his own neglected property. Such a course would undoubtedly benefit both an inventor and the nation. As it is, the patent term soon expires, and without fresh protection the engines become utterly useless, both to a designer and the public.

After seventeen years of labour and thought, the model was sold to an influential firm, by the advice of clever mechanics who fully understood the trade, and could judge of the work produced by my machine, but who did not condescend to hear my advice, nor deign to pause, consult, and study the question.

My fixed intention had been to launch this invention fairly and fully, and then retire to a warmer and more suitable climate. At the last moment I discovered that a clause had been inserted in our deed, by which I was bound to render all needful assistance, by my advice. Of course I could not refuse such a reasonable proposition. I remained on the spot, but my knowledge and experience were utterly ignored. Still, I at least was bound by the deed, and I remained at my post.

The reader will scarcely believe that though good work was produced from an iron machine in less than six months, the capricious mechanic, who had acquired a certain power over the invention, hastily dismantled the new model, and proceeded to try almost childish experiments, in order to assert his own share in the novel undertaking.

I warned, argued, and threatened, but in vain; year after year passed by, while four or five very expensive iron models of different patterns were constructed, valuable time was consumed, and each new example departed farther from the principles which were actually necessary.

Experts will fully comprehend the delays and difficulties attendant upon such a proceeding, involving fresh drawings, new patterns and all the careful fittings required in each of the five machines.

During these tedious delays, in order to fill up the time, I planned other machines, in different branches of trade, and these were speedily taken up, according to my never-failing experience.

Our head mechanic, under a Whitworth or a Fairbairn, would have been invaluable; left to himself, he ran riot in obstinacy and caprice.

Meanwhile, sympathizing visitors, who were acquainted with the circumstances, loudly protested against these injurious delays, and the neglect of my advice. Yet, incredible to relate, when I had disposed of some other novelties, and had all but completed the specimens, these very same persons pursued a precisely similar course, and, unlearned as they were, proceeded to dabble in a department totally unknown to them.

On my part, I never did things by halves. I have little sympathy with a man who merely registers an "idea," and then complains that he is a martyr because no one will develop it. I laboured for more than thirty years, either with head or hands, and I invariably produced firm, compact, and workable models before I invited the attention of others.

Mr. Smiles has prepared the public mind for many remarkable revelations with respect to mechanics; but I venture to think that even he did not anticipate such a period of half courage, half success, sudden haltings, and spasmodic revivals of energy, as we have witnessed in England during the last twenty years. Unless this national peculiarity be fully considered and a return to our old determination become publicly manifested, there can be little doubt that foreign liberal patrons of mechanical improvement will inevitably attract inventors to their

shores, and will press still more closely upon anxious, but at the same time negligent, Englishmen.

I may remark that during these long years of laborious experiments there were several periods of unusual prosperity. Although times of depression are of course not generally favourable to mechanical development, I believe that, in the interest of the country, these very trying periods should suggest the special need of unceasing exertion and continual watchfulness with regard to experiments, and the resuscitation of that dauntless energy which Englishmen were formerly in the habit of exulting in.

If a public authority be not appointed to intervene between inventors and their supposed "supporters," I can see nothing but interminable delays and confusion in the future, to the serious injury of our national resources.

One childish, fidgety partner broke his engagement, left me in the lurch, and informed me in a legal, roundabout way that he was entitled to a full share of profit, but was *not liable* for a corresponding chance of loss!

I shall have more to say on this enlightened statement at a future time.

I could add several other lamentable instances of interference with different inventions, but I think I have said sufficient to convince any unprejudiced reader.

In conclusion, I venture to think that three independent and reliable men might be selected to watch over the trades of each district, and present, from time to time, a report of injurious and vexatious delays to a Chamber of Commerce or any other central authority. A tribunal of this kind would certainly become a wholesome terror to meddlers and evil-doers.

CHAPTER XLII.

Rambles near the Dee—Eaton Hall—The Late Marquis—Contrasts in his Character—The Rev. J. Broadwise—A Noble Gate-Keeper—An Awkward Meeting—Clerical Commanders—A Generous Patron—A Comprehensive Clerk—A Perpetual Scotch Organ—Multiplication and Vexation—The Evils of Barrels—An Ancient Student—His Grinding Powers.

IN the course of my delightful rambles through Wales and the neighbourhood, I met with a remarkable “instrumentalist,” in the person of an ancient village clerk. I shall presently endeavour to describe the worthy “artist” and his very peculiar performances.

How soothing and refreshing was it to wander “up hill and down dale,” as fancy suggested, in that romantic and lovely country; to see, for instance, the spacious Eaton Hall with its magnificent grounds, and hear all the quaint narratives relating to the then noble owner; how he viewed his “pence” with almost miserly regard, and how, on the other hand, he cared nothing for the “pounds,” when tenants were to be aided, and labourers benefited. Numberless were the stories told of the careful, prodigal noble. He would trudge along from the train for a couple of miles, carpet bag in hand, which contained a little simple food for himself, in case the great house and all its attendants should not be able to provide one frugal meal for the eccentric and unexpected master.

I inquired of a simply-dressed working farmer concerning these reports, and he assured me with a smile:—

“Well, sir, many of the tales are true enough. He *does* care more for pence than pounds. But I may just say that he spent more over my farm than the rent will pay him interest for! Besides that, he has eight hundred labourers at work on improvements.”

I could have called in a hearty, weighty witness on the favourable side of the argument—the Rev. J. Broadwise—a ravenous man for ancient books and mouldy parchments. He had been presented to a living by the noble family. A very pleasant house, with a large garden, paddock, and a certain long, shady walk, sheltered by splendid trees, had been lent by the Marquis; a curate was also provided by the same munificent nobleman. If I remember rightly, there was a garden seat at the end of that paddock, from which a splendid view of the purple Welsh hills, extending many miles, might be obtained, especially at eventide. I may be tempted to say something more of that romantic spot, but we must not keep the Marquis waiting.

The rector’s daughter was dreadfully fond of those “dangerous” animals called horses, and here she shared a failing common to the noble race. One day she was riding through the park, and observed a tall, stout, powerful man, not over-well dressed, and wearing a slouching “wide-awake,” leaning against a large gate which barred her way. No groom was near. What was the dame to do? The immovable man seemed to look on with indifference, and deliberately enjoy the difficulty of the situation.

“My lady,” however, was not to be easily daunted. They surveyed each other with mingled feelings of something like contempt on one side and amusement on the other. At last she spake with her tongue:—

“I think you might open the gate for a lady instead of standing there doing nothing.”

He moved quite mechanically and did as he was commanded, without uttering a word. Some time afterwards

madam was driving her father to Chester. On their way the old gentleman suddenly exclaimed —

“Why, here comes the Marquis!”

To her great surprise she recognized the amateur gate-keeper whom she had sharply reprimanded for his inattention. What was to be done? When they all met she leaned back, in order to be sheltered by the portly governor, and thus avoid catching the eye of the Marquis. But he was on different thoughts intent.

The man of trifling details enjoyed a sly joke as well as anyone. He “minueted” silently, in response to her retiring movement, until they came face to face, while the rector was lost in wonderment at this remarkable performance. My lord then remarked, with an expressive, roguish air, “Ha! my friend, my friend,” thus gently reminding her who it was that had been her “most obedient servant.” I believe in after times that madam scrutinized casual “gatekeepers” in that locality with more than ordinary interest.

I recollect a somewhat similar scene at Worsley many years ago. A troop of yeomanry suddenly appeared, and seemed to be valiantly presenting arms to the Rev. St. Vincent Beechey and Canon Bently, until it was discovered that a man, dressed much as I have described the Marquis, standing quite on one side and leaning carelessly against a pillar, was the estimable first Earl of Ellesmere.

Formerly the village bells were rung when a great race was won by a horse from the stable of the Marquis. But it must be borne in mind that this obsequious tribute to the “reigning house” was of a voluntary nature, and not the result of lordly dictation. The blame must therefore rest upon the middle and lower classes rather than the Nabobs of Eaton Hall. It is well to bear these facts in mind on various occasions.

In fact, previous to the time of Mr. Broadwise, a rector

had forbidden such secular demonstrations, and no remonstrance of any kind came from the powerful family. As evidence of the toleration manifested I may mention that when the rector before-named was about to be appointed he waited upon the late Marquis, and the sturdy, honest candidate volunteered to say in the course of their conversation, "My lord, I am a staunch Conservative." No objection whatever was made on this account, and many favours were granted just as if their political opinions had been perfectly harmonious. These and various other incidents of a serious or amusing character indubitably proved that the quaint and often inscrutable doings of the wealthy nobleman were greatly overbalanced by his gentle deeds and munificent acts of delicate consideration.

We must now turn our attention to that venerable "owl in ivory bush," the multum in parvo parish clerk. His duties were, indeed, comprehensive, as we shall very soon perceive. In fact, during the "able-bodied" portions of their ubiquitous life these officials often become clerks, organists, and bellows blowers, relieved occasionally by the recreations of bell-ringing and grave-digging, not to speak of "canvassing" in various directions.

I can guarantee, from personal observation, that this special specimen of "amen"-ity did perform on one day in the week, at least, the onerous duties of clerk, organist, and bellows blower. In truth, he was a mechanical musician, and faithfully adhered to the handle department. Now, in Scotland "music by machinery" has often proved more successful than in other places, because Psalm tunes were chiefly desired in that land of pious rhymes.

We read thirty years ago, in "Blackwood," of one "serious" mechanical failure in the north, but this peculiar organ seemed to be totally unprovided with "stops." Like the Edensor performers, our Scotch friends

enjoyed to the utmost their sublime "nine slow verses," but the obstinate "machine" insisted on playing three more as a kind of "symphony," or, to vary a phrase, Psalms without Words.

"Well," said the whistle haters, "our sorrows will shortly come to an end." Alas! who can account for the vagaries of springs, cogs, and wheels? The perverse self-acting mule of an instrument was, in fact, a musical multiplication-table, and calculated, with a Babbage-like accuracy, up to twelve times twelve tunes before it "got into powers" of anything like reasonable exhaustion. The horrid thing started off with a second dozen of insidious revolutions without any rhyme or reason whatever. No wonder that the Caledonians were stern and wild. Clearly they must pay more earnest attention to their barrels or they will suffer in general estimation and become utterly dis-organ-ized.

The immediate question was, however, what should they do with the pipes? The entire "kist" was shouldered and marched off to a distant corner of the churchyard, there to indulge in a sort of solitary open-air service with a hundred and forty-four revolutionary power. We know that in warfare two things are needed, long guns and long purses, but the "major force" of long discourses was omitted by a strange clerical error from the minor details of the engineering covenant, so that when the "more last words" came to an end the once vigorous and springy instrument seemed to be rather pursy than purse-proud, and could scarcely raise the wind from its musical treasure house.

Now, my Mr. Handle, on the banks of the Dee, disdained all these wheels within wheels which compose or discompose expectant and exhausted vocalists; he left all such ridiculous shafts to millers and other persons murderously disposed without in the least disturbing his pillow by hunting after speculative contingencies.

He had one great advantage as a public mechanician ; he could certainly control the motive power. We have been warned not to inquire too closely into personal and private motives, and thus give a handle to musical scoffers, but I willingly confess that the grinder of the Dee had no other object than to assiduously cultivate his interesting art with a kind of “fly-wheel” sensation of importance in order (as we have been taught by proverbial philosophers) eventually to become a veritable king in his own peculiar department.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Hymns and Chants—Tuneful “Measures”—Prose and Poetry—Quaint Uniform Treatment—The Clerk and his Omissions—A Compensating Medium—The Village “Venite”—A Condensed Version—Proposed Musical Suspension—A Sceptical Pupil—His Conversion—Scientific Pauses—The Confused Result—A Musical Rip Van Winkle—A Weighty Champion—A Comparative Reform—Trinity, York, and Birmingham Organs.

EVEN before School Boards were invented many of us knew the difference between an inch and an ell, and, to be severely impartial, we are bound to admit that hymnologists generally have tethered their feet somewhat within the compass suggested by these extreme measures. In fact, as Captain Cuttle would have said, “If you subtract a word or two at the beginning of a verse and tack them on again towards the end of your poetical exercise, both tune and hymn will ‘go’ together with almost feline and canine docility and unanimity.”

But unfortunately for the barrel winners of society, the great prose poets cared nothing for feet, inches, and ells. They ran on regardless of all bars, whether musical or obstructive, and thus the first inventor of a barrel-chanting organ must have been either a mischievous and vindictive Norman of a very prosy description, or else he was utterly ignorant of the perplexities which awaited him, when he endeavoured to combine a certain musical measure with the chants of King David. In any

case, he certainly deserved a statue by an artist like Angelo Viewbel, Esquire, of Tegarten Square, and an immediate "recommend" to the eiderdown walls of Bedlam Infirmary.

How the old clerk of Varneliff escaped a "visitation" from the Ecclesiastical Court I never could clearly understand, for his sins of omission and commission were certainly above the average in clerical circles. Talk of new versions, indeed, his was the most unauthorized version I ever heard of. All the prose verses were ground, polished, and "sized" by his Universal Cuttleian Compensating Metronome, and, alas, the fine old nautical watchman was not there to direct the man at the helm and say occasionally, "Steady, boys, steady;" "Ease-er;" "Stop-er." The order to "go a-head" would have been superfluous.

The old man was evidently an advocate for a "shortened service," and here many will sympathize with him, especially on Sunday mornings. He skipped over the text with the dexterous timidity of a compromising geologist. Short verses were spun out, in order to wait his deliberate pleasure, while the long ones were cut short and mangled by his Mantelini, condemnatory grind, in the following shorthand fashion:—"O come, let us-to-the-Lord," "Let us come-with-thanks-giving," "To-day if ye will-harden not-your-hearts: as in the provo-cation-in-the-wilderness."

Is there no law against this clipping of the Queen's current English? I suppose these rural "gardens of the soul" were too far apart in the "wilderness" and too stony to be weeded and made tidy by chancellorian rakes, and thus it came to pass that the voices in the desert wandered and strayed for considerably more than forty years. In truth, a positive local "No Man's Land" was not far off. My opinion was requested. I revolved the handle question in my mind, and I was struck with a happy thought. But how could I communicate that

thought? There was the difficulty. As Gibbon would have pointedly said, While the people were debating (musically) the visitor had resolved.

I undertook to teach the teacher, and when I arrived at my "nineteenthly," I believe he partially understood the question; and what is more to the credit of Old Mortality, he seemed to be slowly and cautiously approximating to my scientific view of the compensating chronometer.

"If," said I, "you delay the handle movement during the long verses, there will then be time afforded for the utterance of all the words."

He smiled with a serene and pitying smile, as if to say: "That shows what *you* know about revolutionary barrels."

But I had taken him unawares, and had prepared for bucolic difficulties.

"Yes," he replied, "but if I stop turning the handle, the wind will go out."

I was ready with my prepared impromptu:—

"If the bellows are sound, there should be wind enough left for the purpose, and if not, as many people sing here, a temporary pause would not be perceived."

He hailed me as a kind of musical Columbus, the discoverer of a hemisphere new to him. He positively practised his solitary lesson several hours each day, and whenever we passed by the church on our delightful excursions to the charming scenes in Wales and Cheshire, there was that old barrel-organ groaning and wheezing, sounding and panting for want of mechanical breath, until I thought that my ancient pupil would ere long join his cheerless songs with those of other gentle maniacs in the Bethlehemie domicile so generously provided for helpless Incurables.

Wonderful to relate, he did at last succeed. He produced the most brilliant flashes of appropriate vacuity, and even promised to confront the general assembly and establish the new Columbian law of hesitating compensation. Clearly land was in sight, and rebellious navigators

would, therefore, sink into their boots, abashed and confounded.

Alas, we reckoned without our antiquated host of warped and custom-ridden associates. The exultant "organist" did stop, and a few Columbian sympathizers, who were in the secret, did stop also, to keep him company. But the many-headed and many-voiced regarded him not. The poor, persevering man of really orthodox opinions was ignominiously out-voted and betrayed, because he merely wished to restore simple and authentic words in accordance with the laws of honour and plain common sense.

I fear that my conscientious old pupil was looked upon as a "horrid example" by the total abstainers from resuscitated "novelty," and was regarded as a Mr. Winkle, not of a Pickwickian sort, but rather one with a Van, who went from place to place, vainly endeavouring to establish his own identity, and prove to all the world that he was not an impostor.

In the end the village engineer discovered, to his regret, that it was impossible to reduce mere chants to a certainty.

Surely we may add for once the letters of recommendation:—

R. I. P.

During all this controversy the worthy rector had been invalided, and the barrel reformer pursued his laborious, rotatory course in a rather mingle-mangle, compromising manner, as even gigantic minds are sometimes compelled to do. Then came a very stout defender of the faith, a jovial energetic man, and he asserted the "power of the keys" in a firm and judicious manner, with regard to "organic" changes generally. In fact, he had the musical question at his fingers' ends, and procured a set of organ keys which could be played by the hands, without the necessity of raising the wind or exhausting it in an uncertain and unclerklike fashion.

Had I chanced to meet the noble "gate-keeper," unconsciously I might have been tempted to think aloud to the following effect :—

"My lord, kindly relegate the old whistler to the churchyard corner, and favour the parish with a new one, in accordance with your erratic but well-known generous character."

As a general rule it might be wise to say:—Beware, lest your "Swans" prove to be merely "Geese." On the other hand, we know that so-called "ugly Ducklings" do develop into fine, full-grown swans.

Suppose we had said fifty years ago :—Trinity Chapel organ is the finest in England. The remark would have been set down to youthful enthusiasm. Now, we did not say so, but gushing Dean Carus said it for us. We smiled incredulously. Why? Because we had read of mighty organs at York and Birmingham, and an imposing list of stops terrified us. The number of pipes, however, will not settle the matter. You must consider the building, the position of organ, and the relative size of one to the other.

Say that one organ has forty stops; another has a hundred and twenty; it does not follow that you will derive three times the pleasure, or hear three times the power from the larger instrument. Nothing can be finer than the full, round tone at York or Birmingham; but at the latter place you have no "ante chapel," and at York the "ante chapel" (so to speak) is too large for merely musical purposes.

Now, at Trinity the effect was impressive, at Birmingham it was almost oppressive (comparatively), and at York it was attenuated by the grand and enormous space. The York organist informed me one day that he had *only* six men, and he could not use the gigantic "Tuba" without the aid of a seventh blower.

I did, however, hear a somewhat powerful cornopean, as I thought, but I found afterwards that the great Tuba

had really been employed, another man having been discovered. Thus we see that the most powerful and pleasing effects depend very largely upon place and circumstances.

The "foundation" of Trinity organ was laid by "Father Smith," and finer diapasons I never heard. No doubt age was an important factor. New stops were added fifty years ago, some of which were not first-rate; but the old mellow pipes seemed to influence everything and cover all defects, while the full swell streamed down from the useful flat ceiling.

Another great point was the immense crescendo on the swell, which was generally coupled to the great organ, but without any detriment to variety (as we sometimes hear), because the fine old diapasons overshadowed the greater part of the closed swell, and produced a soft, increasing and varied tone, such as I never heard on any other organ. We are often at a loss for the want of a grand, general crescendo.

The coupled touch was *delightfully easy*, and it prevented the "snap" touch, which is found on most of our organs. I am also persuaded that the secluded, hushed swell represented distance, and assisted the scale or "temperament," as we find that distance and elevation do, especially when the unequal scale is used, which I certainly recommend for sacred music. I firmly believe that *distant* sharp thirds will descend in pitch much more readily than flat fifths will rise.

The easy swell coupler materially improves the "hollow" sound of great organs, and I commend the notion to players and organ-builders.

A fine hautboy stop added would improve the great organ, and modify the "hollowness" just complained of.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A "Rich" Companion — Coleridge and Lamb — G. Cooke's "Voyages"—Valla Crucis—Llangollen Aqueduct—American Fears—C. Matthews and Jenny Jones—Wrexham—Celts and Saxons—Words Transformed—A Very Old Adam—Welsh made Musical—Chester—Elastic Journeys—Limited Names—The Tubular Bridge—A Lofty Promenade—A Four-Footed Audience—Caernarvon.

DURING one memorable tour I was favoured with the protection and advice of a noted philosopher, one "Rich" by name and humour. Now there are companions and companions. I have heard of one profound teacher and discourser upon everything who had been hastily selected as a fellow traveller by a trusting, reckless man. When they returned, the perpetual "auditor" was questioned with regard to his dictatorial monitor, and he said:—

"Well, I am bound to say that he was awfully instructive, but infernally slow."

Coleridge once inquired of his Lamb-like disciple:—

"Charles, did you ever hear me preach?"

But even lambs will turn and mildly resent unreasonable treatment:—

"By George, I never heard you do anything else!"

Now, friend Rich was not infernally slow, but on the contrary he was instructive and celestially quick, especially with respect to anything comical and entertaining. He was the intimate friend and favourite pupil of that renowned master of the comic art, Grattan Cooke. This distinguished tutor's "Voyage round the World" of

fancy and physical impossibilities would have undoubtedly eclipsed the doings of the celebrated naval captain. In fact, just give him a cue, and G. Cooke's Tour would grasp the pyramids of Egypt, the pools of Palestine, and the table-land of Africa in much less time than the poet's celebrated "forty minutes."

We saw the lovely Valla Crucis, reminding one of beautiful Tintern, the narrow trough-like aqueduct of Llangollen, high in the air, and terrible to traverse, looking down, as you do, from this Blondin-like canal upon the "moving" world below. For the first time I appreciated Jonathan's opinion of England's slender strip of sea-bound land, and began to fear that, like the timid Statesman, I, too, might "fall off" and descend to an unknown abyss in a lamentable and fragmentary state of discontinuity.

But my philosophic guide, rich in resources and imagination, remained calm and unmoved, except by the motion of the thin, bean-like boat, and he surveyed the marvellous scene with the composure and dignity of a veritable sage.

Although the name of Jones was found not to be uncommon, we did not meet with the celebrated "Maid" Jenny, so often and pertinaciously serenaded by that pretended arch-flirt, Charles Mathews, with all the assumed fervour of dramatic affection. Perhaps by this time she had become fair, squat, and sixty, with several Jennys of her own to attend to.

Then there were the young Welsh girls at Wrexham market, wearing their lover's hats, kindly lent "for this occasion only," as our lively wag suggested, and looking sleek, mild, and unassuming, as many of their race are found to be.

When we noted their dark, glistening hair, their pale, yet placid, faces, and their gentle, half-submissive air, we contrasted them mentally with our stolid, silent Saxon folk, as we heard the incessant clatter of an unknown

tongue; and we fancied we perceived something almost Oriental in their shy and sly ways, reminding us of a difference in race and habits extending and lasting over fourteen hundred years.

Fortunately, unlike many of their brother Celts, they appreciate the English race and its more daring, enterprising character; knowing that much of our wealth flows westward to their picturesque abodes and enchanting scenery. Many of their words remind us of Eastern tongues, although they have changed in tone and form of utterance.

In various languages we frequently find the letter "s" added to older words, for instance, "udor" and "sudor." I believe the Welsh word for water is "dur." Here we return to the clipping process. Also "ex" or "hex" becomes "sechs" and "six." In Welsh the letter "x" is softened, like the French, into "s"; thus, Saxon is Sassenach. Even to this day, in secluded parts, a Welsh peasant will say to you in a tone of "modified aversion," "Dim Sassenach;" that is, "No, or not Saxon." A short reply sometimes surprises him, "Dim Cumrye;" meaning, "No Welsh." I spell the word as it is sounded in English, and the accent is on "rye."

With regard to antiquarian matters, which our Welsh friends take so much to heart, it is now generally admitted that Adam was the descendant of an old Welsh family. During a short visit to the East he acquired certain methods of reading and writing. The sly Cambrians have studiously concealed this elaborate secret. The fact is, if you wish to enjoy thoroughly the classical sound of Welsh, you must carefully read the words *backwards*. Just try a few simple lines (not more), and you will then fully appreciate these retrograde melodies.

Then we visit old Chester, walk on its ancient walls, and wonder at the ancient double-storeyed city and its romantic, crumbling antiquities. The venerable cathedral, too, commands our deepest reverence. What thoughts

arise within us when we contemplate the thousand scenes of peaceful pageants or warlike commotions which these old walls have witnessed in days long passed away.

Our tours were generally telescopic visions, that is, expanding and branching out as we progressed. "Now we are at Chester, why not go to Conway? Arriving safely there, why not proceed to Bangor, and see the Menai Straits, the wondrous tube and slender bridge? Then we can pause contented." Thus must man ever "reach out his hand" and mind, and pry into distant space.

As we gaze up at the tradesmen's notice boards in an old Welsh market-place, we clearly perceive that three or four piratical families have, in early times, invaded the district, intermarried, and ingeniously reversed the titular combinations, just to preserve appearances and prevent undue inquiry. They do not "change their names;" they merely exchange them. Why, a joke in reference to the familiar name of "Smith" would here scarcely raise a smile. You must allude to the families of Jones, Evans, and Williams, and then ring a few judicious changes on the limited Welsh marriage peal of bells.

As we are whirled along by the panting, vaporous demon of the road, I point to the towering, perpendicular cliffs on my side of the carriage. The effort is useless. My philosopher has seen hills before, he says, if not quite so grand as these. He looks for water. In spite of ancient prejudices he has no external objection to water. He is influenced by internal convictions, and, of course, these must be respected. In truth, my ancient mariner looks for water everywhere, and delights in it, especially the briny sort. This wading and splashing mania led to a most astounding discovery on the Irish coast, which I shall investigate further on.

In the meantime we go to see the great tubular bridge. Only one line of tubes is at present complete. We observe another skeleton frame already raised to a proper height, and a third still lying on the river bank. Additional

plates are being attached to the elevated tube by means of red-hot rivets, to form a twofold shell of needful strength and rigidity.

We ascend to the roof of the completed tubes, and walk cautiously along outside, for our promenade appears to be little wider than an omnibus, and there are no "hand-rails" to save us during a fit of giddiness, when we glance below at the quickly running tide, and feel almost impelled to take a tremendous plunge, driven by resistless fate.

The "mariner," however, resists this downward tendency, and prefers to enter the briny in a more decorous fashion, and less encumbered with apparel. Then another telescopic vision appears to us. Here is a vessel going up the Straits to Caernarvon. Why not go to Caernarvon? Not a single protest is uttered. On we sail, having a lively band on board, which Orpheus-like entertainment attracts the deepest attention of certain fierce, long-horned, dark-coloured cattle on the Anglesea shore; they follow us most industriously, for we are in no particular hurry, and they appear to be much impressed by our gay performances. We regard this attention on the part of the horned band in the light of a personal compliment to art and artists generally.

We clamber about the ancient castle, which reminds us very much of a similar building in old Cambridge days. As we return there is a fresh adjustment of our telescope. Why not go to Dublin? On this side of the Irish sea no litigious echo puts in a demurrer or quaint answer, and forthwith we move on to Kingstown.

CHAPTER XLV.

Off to Kingstown—A Night on Deck—An Endless Cable—A Nautical Wag—Kingstown Breakwater—A Wind-weighing Machine—Christ Church—A Surpliced Army of Six—A Miserable Service—Scandalous Abuses—Beautiful Bray—Winds of Opinion—The Sea Impounded—A Tideless Shore—A Spinster of the Blues—A Limited Libation.

I MUST now condense and hurry on in almost shorthand fashion, as time and space wait upon no man, making no allowance even for the most industrious labourers.

Late in a summer evening we weigh the anchor in its watery balance, and start on our voyage, remaining on deck during the short, warm July night. This was my first and last appearance in such a character. I cannot say that I desire a “second edition” of the comedy, unless in connection with sheets, slips, and the usual ornamental coverlets. A little chaff is flying about; revealing, however, a few grains of agreeable banter and attic salt, suitable to our surroundings and our elevated resting-places.

One waggish sailor is hauling in an immense coil of rope, and he proceeds to form a number of cord-like casks in every direction; they look like so many man-traps, set for us to fall into during our nightly walks. His labours seem to be interminable. Even his comrades remark on his perpetual motions. We venture to ask whether it is the Atlantic cable, and why his process is so tedious.

"Sure, sor-r," says patient Pat, "somebody's cut off the other end!"

The Emerald sage did not perceive, for the moment, that this cutting matters short should have partially eased his long-continued labour. Then we see the splendid breakwater at Kingstown, and mark the spot where brave men risked and lost their lives in attempts to save a storm-tossed, shipwrecked crew. We note four metal ladles revolving on an axis, in an aperture of the sea wall, to weigh the wind mechanically and register the results in figures close at hand. (Mem. Does the wind only blow two ways in Ireland, in response to the alternating sad and merry race?) Our ancient mariner is somewhat drowsy, and cannot answer the question without deep consideration.

Then we move on to "another parish." We see St. Patrick's in course of erection, and visit Christ Church; now much improved, I hope, in many ways. The following account is soberly truthful: A cleric issues from the vestry, followed by "an army of six" irregular forces, namely, one singing man and five small boys.

When they reach the arch beneath the organ loft, one small warrior deserts the straggling ranks and scales the steps which lead to the king of instruments. His Majesty appears to be but weakly to-day, scarcely uttering a sound beyond a whisper, and roaring like any "sucking dove." Perhaps he is gouty; certainly he cannot use his pedals; we hear no musical footfall during the whole dreary service.

Truly, when I thought of cathedral dignitaries generally, how many of them were at that time rolling in wealth, how their revenues were increasing yearly, and how they grasped at every penny, rightly or wrongly—starved the services and choristers, and utterly neglected the stately buildings committed to their charge, I wondered that righteous retribution had not overtaken them long before,

and constrained them to a course of something like ordinary decency and reasonable honour.

We saw the lions of Dublin, and observed less dirt and misery than we had seen in several large English towns. Then another telescopic flash burst upon us. Why not go to Bray? A young, unknown Midlander had joined us, and as he offered no objection, on we went to Bray, the bold and beautiful. We did not inquire for the "Vicar," because the Reverend Canny Weathercock, of Ballad Court, never resided here, but belonged to another parish, in a more "virtuous" country, where great moral partisans do *not* consult the two predominant winds of I. N. or O. U. T., and trim their sails to every fleeting breath of popular frenzy, if only they be but left to receive the revenues and reap the rewards of Bray-cum-Shuffleton.

The Irish Bray was, however, in this instance, very mild and musical, and, moreover, presented to our philosopher a most peculiar phenomenon. He found, after a few days' splashing and dashing, that, unlike another powerful teacher's experience, he need not go to the mountain of waters, because the said mountain came most politely to him every morning; merely advancing or receding a few steps in obedience to the laws of Eastern etiquette and the respect due to a potential visitor. The sea worshiper duly reported to me each morning that he bathed within four walls, that is to say, a kind of pound, having small openings to admit the sea, and yet shelter timorous bathers from "devil fish" and other miseries. Here could he recline and profoundly consider the awful question, "What is a pound?"

I felt it to be a national duty to investigate this preferential injustice to Ireland, in not allowing the natives the privilege of being in low water occasionally. The charge was true. Owing to certain contentious tides and backing up of waters, the bathing powers of visitors were exercised regularly in nearly the same spot, and our

learned mariner could claim defiantly his daily "pound" of sea water. Some of the more timid sex walked, in blue surplices, from a terrace facing the sea, along a few loose planks, and frankly engaged in nautical diversions. One shrinking dame, however, of a certain age, certainly promenaded like a member of the true "blue" order; but she strongly objected to anything like bathos, out of respect for her cloth, and satisfied her antique conscience on the "tin pot" theory of other resolute voyagers. She positively walked about a hundred yards, in her surplice apparel, then paused, bowed (to Neptune I suppose), filled the said tin pot, and poured the saline contents reverently on her devoted head. I speak within bounds when I say that at least three pints, imperial measure, were employed in these miraculous libations. Doubtless grateful Neptune remembered her many sacrifices, her passing through the fire of public observation, and repaid her by a gentle rocking motion when she lay in one of his cradles of the deep.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A Trip to Powerscourt—The Devil's Glen—A Pleasant Coachman—Justice to Ireland—Snatches of Scenery—An Innocent Amateur—His Orations—Our Reticence—Reasons for it—Playing at Business—Amateur Book-keeping—Double Exits.

ANOTHER electric flash! Why not go to Powerscourt, the Devil's Glen, Ashford, and on to the city of the seven ruined churches?

We engaged from a public stand a horse and trap, selected at hazard, and a better horse and driver I never met with. The man was civil and intelligent, hearing all our odd remarks, yet never intruding, except to enlighten our foreign understandings. He knew infinitely more than our average coachmen, yet he was but a servant; he cared for his well-cleaned, willing horse, unharnessed him, and led him to a sheltered brook, untethered, so that he could feed or drink at pleasure, while the considerate man returned to the Ashford Inn kitchen, and we to the "parlour," to partake of a plain but wholesome meal, enlivened occasionally by the sly remarks of a lively and obliging landlord.

Our excellent horse was driven more than forty miles on that most enjoyable day, with appropriate and well-deserved periods of rest and "recreation" at various times. In the morning the noble creature took his "stand" as usual, looking perfectly sleek and fresh after his long but well-arranged journey. We were delighted

with the country and the inhabitants generally at that somewhat prosperous period.

Truly, after I had spoken to many simple and obliging peasants, I wondered from time to time whose fault it was that so little had been done with such promising materials. How many of us would rejoice if "some fay" could honestly tell us what is really "Justice to Ireland;" so that we might gently treat the gentle, warn the young and imprudent, and firmly curb the turbulent, to the intense satisfaction of all men good and true.

On our way we had every now and then delicious peeps of the "dark blue sea," between verdant hills, which might have been pierced for the very purpose of delighting us, so picturesque were the scenes of beauty they revealed to us.

One thought strikes the visitor in Ireland. I am as fond of general principles and pure "economy" as any man; but if it be true, as we have heard, that now two "corn" labourers apply for one "grazing" situation, it becomes a most serious question what we are to do with the involuntary idlers.

One more sketch and I must return to the Varncliff worthies. Our new acquaintance was a musical amateur, as we learned from his earnest, eloquent lips. Such discourses on art are frequently very entertaining. On our part, to casual outsiders, we "knew nothing whatever about music." Of course, not in so many words, but by means of legalized forms of hints and winks, as practised by diplomatic senior wranglers. In certain temples at Chester, Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester we two sages exchanged a few words, "not loud, but deep," and exercised our "depth" in other directions.

Young Mr. Midland became ecstatic, and took pity on our ignorance. We learned much that we had never known before, and much that required "confirmation," to say nothing of historical absolution. On the other hand,

Grattan's devoted pupil dedicated most of his stories to the Marines, as became a profound and ancient mariner, used to the ways of the deep. On the musical question, as there was a piano in our room, we two traitors were for the time dumb and armless, to avoid setting a "horrid example."

Dear reader, let me tell you two or three secrets, never before revealed to mortal man. When well-matched people meet, and the fates are propitious, they will sit up half the night to indulge their favourite fancies and air their untiring enthusiasm. But when the ingredients are "mixed" and out of their due proportions, say, one of shining nitre to three of sooty charcoal, the musical rocket is apt to become sluggish in action, and its descent is often devoid of brilliancy.

Depend upon it, that in your combination of men and things there must be something like musical liberty, equality, and fraternity, or your trio and quartet parties will inevitably come to grief, and take part of that grief away with them, to be hereafter tragically dwelt upon and condensed into a positive and invaluable maxim:--Granted uncertain ingredients, "a little music" is a very dangerous thing. Boys and frogs are said to have varying notions of sport. If you protest against this reasoning, just for once pretend to have an overwhelming mania for book-keeping, and when your commercial friends are radiant and contented, after your excellent banquet, invite them as public philanthropists to send for their "books," in order that you, the novice, and they, the experienced, may discuss the theory of double entry, on friendly and "equal" conditions. Truly, the double entry problem might very soon culminate in a number of double exits.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Ruling Comic Passion—A Juvenile Concerto—Its Rapturous Reception—A Beguiled Performer—Treachery of Rich—Dubious Bouquets—Confession and Submission—Dr. Bailey—The Simeon of the North—Two Strong Deaconesses—John Wesley and His Attendants—Apostolic Impressions—A Mild Protest—Dr. Bailey at Cambridge—The Musgraves—Dr. Warren—"De" Quincey—Foe, Minus "De"—Virtue not Rewarded—A Baker Minutely Described.

UNHAPPILY, my traitorous Marine would bear any aural burden, if only his victim might bear a greater one. Up to a certain point our tacit, "dumb-dog" understanding had been scrupulously observed by our party of two; but the comical "Pancrash" horn is found to be utterly irresistible to the confirmed and inveterate man-hunter. He must away to the chase, and so it was with the mariner when he espied an odd fish "following in our lea."

One morning when all was serene and tranquil I heard the piano, when I was busily engaged upstairs. How could this be? Midland had only revealed his vocal powers to us previously. I listened with dismay. Surely the old salt was pretending to play the famed poetical exercise, newly arranged:—

Hear the merry children's bore,
One and two and three and four!

In addition to these sounds, I heard rapturous exclama-

tions. The performer, of course, was gratified, and broke loose into another walk of art. The next piece in the programme was a duet for one performer, entitled "Nellie Bligh." This affecting lyric called forth thunders of applause, and I felt that my mental solo must be indefinitely postponed. I descended the stairs cautiously, but judge of my horror when I discovered that the double-dyed monster of perversion and broken faith was not, as I fondly imagined, recalling in a comic fashion his own juvenile tribulations, but was positively feigning illimitable delight on hearing these surpassing productions executed by another for "the first time in his life." In spite of all the self-torture involved, these gigantic compositions were encored times without number; and although no bouquets were thrown (I thought of boot-jacks), I felt assured that no public performer ever parted from his audience with deeper feelings of tearful regret than our beguiled and enthusiastic Midlander. I opine that the key of a certain piano was missing for a few days.

We preserved the veil of reticence as long as we remained together, but on our return home we felt that something was owing to the victim of our deception. We sent him a few "proofs" of our affection and esteem, and as it was impossible fully to repay him for his outlay we did our very best by offering him a "composition." We received a letter couched in terms of abject submission, politely sprinkled over with the dust and ashes of regretful humility. Such is tourist life!

I must now say a few concluding words about our old friends at Varncliff. The lady rector was the daughter of the noted divine, Dr. Bailey, who erected at his own expense that magnificent pile, St. George's Cathedral—I mean St. James's Church, Manchester. Before she was twelve years of age she had translated the Psalms of David from the Hebrew. Her father was known as the Simeon of the North. He published a Hebrew grammar and other works, and was very highly esteemed for his

learning and piety. In fact, he sacrificed himself to over-exertion. He was, indeed, looked upon as a very "strong" man, for his time, by a large and important body of men. But his exceeding domestic humility led to a kind of "dual control," which developed the power of a "strong" female party, and introduced a few discords occasionally into the antique house of bondage.

There was also a deputy-dragon, in the shape of one Peggy, a treasure-house of undeviating truth and fidelity. In spite of a few "mutual explanations" occasionally between the two valiant dames, they united unflinchingly in defence of the doctor, and loftily forbade anyone from thwarting his designs—excepting themselves. In truth, a descriptive saying went abroad to the effect that Mrs. Old Bailey ruled the doctor, Peggy ruled her mistress, and Lucifer directed the movements of Peggy. In fine, the remarkable *triumvirate* ruled the parish.

The learned doctor was married at Buxton Church by no less a person than the celebrated John Wesley. It may not be generally known that, whether owing to "dual" debates or not, the reverend John went from place to place attended by two or three resolute young "deaconesses." The firm Mrs. Bailey had been one of these acolytes, and furthermore, the said reverend was in the habit of implanting upon their young cheeks occasionally a Platonic and benevolent apostolic kiss.

Pace Mrs. Wesley, these benedictions might have passed muster with a corporation sole, as the lawyers say, but when Miss Norton became the "property" of her husband he thought that these extraneous attentions might be dispensed with. Such, however, was not the "case," either legally or otherwise, and the worthy doctor, with the mildness of St. John, ventured to remonstrate; he resolved, in fact, to undertake that pastoral house duty himself, and he spake somewhat resolutely.

Oddly enough, when the doctor was a student at Cambridge, he lodged with the family of Archbishop

Musgrave, in a large, rambling house, where there was plenty of room to spare. I have seen the old weekly bills, carefully preserved for nearly a century, thus reviving many ancient memories relating to the Musgraves and Cambridge.

It has been my lot to hear the aged Dr. Warren (connected paternally, if not pecuniarily, with "Ten Thousand a Year") read from letters written to him by the Rev. John Wesley, who died about 1790.

In these letters I am bound to say that John Wesley does not appear as an "orthodox" Wesleyan. In reply to this, I believe, the modern disciples assert that the writings of "John" afterwards "developed" into other forms and opinions.

I have also seen letters from Mrs. Quincey (without the "De") to Dr. Bailey, thanking him warmly for his attention to her son, and committing that gifted but erratic character to the doctor's religious care. In connection with the "De" question, I may be pardoned for saying here that one learned in "records" assured me that in Elton churchyard, near to "Wansford in England," the name of Foe might be found also without the "De," referring to the family of the immortal "Robinson."

Since writing the above I have discovered letters from (De) Quincey's mother, Legh Richmond, Archbishop Musgrave's father, and Dr. Adam Clarke. The latter alludes chiefly to Kingswood School.

There is often a quaint mixture of business and piety in these letters. One of them refers to somewhat diverse topics, without the slightest break in a paragraph:—

"DEAR DOCTOR BAILEY,—

"I have read with great interest your work on the divinity of our Lord. Sixteen yards will be required for your clerk's gown.

"Cambridge, Feb. 22, 1787."

Mrs. Quincey's letter is dated from "Everton, near Liverpool, June 23rd, 1801." The following is a quotation from a long and rambling letter:—

"My eldest son will go to Oxford, and I mean to put my two younger ones to Mr. Pentecross, of Wallingford . . . who is known to be a 'very high' Christian and a sound scholar.

"I am, Rev. Sir,
"Your obliged and faithful servant,
"E. QUINCEY."

When Dr. Bailey died, the very stern Mrs. Bailey, as patroness, overlooked her son-in-law, who had not sufficiently bowed down to the dragon of virtue, and presented the living to a comparative stranger. It happened that the said son-in-law was a pure, serious, and unblemished man, but one certainly not addicted to apostolic embraces and ostentatious adulation. Hence these virtuous tears of rigid maternal wrath.

Simeon was intimate with the doctor, and entertained a great affection for him as a brother apostle in the Church. The Cambridge doctor, however, was not quite so mild and forbearing as his northern friend. To the alarm of many people, he even ventured to beard the lioness in her den, and rated her soundly for neglecting her own flesh and blood, when there were no other reasons for her conduct than her own imperious whims and her unfeminine vindictiveness.

I will conclude the account of "Madam," as she was called, by narrating one quaint incident, which illustrates her ultra-practical and domineering character. She attempted the "dual control" system even with her nominee, and demanded the parish books. When these were refused, she made day by day a duplicate copy, which I have often seen. One matter-of-fact extract will suffice for our purpose:—

"Buried," on such a date, "Jeremiah Flower, baker."

To this plain announcement the ever-commanding dame added, after “baker,” “*when alive!*” Verily, an unrelenting and pragmatical old martinet.

Many words are variously understood in our complicated, polyglot island. A bibulous, oscillating glazier, who entertained unbalanced views on the prependicular question, was once called in professionally to operate upon one of my windows. During his experiments he nearly upset my elevated pedal pianoforte. I addressed him in terms of “affectionate” remonstrance, but my fraternal love was not much increased when he informed me (then a linguistic novice), that he “did na’ mind it.”

“Perhaps so,” I replied innocently, “but I should have minded it very much.” We gazed at one another with feelings of reciprocal astonishment, each thinking the other somewhat wrong in his “mind;” so differently minded were we upon the subject.

When I first visited the picturesque town of Oldham the much-inclined rope railway was not in existence. We were therefore conveyed in a graceful species of furniture van, called by courtesy an omnibus. I observed one sturdy individual, with his hands in his coat pockets, who appeared to be appropriating more than his “sixteen inches” of legal accommodation. I addressed him in terms of mild insinuation:—

“Have you a little room there?”

The reply considerably astonished my alien notions of English.

“I have na’ tasted ‘room’ this nine year!”

We proceeded to discuss the question in a rather spirited manner, and the confident teacher of languages in due time issued his ultimatum:—

“Thou should have said, ‘Rowm.’”

This sound, strange to my ears, rhymed with “down” in the word “en-down-ent.”

After we had freely exchanged our views on various

topics, I was reminded of our ancient Teutonic associations, and that many antiquated guttural sounds might still be heard in Lancashire, especially the northern part of it. They may be in use even to the present day, but certainly, forty years ago, they were commonly employed. I recollect a conundrum which will illustrate the question. It is almost impossible to spell the word "sought" as it was pronounced in the Pendle Hill district. We must refer to the Scotch sound of "loch" to aid us in elucidation, and utter the word "cocht" (caught) after a soft, German fashion.

The following is the riddle, and in the mouth of a native there was something antique and attractive in the northern enunciation :—

"I went into th' wood and I cocht it,
I set me down and I socht it ;
But I cam whoam and brocht it,
Because I could na' feend it."

I must leave to my readers the task of interpreting these thorny parts of speech.

I recollect another quaint instance of diversity. A friend, who was a calico printer, lived in a secluded vale, significantly named "Bury me Wick," that is, "quick," or "alive." A southern visitor desired to note the popular variations of language :—

"I hear that you are obliged to speak in two different tongues—one to your friends and another to your workmen. Is that a fact?"

"It is perfectly true, as I will very soon show you, Hear me address one of the men :—

"Fetch Mr. Dean."

The operative stared and uttered nothing beyond a very peculiar guttural sound.

"Fetch Mr. Dean, I say."

Still the same stolid expression of face continued.

The employer glanced knowingly at his friend, as if to prepare him for a surprise, and said abruptly :—

“Fot Dane mun.”

The much-tried messenger darted off at once, without another word.

A second example was requested.

When the man reappeared his master said to him :—

“Why have you tied up your head?”

As no answer was forthcoming, the question was repeated; but without any explanatory result.

Again, winking at his friend, Mr. Cooke said very quickly :—

“What thee got thee yed teed up fur-r?”

“To keep th’ yure out o’ my e’en.”

In those days men’s heads were not *shaved* quite so closely as at present.

Here is a quaint mixture of northern humour and homely pathos. Puss is supposed to be seriously meditating upon her mysterious, chequered career, accompanied by the pedal bass drone of the whirling, spinning wheel :—

“Auld Bawthren’s grey, she kittened me here

(Three threds and a thrum),

And wha was my sire, I ne’er did spier;

My brothers and sisters were drowned i’ the Weir,

And they left me alone to my mither dear;

(Three threds and a thrum;

Three threds and a thrum).

“As I grew a cat, wi’ looks sae douse

(Three threds and a thrum),

She taught me to catch the pilfering mouse;

With the thief-like rottens [rats] I had nae truce,

But banished them from the maister’s house;

(Three threds and a thrum;

Three threds and a thrum).

“ I like the gude man, but I lo[ve] the wife
 (Three threds and a thrum),
 Days many I’ve seen of toil and strife;
 Of sorrow and pain human hours are rife,
 Their lot’s been mine all the days of my life
 (Three threds and a thrum;
 Three threds and a thrum).

“ Mither got fushionless, auld and blin’ [d],
 (Three threds and a thrum);
 The bluid in her veins was cauld and thin;
 Her claws were blunt, and she could na’ rin [run];
 And to her forbears she was soon gathered in;
 (Three threds and a thrum,
 Three threds and a thrum).

“ Now I sit hurklin aye in the ase [ashes];
 (Three threds and a thrum).
 The Queen I am of that cosy place;
 With ilka paw I dight my face,
 And sing and purr wi’ mickle grace;
 (Three threds and a thrum,
 Three threds and a thrum).”

In these striking and characteristic lines we seem to hear the croning and droning sounds of both the spinning wheel and the contemplative feline poetess.

One of our church officials was a quaint, old-fashioned character. He had an odd, dislocated, shambling gait, looking as if he were not quite sure which foot ought to be next put forward, and reminding one of a jerky and moderately animated pair of scissors. His voice, too, was of a hesitating, cellar-garret description, for a time pursuing the even “tenor” of its way, and then suddenly soaring aloft to a very small sky-parlour, almost lost in the clouds.

He suggested a reference to Albert Smith's "Undecided Mr. Parker" and his "wobbling horn," never being quite certain of the note he was upon, nor the one he wished to proceed to. Albert the "Patient" and gentlemanly publicly declared with a graceful and deprecating air that, after a fortnight's residence in the next cabin, Mr. Parker's performances became rather more than slightly tantalizing.

A similar impression was created by our friend, Mr. Tutones, upon his acquaintances and others who aspired to that condition, as I shall shortly make apparent. Tutones was very fond of plants and flowers of every variety; his botany bay-windows were, in fact, marvels to beholders, and his extensive verdant green-houses excited not merely admiration, but something approaching to acquisitiveness among marauders at a distance.

In the dead of night our Tutonic hero heard ominous sounds in his conservatory. Anxious for his darling flowers of fact as well as fancy, he rushed to the window, opened it, and remonstrated with the botanically-minded intruders. Alas, that unfortunate falsetto would put in its appearance, during his excitement, and the unsympathetic chorus responded most ungraciously, "I say, Bill, tell that old hag to go to bed." (I stop the press of matter to say that "hag" was *not* the precise word used.)

It will be admitted, I think, that such conduct from a body of chorus men would not be tolerated in any greenhouse, green-room, or floral music hall.

In those easy, happy days our "once a week" editors enjoyed much more leisure than they possess at present in their every-day pursuits; they were, therefore, more disposed to participate in a little fun from time to time. Our "Guardians" of the Press appear to have seized the opportunity, and sent a comic "account" of a certain transaction to our so-high, so-low performer, Mr. Tutones.

He met me one day in a state of great vocal indecision,

and poured out his lamentations as from a favourite watering pot:—

“Read this,” said he, pulling out a suggestive document, “and see how these newspaper men can joke at a misfortune like the loss of my plants.”

I certainly was surprised at the following insinuation:—

“To ————.

Wanted, a constable—3s. 6d.”

I firstly blushed at such effrontery, and secondly, I read the indictment again. The words should have been:—

“*Wanted, a contralto!*”

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Extraordinary Bequests—Donations Declined—Random Legacies
—The Power of Wealth—Owen's College—Whitworth
Scholarships—Results—Whitworth Guns—Tardy Recognition—
American Inventors—Hepworth Dixon—Original
Sewing Machine—Patent Museums—Working in the Dark.

ABOUT twenty years ago I addressed a communication to each of the Manchester newspapers concerning the drifting and wasted wealth of the district, and I pointed out the need which existed for applying such wealth to important local purposes.

Several strange instances of random and ill-directed legacies will be presently noticed, which will astonish many of those who know but too well the urgent wants of a dense and recently imported population.

The following quotation has been slightly enlarged, in order to elucidate the matter by the addition of names and other explanatory remarks :—

“It might be said that Manchester possesses more *superfluous* wealth than any other city in the world. In good, bad, or average times, more spare capital is accumulated at the end of a year, or at the end of a life—more stray and heirless wealth, than in any other place, not excepting London, which has so many excitements, rivalries, and inducements to private extravagance.

“Well, for want of proper channels, and proper reminders, wealth oftentimes literally ‘goes begging.’ Will my readers believe that the money left for the

foundation of Owen's College was first offered to a well-known citizen, Mr. George Faulkner, and he simply declared that 'he did not want it, having quite enough for himself!'

"Mr. Nield left £250,000 to the Queen, and Mr. Atkinson—£100,000 to the National Debt Office!

"Our excellent practical friends are so very exact and careful in mercantile matters that they properly demand a complete scheme of works and capital before they commence trading operations. Good. But our museums, cathedrals, and art galleries have grown very slowly, and were not at once fully formed. So that to reject a beginning is to declare 'that you will not bathe until you can swim.'

"If the art gallery proposed eight or nine years ago had been commenced, many valuable collections would certainly have been presented to such a desirable institution. Thus it is in educational matters. What should hinder the erection of a splendid cathedral in a great centre of wealth and enterprise?

"Twenty or thirty rich men, who have made their fortunes here, could do as much in one year as our forefathers were able to effect in a century. I do not rely so much upon rates, taxes, collectors, and canvassers, as upon directing the minds of aged and benevolent persons to good and great objects, and thus providing a home for their surplus wealth. Could not one safely promise a site from a nobleman like the Earl of Derby?

"May not two or three of our millionaires be actually wondering, like Mr. Owen, what will become of their wealth?

"With a good site, a good plan, and a good start, success would be certain. I believe that one great central institution can effect more than fifty divided efforts. In old cathedral cities, churches, schools, and charities abound. The centre does not absorb, it illuminates. If the larger works were done, 'the smaller ones would

not be left undone ; ' but our minds, energies, and tastes would be aroused and purified by a continued appeal to a grand, central, and imposing creation of religious art."

It was singular that the greater part of these remarks should have been published in all the Manchester papers on the very day when a large deputation, unknown to me, waited on Mr. Disraeli to request a public grant for Owen's College.

Although the chances of a grant are more hopeful, many will think that Lord Beaconsfield justly estimated the resources of Manchester and the future liberality of her citizens.

Doubtless, private benefactions will continue to flow in and be usefully applied by the judicious authorities.

A short time after the publication of the above, Sir Joseph Whitworth arose and found himself deservedly famous for an act of almost unexampled munificence. I extract a newspaper paragraph :—

" We understand that Mr. Whitworth, the well-known engineer, of Manchester, has intimated to the Government his readiness to place in the hands of trustees a sum sufficient to provide £100 a year for thirty young men who have passed a satisfactory examination in subjects of ' technical education.' The details of the scheme have not yet been arranged."—March 20, 1868.

It was deeply interesting to learn from time to time that these " prizemen " had carried our mechanical fame to many of our colonies and other places, in almost every quarter of the globe. No doubt similar endowments in other departments would produce equally gratifying results.

I also published the following in the *Courier* :—

" How great is the power of wealth ; three such mighty magicians as Mr. Whitworth could create a new era in Manchester, and ten such men might influence the destiny of a kingdom. What is sorcery, what is the magic wand when compared with the rich man's pen ? With a few

figures and a signature he converts ignorance into knowledge, filth into cleanliness, and barbarism into artistic beauty.

“One family (the Medici) re-created art in modern Europe, and who can limit the influence of a Guinness, a Peabody, or a Whitworth? What impetus they give to others; their great deeds cannot remain alone, they will surely find companions.

“Who will be the next on the lists of patriots? £100,000 could start successfully any great and good work, and three such gifts would erect an art gallery, and a good part of a grand cathedral, which would be worthy of a new and wealthy diocese. Works like these would elevate the mind to pure and lofty contemplations, and benefit all—givers and receivers.”—April 28, 1868.

Several very pungent articles lately appeared in *The Times* on Sir J. Whitworth’s brilliant career and his comparative neglect by our public authorities. I shall quote a few instances of his remarkable success.

The reminders in question seem to have produced the desired effect. Attention has been publicly directed to the subject, and we may hope that ere the aged “warrior” is called to his rest full justice will be done to his undoubted deserts. One step has been taken in his honour. A medal has been struck and presented to each of the prizemen who gained Whitworth scholarships.

The Times, in an article condemnatory of the existing system of national gun manufacture, referred to the work of Sir Joseph Whitworth and Co. in highly complimentary terms :—

“The United States Commission was sent to Europe on a mission of observation and inquiry, in order to assist Congress in determining the best method of providing the armament required by the country. The commissioners visited England, France, and Russia, and ascertained the arrangements in force in Germany; and the general result of their labours was an earnest recommendation

that the Whitworth system of forging should be adopted in the States, and that the necessary tubes should be supplied to Government factories by private makers. They speak of the excellence of the Whitworth system as a 'revelation,' and say that even in the offices of the chiefs of the artillery they could obtain no information about it, since the little knowledge there was seemed to be derived only from hearsay. That this should be the case is not only remarkable, but inexcusable.

"The Whitworth guns, whenever they have come into public competition with others, have beaten all rivals in every single point of excellence, in range, in penetration, in velocity, and in durability. They have beaten all rivals, not barely, but absolutely and beyond compare; and this statement, strong as it is, rests upon facts which are fully recorded and are beyond dispute.

"Moreover, and this is a highly important point, their excellence has been the result of an exhaustive series of experiments. Sir Joseph Whitworth, before deciding upon his pattern, tested every conceivable variety, every kind and every pitch of rifling, every length of bore, and every proportion of projectile; insomuch that, if any modification of those now in use were proposed, he would be able to turn to the records of his experiments, and to say at once what effect the suggested alteration would produce.

"It was when he was thus armed at all points with practical knowledge that the gun-making of the country was given over as a monopoly to Elswick (Armstrong) instead of being divided in such a manner that the public might derive benefit from the competition of rival manufacturers. Considering the condition of the English metallurgical industry, it is equally suicidal for us either to form a close alliance with a single firm or to exclude all firms alike by the employment of the machinery of the Circumlocution Office."

The patriotic Whitworth Trustees have so lavishly heaped gift upon gift, that they have almost eclipsed the Peabody and Medici reputations.

There are still a few wealthy men among us who might nobly go and do likewise.

An experienced member of the House of Lords was positively "candid" enough to say, in other words, that the greatest efforts of the American mind resulted in the production of a Patent Spittoon!

At the very time that I was publicly opposing this extraordinary notion, Mr. Hepworth Dixon happened to be in America, and he, knowing nothing of our discussion, addressed a long letter to the *Courier* on the subject. I subjoin a portion of his observations:—

"In a hundred years, America claims, and justly claims, her share in the inventions which have done most to serve mankind. Even after striking out her claims to the invention of steam ships and electric wires, the list of her inventions, or improvements on inventions, is considerable. An American invented the cotton gin. The apple pearer and the knife cleaner are American. The grass cutter, the steam mower, and the planing machine are all American.

"Are not the various sewing machines American? The india-rubber business is American. One American taught us how to make wool-cards, another how to make horse-shoes by machinery. The sand-blast is American; the grain elevator is American. Americans claim the electro-magnet, and the artificial manufacture of ice.

"The people are of skilful race, and there are probably hundreds of inventions lying in the lonely farmsteads, waiting for a little daylight, such as they will find in Fairmount Park."

Two or three of these claims may not be absolutely valid, but our cousins have done so much in the department of utility that they can patiently afford to smile at

the charges thus heedlessly advanced by over-confident legislators.

The succeeding letters will be perused with interest by all those who sympathize with struggling originators. I am unacquainted with the writer who signs himself "S. S."

"AMERICAN INVENTIONS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER COURIER.'

"SIR,—In Mr. Hepworth Dixon's letter, which we read in your to-day's edition, amongst the American inventions that of the 'sewing machine' is claimed for them. About 40 years ago I saw at the machine works of Messrs. Wren and Bennet, in Dale Street, an elderly Frenchman from Lyons, who was there to bring out his invention for sewing by machine. He was making a little improvement in his machine in a room near the counting-house, where I conversed with him.

"There is no doubt that the poor Frenchman's invention was improved, and successfully brought out in America, but the original I claim for him solely. If any person who formerly was attached to the above-named firm be yet alive and should read this communication, I trust he will put his pen to paper to confirm my claim for the Frenchman.

"Yours, &c.,

"S. S.

"March 6, 1875."

"PATENT MUSEUMS.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.'

"SIR,—It sounds strange to hear that a large experienced firm should spend time and money in fees and law upon a patent which is declared to be 'no novelty;' yet such things occur continually. A patent museum would remedy much of this.

"I have just read about 2,000 pages of certain specifications. I venture to say that nine-tenths of these were

unproductive to their owners, through the ignorant use of old ideas, not paying the renewal fees, or trespassing upon each other's properties. Two-thirds of them are attempts to do similar things, and there cannot be many 'best ways.' In fact, patent business, as now managed, is pre-eminently the way 'not to do it.'

"A patent model museum would enable an inventor fairly to estimate the value of his machine; and it would give him a better title to his property, after passing through this mechanical quarantine, or critical purgatory.

"A book of 'remarks' would urge him to see if the challenges, doubts, and references were based on any proper foundation. He would judge more calmly, after a year's protected exhibition, whether there was not a better thing in the market, instead of rushing heedlessly on and leaping in the dark into the abyss of mistaken self-confidence."

MUSEUMS:—For many months I have been in the habit of meeting a number of the best machinists in Europe. I find that, literally, one half of the engineering world knows not what the other half is doing; and yet the unknown half most anxiously desires and cultivates all known means of publicity. Tens of thousands are spent upon old and used up patents; in one case £100,000, in another £90,000, where the old patented machine had been tossed about for months, years ago, in a foundry.

In a third case a large, wealthy firm desired a machine, so that one out of two workmen could be dispensed with. A very clever mechanic had produced a machine suitable for this purpose, after spending years of time and hundreds of pounds in perfecting it. I afterwards found old wooden machines on precisely the same principle, which had been working for years, and known to hundreds in the trade, and yet had never been heard of by the said old wealthy firm, nor by the clever mechanic. Similar cases could be cited by the score.

Men are daily wanting engines, and others are daily

wanting their engines to be appreciated, yet for lack of a museum these two sets seldom come together. Certainly where one mechanic searches from necessity a most valuable and indispensable index, a thousand would visit and admire the actual models. It is the difference between the "poetry of motion" and the prose of a necessary but tedious catalogue. Absorbed, scheming workmen love the one, and if possible, avoid the other. Even the laborious searches of honest patent agents are often fruitless and misleading.

A very small percentage of the money wasted on worn-out patents would support a splendid museum, and afford delight to thousands in large manufacturing districts. A few words from our Fairbairns and Whitworths would doubtless influence public opinion and settle this important matter.

If protection were granted for three years instead of six months, inventors would have time "to turn round" and they would afterwards willingly pay even the present fees for renewals. Or if protection were implied for one year, without fee, by sending a machine to such a museum, it would confer a great boon on scores of our exhausted thinkers, who by their ceaseless efforts tend, perhaps, more than any other class to increase the national wealth and exalt our country commercially among the nations of the earth.

Jacquard's beautiful machine was burnt by the public authorities in the market place of Lyons! We do not often now persecute; we simply neglect. Let us consider deeply the question of foreign competition, and in reforming our ways remember that it is sometimes "too late to mend."

CHAPTER XLIX.

A Code of Signals—Extended Use of Bells, Lighthouses, etc.—Disasters Prevented—Applicable to Novices—The Tape Telegraph — Great Advantages — Numeration — Jacquard Wires—Selection of Shuttles—Proposed Automatic Type-setter—A Reporting Machine—Organs and Jacquard Appliances—The “Miranda” Pianista.

IN November, 1872, I published in the *Manchester Courier* a description of an easy Code of Signals. No other system had previously reduced the number of points or signs below the total of six. Thus the process was beyond the executive power of a single hand.

The five finger plan is also suitable for shorthand or telegraphic purposes, as I shall proceed to demonstrate in the course of these remarks :—

“Many lives and cargoes would be saved annually if men on shore or in lighthouses could telegraph on the instant to a wandering, pilotless vessel, ‘Breakers ahead,’ or ‘Beware ; sunken ships ; steer north ; now N.W.,’ etc. A regiment, lost in a ravine, might be saved by a knowledge of the gun alphabet.

“The captain of an ‘84’ would stare if ordered to start from Portsmouth, sail out of sight, and then telegraph his intentions and position to a number of unseen neighbouring ports ; yet this could be, and doubtless will be done. Important news could be telegraphed from a ship long

before her arrival in port. Of course there are hundreds of signals now, but they are too elaborate. I suppose the naval code is a most formidable affair at a fire.

“People are often awakened indiscriminately by rattles and fire bells; thus over-anxious persons, who are not required, swell the crowd, while the real owners of property may not be present. The bell of a factory or mansion might announce the exact address in case of a fire or robbery, and (descending to less serious matters) many of our legislators would gladly teach their friends an alphabet by which they could learn from a few lanterns in Victoria Tower whether their attendance would be necessary or not.

“The electric system is, as it were, part of our daily life, but it cannot communicate intelligence to thousands of people at once, like bells, lanterns, flags, and guns. At a battle, review, or even a boat race there would be less confusion and a vast saving in staff horse-manship. If some of our officers would consider the question they would be astonished at the result of a week’s practice.

“Soldiers and sailors could employ five branches of trees, oars, rude flags, or any other common objects, at a time when the use of ordinary telegraphs would be utterly impossible. We must also recollect that an enemy’s first object is to destroy telegraph lines where they do exist. In fact, the ordinary system implies complete security and a deliberate expenditure of capital, and therefore, it is unfitted for hundreds of exceptional cases.

“I suppose railway whistles to be necessary nuisances, which are tolerated in order to prevent greater evils. If, therefore, we must hear them, they might as well give us the best possible information. For instance, to the anxious engine driver the wire which runs close by is practically useless between the stations.

“If, however, with a little care, the station bell could respond to the intelligible call of the whistle, much would

be done to prevent or alleviate human suffering. If, instead of a continuous scream, we could hear, say:—‘Broken crank,’ a good step would be gained. A whistle can be heard for miles, and delay often does more than half the damage.

“The five bells system requires a musical ear; all the other plans—flags, lanterns, etc., are open to people in general. With five bells, flags, and lanterns, about three signs on an average would be required for each letter. With one bell, whistle, gong, or a number of guns or revolvers, about eight sounds would be necessary, thus: Cab.

(In writing it is easier to use dots.)

C	A	B
.
.

On one bell C would require six sounds, A one, and B three, with a comma after each figure, and a colon after each letter. The quick plan with five agents would act thus:—C, three signs; A, one; and B, two. In time the waving of a single flag or lantern would express the alphabet on the one bell system.

“It would be worth while studying a little if only to prevent one accident in a year, but fifty might be avoided in various ways and places.

“Even on a rifle ground how often do people long to communicate something special and momentary, when no scientific apparatus is at hand. In times of storm, wreck, and railway disaster what agony is felt by willing yet powerless spectators who cannot convey a short simple truth in a matter of life and death. We have read of instances lately.

“Learners should ‘make haste slowly,’ and practise words requiring a quarter, then half, the alphabet, and so on.

THE FIVE-FINGER ALPHABET.

A	1	(THUMB)				N		3	5		
B	1	2				O	1		5		
C	1	2	3			P	1	2	5		
D	1	2	3	4		Q	1	2	3	5	
E	1	2	3	4	5	R	1			4	5
F					5	S	1		3	4	5
G				4	5	T		2	3	4	
H			3	4	5	U	1	2		4	5
I		2	3	4	5	V	1			4	
J			3			W		2			5
K	1		3		5	X			3	4	
L	1		3			Y	1		3	4	
M		2		4		Z				4	

Directions: Ring and count bells upwards; the lowest note ranking as one, or A. In great field operations the A flag should be larger, to distinguish back from front.

“To attract attention, wave flags, or ring bells *upwards* rapidly. Signal A, T, for ‘attention;’ G, O, for ‘go on;’ or U for ‘understood,’ and A for ‘again.’”

“Make a slight pause between figures, and a little longer pause between letters. After a word, if desirable, wait for ‘U,’ that is ‘understood.’ Place A always to the left of spectators.

“After studying the exceptions J K, and remembering A L O, the zigzag movements almost suggest themselves.”

Half the alphabet may be learned in five minutes, as I have seen proved by experience; never afterwards to be forgotten.

The second lesson suffices up to the letter T, and a third lesson completes the alphabet.

An unmusical officer could telegraph, after half an hour’s practice, to a distant and unseen comrade by means of a bandmaster or instrumentalist, and these agents need not

know the purport of the message. The officer would merely write down his figures from the code, and any fair musician could play or interpret the five sounds thus expressed on any suitable instrument, either by night or day.

Most signal alphabets consist of irregular and arbitrary forms, which present to us no figure or sequence, and soon fade from the memory. Here the fingers follow each other in natural order, and when the fifth finger is reached a return movement takes place.

For shorthand purposes, paper space is largely economized. Upright lines or “festoons” can be written on music paper or on faint “water marks;” and in time a mere base line or “mark” would be necessary. The quantity contained in a single line is astonishing.

Of course, professed reporters would omit vowels and other “redundancies.”

You require but two forms, a straight, upright line, |,
a “loop,”), and four sizes of each.

The following is part of the shorthand alphabet:—

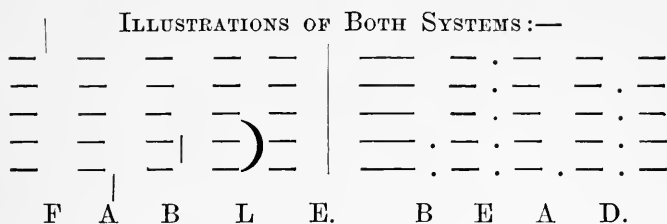
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K
—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—
—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—	—

As a continuation of the above will be obvious to those who have glanced at the system, I shall complete the alphabet by describing the concluding part of

THE TAPE TELEGRAPH:—

L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

[illegible]



Of course, in reporting, the upright space would be reduced one half or more, after continued practice.

A shorter or longer line will cover all the neighbouring signs, and the loops will connect and express the separated figures. The first short sign hangs from the lowest musical line, and the short upper sign for F rests upon the fifth line.

Let us say, the eighth of an inch for B.

A quarter inch for C.

Three-eighths for D, and

Half an inch for E, and all upright.

Similar sizes are required for the loops.

For one-wire tape telegraphs, the dots or lines could be impressed automatically according to *position*, as in bars of music.

Where five wires could be afforded, this system would *far exceed* any other known plan, both for space and rapidity, as *each letter* would be signalled at one and the *same moment*, instead of employing, as at present, a number of successive signs.

Five tuning forks at each end might be actuated by a single wire.

On "tape" paper the loops might be expressed by a heavier and somewhat thicker line. In both these systems, whether for one or five wires, the saving in time and material would be very considerable.

At the present time you are able to select, mechanically, in a loom, any shuttle out of eight or ten, without the least regard to regular sequence; and *thirty years ago*, ordinary organs were played by means of fine, vertical,

Jacquard wires falling into holes pricked in perforated music paper. I doubt not that this idea could be worked out in connection with the dots which form the five-finger alphabet. Pneumatic valves would assist the operator where more power was required.

The following refers to the importance of the hand in numeration :—

“On Friday evening the Manchester Society of Chartered Accountants held their first meeting of the ensuing session in the Memorial Hall, Albert Square. Mr. E. Guthrie, president of the society, occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. Mr. Guthrie read a paper on the ‘Development of the Art of Numeration.’ A number of diagrams were hung about the hall showing the Arabic, Roman, Greek, Egyptian, and Assyrian symbols of numeration, and several calculating machines were also exhibited. Speaking of the necessity of the expression of numbers he said they had not to look far to find the first symbol in notation. *The human hand was ready to all.*”—Nov. 1st, 1884.

I now redeem my promise to attempt connecting automatic signs with the mechanical type-setter.

As these twenty-six signs or holes all differ from each other, I think, in time, the system might be applied to the lettered disc of the printing telegraph, and ultimately to the *mechanical type-setter*; thus often saving reporters the trouble of translating their notes. Of course, the reporting tape machine should be as silent as the mechanism of a musical snuff box.

Each letter would be expressed by *one* movement.

In the meantime, I believe that printers would soon learn to set up types from this simple alphabetical form, without any transcription by the reporters. The space occupied by each letter is remarkably small; and instead of a long tape, the signs might be impressed on a sheet of paper, in a *spiral* series of lines; the said sheet to completely enclose a revolving cylinder. Or a number of sheets could be placed on the cylinder, secured by elastic bands

or springs. One sheet would contain an immense number of signs, and would advance like the barrel of an organ.

When the sheets were not required for printer's copy, of course long rolls of paper would be used.

As I intimated, thirty years ago a Frenchman came to Manchester and played an organ at the old Mechanics' Institution, by means of perforated cards and Jacquard wires. Since writing the previous remarks I have read several interesting paragraphs relating to the musical question, which has remained so long in abeyance.

THE "MIRANDA" PIANISTA.

"This clever invention has been on view at the recent Furniture Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall, and has attracted considerable attention. The principle and manner of working of this mechanical pianoforte player may be briefly described as follows. Projecting from one side of the 'Miranda' is a series of wooden levers or fingers exactly the width of the pianoforte keys to be operated upon. These levers are moved in accordance with holes in perforated cards, as in the Jacquard loom, a series of small pneumatic valves (worked automatically by a reservoir bellows) producing the motive power. On placing the 'Miranda' in position in front of a piano, and turning a handle, the perforated cards are drawn through, and the mechanical fingers are moved with an exactness not always obtained even by expert pianoforte players.

"The fault of all musical automata having a barrel is, that the length of the piece of music to be played must be exactly adapted to the periphery of the barrel, and if the former is too long it must be shortened by the omission of a certain number of bars, thus destroying the integrity of the piece. In the symphonium this is obviated by the use of a circular sheet of music, formed in a spiral, which, as the music proceeds, gradually disappears below the cover of the instrument, and thus enables a piece of music of any length to be played exactly as the composer wrote it."

CHAPTER L.

Omnibus Passengers — Automatic Checkers — Proposed Seven Years Ago—The Notion Revived—The *London Figaro*—Objections Removable—"Chance" Discoveries—Alchemy—Lenses—Etching on Glass—Lithography—Early Suggestions of Printing—Sugar and Tinted Paper—Envelopes—Habitual Thought—Results—Patent Fees—Reduction Essential.

WHILE I am dealing with mechanical adaptations I may as well mention a hint thrown out by me ten years ago with regard to the numbering of omnibus passengers. My proposal was to photograph the persons traveling, both inside and outside the conveyance. An automatic series of sensitive papers would be exposed at certain points of the journey, inside the carriage, while the outsiders could be photographed on two or three lamp posts, by means of levers placed on the tramway rails at convenient intervals.

Omnibuses, other than tramcars, could be watched with comparative certainty from the outside, and the difficulty of "checking" insiders would be overcome by the photographic process.

It is remarkable how ideas of this kind may lie dormant for a length of time and then become revived by persons at a distance who, in many cases, may never have heard of similar plans proposed long before.

Ten years ago I sent a sketch of my scheme to a well-known Carriage Company, and, after the consideration of the plan, I received the following reply :—

“Manchester Carriage Company,
“31, Market Street,
“Oct. 11, 1878.

“SIR,—I am requested to return you the enclosed sketch and at the same time inform you that the directors of this Company are not disposed to adopt your scheme. Thanking you for submitting your plan,

“I am, Sir,
“Yours truly,
“J. W. B*****.”

I laid no especial stress upon this photographic notion, which had suddenly struck me; and as I generally had a number of schemes fermenting in my brain, I had no spare time to waste in developing one form in particular. Having partially ventilated the subject, as previously related, I ceased to think any further of the matter. Towards the end of the year 1884, however, the question was recalled to my mind by a paragraph in the *London Figaro*, which ran as follows:—

“What is this new contrivance I hear of for checking the peculating ’bus and tram conductors? The special feature, it is said, of the invention is an automatic camera, which will be fixed upon the interior of the ’bus and take negatives of it every time the stopping or starting of the vehicle supplies the necessary jerk.”

A few objections were raised to the novel proposal, such as might present themselves to hasty observers, but most of them could, I imagine, be easily surmounted by a little ingenuity, especially in simple journeys to and from regular stations. Where the “fares” were “interlaced,” greater difficulty might occur; but at any rate the system could be tried on certain and specified distances.

One argument might be adduced in favour of the novelty, which is, that as we are often more disturbed by the fear of a disaster than by its actual occurrence, so the dread of detection by a mysterious agent might deter

many from the commission of a crime. In any case an experiment might be made.

I have lately read an account of a scheme by which each passenger would, on sitting down, press forward a mechanical register. I can see no hope for such a proposal. The public will take no extra trouble, and will surrender no privileges. A passenger might change his seat several times, say, to speak to a friend, assist a lady, or approach the lamp. In such cases the poor conductor would strongly object to a mechanical record.

No doubt a number of discoveries have been made by what is called "accident." I shall adduce a few examples of this peculiar kind. At the same time I firmly believe that these chance occurrences form but a very small minority in the universal mass of beneficial operations.

An alchemist, while seeking to discover a mixture of earths that would make the most durable crucibles, one day found that he had made porcelain.

I alluded to this subject when treating of the accidental burning of clay walls and houses.

The power of lenses, as applied to the telescope, was discovered by a watchmaker's apprentice. While holding spectacle glasses between his thumb and finger, he was startled by the suddenly enlarged appearance of a neighbouring church spire.

We also know that natural magnifying glasses were in use long before the arts of grinding and polishing were understood. A Roman emperor possessed one of these useful crystals.

The art of etching upon glass was discovered by a Nuremberg glass-cutter. By accident a few drops of aqua fortis fell upon his spectacles. He noticed that the glass became corroded and softened where the acid had touched it. That was hint enough. He drew figures upon the glass with varnish, applied the corroding fluid, then cut away the glass around the drawing. When the varnish

was removed the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground.

Mezzotinto owed its invention to the simple accident of the gun-barrel of a sentry becoming rusted with dew.

The art of lithographing was perfected through suggestions made by accident. A poor musician was curious to know whether music could not be etched upon stone as well as upon copper. After he had prepared his slab his mother asked him to make a memorandum of such clothes as he proposed sending away to be washed. Not having pen, ink, and paper convenient, he wrote the list on the stone with the etching preparation, intending to make a copy of it at leisure. A few days later, when about to clean the stone, he wondered what effect aqua fortis would have upon it. He applied the acid, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. The next step necessary was simply to ink the stone and take off an impression.

The wonder is that printing was not discovered thousands of years ago. Babylonian tablets contained elevated letters, and ancient potters actually inverted their names in the moulds in order that they should appear in the cast as we are accustomed to see them. The old sword makers scratched their names on the blades, rubbed ink into the cavities, and then took an impression on a piece of linen, as a sort of memorandum.

Of course, China was far in advance of Europeans in this matter, as we have seen in previous pages, but, admitting that the Celestials were "walled round" by reserve and isolation, it is strange that for want of a general "Congress" and discussion, the evident suggestions, to be found nearer home, were never considered and thoroughly worked out.

The composition of which printing-rollers are made was discovered by a Salopian printer. Not being able to find the pelt-ball, he inked the type with a piece of soft

glue, which had fallen out of a glue-pot. It was such an excellent substitute that, after mixing molasses with the glue, to give the mass proper consistency, the old pelt-ball was entirely discarded.

Here, again, we are amazed to find that the first rude composition, in lieu of skins, was not manufactured ages ago, instead of being reserved for the early part of this nineteenth century.

The process of whitening sugar was discovered in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. She left her tracks in a pile of sugar. It was noticed that wherever her tracks were the sugar was whitened. Experiments were instituted, and the result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar.

The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper-maker, accidentally let a blue bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. The workmen were astonished when they saw the peculiar colour of the paper, while Mr. East was highly incensed over what he considered a grave pecuniary loss. His wife was so much frightened she would not confess her agency in the matter. After storing the damaged paper for years, Mr. East sent it to his agent in London, with instructions to sell it for what it would bring. The paper was accepted as a "purposed novelty," and was disposed of at quite an advanced over-market price. Mr. East was astonished at receiving an order from his agent for another large invoice of the paper. He was without the secret, and found himself in a dilemma. Upon mentioning it to his wife she told him about the accident. He kept the secret, and the demand for the novel tint far exceeded his ability to supply it.

I shall produce one more instance of accidental discovery, somewhat important in itself, and then proceed to sum up in a few words the general question.

A Brighton stationer took a fancy for dressing his

show-window with piles of writing paper, rising gradually from the largest to the smallest size in use, and to finish his pyramids off nicely he cut cards to bring them to a point. Taking these cards for diminutive note-paper, lady customers were continually wanting some of "that lovely little paper," and the stationer found it advantageous to cut paper to the desired pattern. As there was no space for addressing the notelets after they were folded, he, after much thought, invented the envelope, which he cut by the aid of metal plates for that purpose. The sale increased so rapidly that he was unable to produce the envelopes fast enough, so he commissioned a dozen houses to make them for him, and thus set going an important branch of the manufacturing trade.

I have thus fairly adduced several examples which may be regarded as exceptions to the general rule. I also recently used the expression, "The thought suddenly struck me." Yet I still believe that in a large majority of cases it will be found that while "Nature" has willingly done her part in the transaction, habitual thinkers have almost unconsciously prepared the mental "sensitive paper," so to speak, upon which the impression has been left by natural means.

In proof of this we may note that though a few inventors may have become celebrated by one or two special novelties, when you investigate their daily lives you almost invariably find that, from Sir Isaac Newton to Watt, they have generally been devoted to ingenious speculations and have *incessantly* cultivated habits of thought and mental construction. Depend upon it when we see at a vast distance one shining peak, it is in reality sustained by a subordinate mass of unrecognized materials.

As inventors are often tempted to "register" their ideas, in order to prevent the danger of piracy, I will insert a short paragraph relating to patents. It will be seen that while the exorbitant terms demanded by our

Government have been but very slightly reduced, the large payments previously required have been spread over several years. This is a step in the right direction, but the total amount paid is still far too large. Fifty pounds ought to be amply sufficient for twenty-one years of protection; such sum to be paid by easy instalments.

“The Board of Trade, with the consent of the Treasury, have made the following reduction relating to certain fees prescribed by the second schedule of the Patents, Designs, and Trade Marks Act, 1883. In the case of patents granted before the commencement of the said Act, a patentee who has paid the prescribed fee of £50 before the end of four years from the date of his patent may, in lieu of the prescribed fee of £100 payable before the end of seven years from such date, pay the following annual fees:—Before the end of the 7th year from the date of the patent, £10; 8th year, £10; 9th year, £10; 10th year, £15; 11th year, £15; 12th year, £20; 13th year, £20.” This reduction came into operation on the 1st day of August, 1884.

CHAPTER LI.

Erasmus at Queen's College—His Rooms—Erasmus Court—Old and Modern Ale—"Trinity Audit"—Greek Testament of Erasmus—A Forbidden Work—Tyndale as a Pupil—Sir Thomas More—His Orations at Cambridge—Morus et Diabolus—More as a Chorister—Utopia—Lay Preachers—Burekhardt's "Renaissance"—Lyell, Sedgwick, and Buckland—Professor Walmisley.

I HAVE lately gleaned some interesting information respecting the learned old teacher, Erasmus, and his friendly relations with the amiable Sir Thomas More. I will, however, first add a few particulars to my former account of his residence at Queen's College, Cambridge.

The apartments occupied by Erasmus are still pointed out at Queen's; they are situated over the college kitchen, one large room having, it is supposed, served as a lecture hall when his pupils assembled to hear the discourses of the quaint voluble instructor.

Over the lecture room is a bedroom, which communicates with a small study in the tower, not forgetting a little cellar to contain the wine which his German friends sent over to him, as he had complained that the "college ale was raw, small, and windy." Whether the fault lay with the liquor of former times or the continental taste of the traveler we will not now presume to determine; but certainly during this century, Cambridge college ale has achieved a reputation differing much from anything "raw, small, and windy." On the contrary, the renowned

ale called "Trinity Audit" has been regarded as second to none in the ale-brewing world; and we suspect that other colleges have not fallen far short in their devotion to the jovial Sir John Barleycorn.

To juvenile tasters Trinity Audit ale seemed to be more like brandy than beer; in fact, to prevent further danger in this respect, the refreshments formerly allowed on Saints' Days were "commuted" to certain small money payments in lieu of the powerful beverage.

We still hear of "Erasmus Walk" at Queen's College and "Erasmus Court," thus preserving pleasant ancient memories, although the teacher appears to have been more appreciated by his pupils than the University generally. In one instance his Greek New Testament was forbidden to be imported on "shipboard or horseback, by waggons or porters."

The renowned Tyndale was one of his pupils, but meeting with somewhat similar treatment, the Englishman retired to Germany and there produced his great translation of the Bible which has influenced all succeeding editions.

In Cresacre More's "Life of Sir Thomas More" we learn many interesting particulars concerning his ancestor and his kind treatment of the old Dutchman. In perusing these ancient records we are suddenly transplanted from the busy "dollar-hunting," competing, and struggling nineteenth century to the ancient paths of learned repose, simple confidence, and almost childlike indulgence in fun and harmless merriment.

We meet with many amusing quotations and instructive hints:—

"Such was More's readiness of wit, that going ever in progress with the King either to Oxford or Cambridge, where they were received with 'very eloquent orations,' he was always the man appointed by his Majesty, 'ex tempore,' to make answer unto them.

"Erasmus took a journey of purpose into England to

see and enjoy More's acquaintance and familiarity. He who conducted him in his passage, procured that More and he should first meet at the Lord Mayor's table, neither of them knowing each other. At dinner they chanced to fall into argument, but Erasmus, perceiving that he was now to argue with a readier wit than ever he had before met withal, broke forth into these words:—*'Aut tu es Morus aut nullus.'* Whereto Sir Thomas readily replied:—*'Aut tu es Erasmus aut diabolus,'* because Erasmus delighted to find fault with all sorts of clergymen.

"Erasmus writeth:—*'More hath built near London, upon the Thames side, to wit, at "Chelsey," a commodious house, not mean, yet magnificent enough; there is not any man living so loving to his children as he.'*

"Whilst Erasmus was in England, Sir Thomas used him most courteously, doing many offices of a dear friend for him, as well by his word as his purse; and Erasmus ever after spoke and wrote upon all occasions in his praise.

"One of the *'attornies,'* whose name was Tubbe, brought unto Sir Thomas the cause of his client; More reading it, and finding it a matter frivolous, he added, instead of his name thereto, these words:—*'A tale of a Tubbe,'* for which the attorney, going away as he thought, with Sir Thomas's name unto it, found, when his client read it, to be only a jest.

"On the Sundays, even when he was Lord Chancellor, he wore a surplice and sang with the singers in his parish church of Chelsey; which the Duke of Norfolk finding, said:—*'My Lord Chancellor, you disgrace the King and your office.'* *'Nay,'* said Sir Thomas, smilingly, *'your grace may not think I dishonour my prince in my dutifulness to his Lord and ours.'*

"A debtor bade More remember that he should die, and then he should have little use of money, adding the sentence in Latin, to please Sir Thomas the more:—

‘Memento morieris;’ whereto readily Sir Thomas said:—‘Methinks you put yourself in mind of your duty herein saying:—“Memento Mori æris”—remember More’s money.’

“Cardinal Wolsey obtained leave of the Pope to dissolve certain small abbeys for the building and maintenance of his great college of Christ Church in Oxford, which was formerly called Canterbury College.

“Sir Thomas More determined, by the advice of his father, to be a married man. There was one Mr. John Colt, of New Hall, Essex, who proffered unto him the choice of any of his daughters, whose sweet conversation and virtuous education enticed Sir Thomas not a little. And although his affection most served him to the second, yet when he thought with himself that it would be a grief and some blemish to the eldest to have the younger sister preferred before her, he, out of a kind compassion, settled his fancy upon the eldest, and soon after married her with all her friends’ good-liking.” [!]

[He sighed as a lover and obeyed as a philosopher.]

“Now, when children began to grow fast upon him, for his wife (whose name was Jane), as long as she lived, which was but some six years, brought unto him almost every year a child, for whose maintenance he applied himself busily to the practice of the law.”

The biographer is somewhat confused between the fancy of Sir Thomas More and the actual truths discovered at the time, as will be seen from the following paragraph:—

“But the book that carrieth the prize of all his Latin works of witty invention is his ‘Utopia.’ Many great learned men, as Budæus and others, upon a fervent zeal, wished that some excellent divines might be sent thither to preach Christ’s Gospel; yea, there were learned divines here among us at home very desirous to undertake the voyage!

“This said ‘jolly’ invention of Sir Thomas More seemed to bear a good countenance of truth, because many strange

countries were discovered about the same time—especially by the navigation of the wonderful ship, *Victoria*, that sailed the world about; whence it was found that ships sailed bottom to bottom, and that there be antipodes, which Lactantius and others do flatly deny, laughing them to scorn that so did write.”

[Sir T. More, born at his father’s house, in Milk Street, London, in 1480. Murdered by a tyrant, July 6, 1535.]

In ancient times learned wayfarers like Erasmus and others were often not merely teachers but preachers. The pulpit duty was undertaken not in obscure places, but on great and significant occasions. We may doubt the propriety of reviving this principle in our more exacting days; yet in Burckhardt’s valuable work we are reminded that formerly the custom was undoubtedly maintained.

In the admirable volumes, to which we have just alluded, there is much to interest and astonish the reader with respect to the “Renaissance” period and the changes in Church and State. The following quotation refers to the subject of lay preaching:—

“At the court of Borso of Ferrard, the Duke’s physician, Jeronimo da Castello, was chosen to deliver the congratulatory address on the visits of Frederick III. and of Pius II. Married laymen ascended the pulpits of the churches at any scene of festivity or mourning, and even on the feast days of the saints. It struck the non-Italian members of the Council of Basel as something strange that the Archbishop of Milan should summon Æneas Sylvius, who was then unordained, to deliver a public discourse at the feast of Saint Ambrogius; but they suffered it in spite of the murmurs of the Theologians, and listened to the speaker with the greatest curiosity.”

Clergymen, like other public characters, do not escape severe and frequent criticism, but most of us probably think that our list of desirable lay preachers would be an exceedingly small one.

How many laymen could we find gifted with the sober

eloquence of a Max Müller or Sir Charles Lyell? If a few clerics are given to vagaries and changes of opinion, we have no guarantee that laymen would prove to be unmoved by transient surrounding influences.

In science it is interesting to note the attractive force exerted on contemporary minds by their neighbours, after the manner of planetary bodies. Consider the case of men like Sedgwick, Lyell, and Darwin. Sedgwick for many years was looked upon as a teacher of heretical doctrines. He often begged his lady auditors not to write anonymous letters, as they produced no effect whatever upon him.

He believed for a time in "catastrophes," that is to say, "Nature was formerly more violent in her action than at present." Lyell believed that the present forces of nature were sufficient to account for the vast upheavals as manifested on and near the earth's surface. The learned specialists must investigate and decide for us these questions.

I recollect relating an incident, derived from a naval lieutenant, to the effect that he had seen on the summit of a hill three hundred feet high, an anchor half buried in the earth, and where it was impossible to drag it up the precipitous cliff. My hearers were sceptical, and responded with a laugh. A few weeks later, a cliff was suddenly projected upwards on the South American coast to the height of seventy or eighty feet. My social auditors had inquired somewhat derisively, "Was your anchor a 'Trotman?'" thereby implying that modern upheavals were utterly unknown.

Sedgwick was gradually drawn away from the "catastrophic" theory in his later years, and Lyell seemed to make out a very strong case during his patient investigations.

Again, while Lyell pursued his bold and independent course, and attracted many admiring disciples, he, in his turn, shrank for a long time from accepting Darwin's startling statements; but latterly Lyell seemed to yield

in this particular, and appeared gradually to admit the soundness of Darwin's views.

Thus, whether we look to laymen or clergymen as our guides, we perceive that most of them are insensibly influenced by changes of thought, and the results of varied experience. Certainly, in England we are so accustomed to routine and separate studies, that the wisest intruders would be rarely acceptable, and would be equally subject to continuous criticism. Until we can perceive a general acquiescence among scientific men, and a public desire for their assistance in our pulpits, we may perhaps think it wise to separate our departments and to render unto Cæsars, preachers, artists, and scientists their customary dues in their own special branches of knowledge.

When Buckland, Sedgwick, Hook, Thirlwall, and several others were cathedral dignitaries, the high clerical officials were rather thoughtlessly attacked; and when it was proposed to abolish certain offices, the objectors were startled by the unexpected question: "Do you happen to know that our Deans are the cleverest men in England?" If this delightful alliance of religion and science should be carefully preserved, the nation would probably be content to listen and learn from those fearless men who combine the courage of investigators with the decorum of clergymen.

On the other hand, if our prominent dignitaries should cease to possess these combined powers of reconciling science with religion and degenerate into mere worldly partisans and sectarians, it is highly probable that certain high offices will speedily be swept away.

Professor Walmisley possessed a happy and ingenuous disposition, and he was frank and unpretending to a remarkable degree. In 1853 I had occasion to pass through Cambridge, and having an hour or two on my hands, I naturally strolled into Trinity Court. Happy coincidence! It was a "Saint's Day," or "Surplice Night." There was

Walmisley, modestly confident as ever, playing with the greatest coolness, and enjoying the music, just like a wandering amateur. No Wesley-like anxiety ever disturbed his tranquil, hopeful mind.

At the very last "Amen" he invited me to play the concluding voluntary. But where were the organ books? The people were moving. What was to be done? Down went a pedal as a stop-gap, while my hands turned over a number of pages. All this did not tend to tranquilize a young stranger. Not finding what I wanted, I dashed into Bach's fugue in D major:—"D, E, F, E; D," &c. "What," said Walmisley, "are you going to play *that*?" I replied quietly, "I am going to try." When I had finished the Professor broke into a merry, boyish laugh, and with the most delightful frankness said:—"Well, *that* has never been played here before!"

Now he was fully entitled to express an opinion, as he had introduced a pedal board of sufficient compass; and before his time Bach's music could not have been performed on a set of old, clumsy and limited G pedals. Little did I think that I should no more see that kindly, cheery face, as he was then in the very prime of life, yet destined only to live two or three more years in his pleasant, easy going fashion. Peace be with him. He sleeps at Hastings, near to the grave of another Cambridge Professor—Schofield.

CHAPTER LII.

A Remarkable Letter—An Admission of Error—Unfair Competition—Mill's Statements Misquoted—Mr. George Potter—His Remonstrances—The Sugar Question—Mr. Blaine's Frank Opinions—Mr. W. J. Harris, M.P.—Hasty Treaties with Foreigners—Approaching Termination—Proposed Revision.

WHEN in my "Memoirs" I referred to the taxation of silk and other luxuries, I was in possession of a remarkable document, the sight of which will astonish many who have not deeply considered the subject.

The name of the writer is unknown to me, but I venture to think that the importance of the communication will not be questioned. Want of space alone prevented its insertion on a former occasion.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'MANCHESTER COURIER.'

"SIR,—I enclose a verbatim copy of the memorial presented by the Manchester silk manufacturers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852.

"If you think proper to publish it, I have no doubt it will be interesting to many who are, or have been, connected with the silk trade. I venture to say that no class of men ever did a more unwise act.

"At that period from 20,000 to 25,000 people were engaged in this business within a radius of 15 miles of

Manchester, and I question if 2,000 are occupied at the present time in the silk trade.

“Yours, etc.,

“ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

“May 23, 1881.

“P.S.—There are only seven of the below-mentioned firms in existence, and six out of the seven have to resort to mixed goods in order to keep a portion of their looms going.”

“A memorial from the Silk Manufacturers of Manchester to the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer, etc., etc.

“This memorial sheweth,—That your memorialists are manufacturers of broad silks in Manchester; that the trade they are engaged in is in a depressed state; that their workpeople are not fully employed, and that this branch of manufacture has been almost stationary for a period of ten years at least, whilst every other branch of textile manufacture has largely increased; that they consider the depression and non-extension of their trade to be owing chiefly to the limited nature of the foreign demand for their goods, and your memorialists are of opinion that this is attributable to the protective duty imposed on foreign silk goods imported into this country, the effect of such protective duty being to create an impression in the markets of the world that England is unable to compete with the continental manufacturers in the production of silk goods, and thus to throw the export trade almost entirely into the hands of their French and Swiss competitors; that in the opinion of your memorialists, however necessary protection may have been at a former period, it is now positively injurious to them, and they feel that it cannot under any Government or under any circumstances long be maintained.

“Your memorialists, therefore, pray that you will be pleased to relieve them by repealing the duty on foreign

silk goods, not partially and gradually, but totally and immediately, and thus proclaim to the world that the Manchester silk manufacturer denounces the so-called protection and every aid a Government can give, that he is prepared to depend solely on his own merit, and that he avows himself capable of taking a higher position in the race of competition, unfettered by protection, than he has hitherto attained under its fostering care.

“Signed—

“Harrop, Taylor, and Pearson, Hilton and Castree, Makin and Walker, E. R. Le Mare, Booth, Leigh, and Co., Charles Hilton, Thomas Molineaux and Co., F. and E. D. Toas, Milsome and Clarke, Thomas Lomas, Brotherton and Dobson, Winkworth and Proctors, Luke Smith, Norbury and Bindloss, Thomas Brown and Son, James Bentley, William Summer-skill, Thomas Ainsworth, James Garner, Peter Joynson, John Chadwick, Benjamin Syddall, John Ashworth, Clough and Meadows, Hobday and Swanwick, Henry Coop and Son.

“Manchester, 10th November, 1852.”

A statement like the above brings us down from the cloudland of fancy to the region of fact, and certainly appears to deserve our most serious consideration. In support of a “Victim’s” views, I publish the following:—

“I have long maintained that free trade was not a simple question to be dismissed by a ‘yes’ or ‘no’ in a theoretical paragraph. While we tax tea, coffee, wine, and tobacco, we cannot claim a monopoly of free trade virtue. Would the Government allow tobacco to be grown in Ireland? J. S. Mill says you may tax silk as a luxury. Adam Smith says you may retaliate in order to enforce real free trade.

“Let us admit that necessities cannot now be taxed, because we foolishly trusted foreigners without taking securities for fair behaviour, and it is now too late to try

experiments on millions of men. Beyond these limits we can propose counter schemes. For instance, levy a tax on foreign silks. Admit raw silk freely. Our supply would not depend upon European caprice.

“In case of foreign concessions the capital invested, if disturbed, would not be destroyed, as we could either continue the just competition, or provide compensating outlets by reciprocal freedom.

“Is a man to be condemned in costs to pay an account without putting in his counter claims? Would it be nothing to revive Macclesfield, Coventry, Derby, and Spitalfields; to employ our capital and support our workmen?

“Our suffering farmers would not be greatly injured, as there would be a fair competition in England, and we should all benefit by a revival of trade. The hostile flag might be lowered before a Bill could pass, and thus we should accomplish what theorists desire.

“I admire the spirit of our Bradford ‘commercial abstainers,’ but I fear that two or three traitors might annoy the camp. A national act would doubtless be more effective.

[It was proposed to abstain from buying foreign silk goods.]

“Like the fable of the boy in a cherry tree, we have pelted him long enough with hopeful ‘soft sawder;’ we must now use the stones of force and retaliation.”

Mr. Wardle, in his valuable “Report on the Silk Trade,” sketches its history from 1564, in Norwich, Dublin, and Spitalfields. He also embodies many interesting facts in a tabulated statement showing the past and present condition of the English silk centres, which are Congleton, Coventry, Derby, Leek, London, Macclesfield, Manchester, Middleton, and Nottingham. The statement is comprehensive, and its revelations are significant. It shows, for instance, that the decline of this important branch of British industry has been directly

due to three main causes: free trade, indifference of manufacturers to the artistic and scientific technics of their business, and strikes.

A few facts will show how enormous the decadence has been. "The trade was introduced into Congleton in 1752. In 1859 there were 40 silk-throwsters in Congleton and district; now there are only 12, with 'about three-fourths of their machinery employed.' In 1884 only 1,530 operatives were employed, as against 5,186 in 1860. The trade at Coventry dates from the beginning of the last century. In 1861 40,600 people were dependent on the ribbon trade, in which not more than a fourth of that number are now engaged; whilst the number of power-looms at work has decreased from 1,800 in 1860 to about 600 at the date of the report.

"At Derby the number of operatives has decreased from 6,650 in the best period of the trade (1844 to 1854) to 2,400 at the present time; in London (including Spitalfields) from 60,000 in 1825 to 'nearly 4,000' now; at Middleton from 'probably 5,000' (most of whom were weavers) in 1850 to about 400 now. In 1825 London boasted as many as 24,000 looms; it has now about 1,200.

"In short, the silk industries of England, with the exception of one or two specialities—such as the sewing silk of Leek and the silk lace and hosiery of Nottingham—have fallen from a very prosperous and honourable to a very insignificant and struggling position. Whatever the general advantages of free trade may have been, it is certain that its adoption had a disastrous effect on certain industries, and perhaps on none more than the manufacture of silk."

Doubtless the severe and long-continued depression to which we have been subject will be the means of drawing closer attention to the questions of confederation with our colonies, bounty-paid sugar production, and our often unjust conditions of trade with foreign countries generally.

Certainly, with our enormous expenditure, statesmen will be compelled ere long to consider whether those who contribute nothing to our taxes are to override our own countrymen, upon whom fall the great and increasing national burdens.

An English manufacturer writes in *The Times*:—"I am the manufacturer of an article which is produced largely in this country, and also very largely on the Continent, and my brother is a London merchant importing from the Continent the very same sort of article which I manufacture. My manufactory is rated very high for the support of the poor and other so-called local rates, and all my workpeople live in houses highly-taxed, and those workpeople also pay very high imperial taxes. I say nothing about the taxes which I myself pay on my house in which I reside or the imperial taxes I pay, because my brother lives in an equally good house and spends as much as I do, and therefore his personal taxation just counterbalances mine. When my article is manufactured it goes into a warehouse, and has to be disposed of to the home trade. Now, my brother when he imports his articles from France puts them into warehouse, and also has to look out for buyers as I have. But what I complain of is that the articles which my brother introduces into this country have not contributed one penny piece either to our local taxation or our imperial taxation. The ships which brought it over are not taxed, and the men who work those ships live free from local rates and imperial taxes, and yet my brother with his articles in warehouse at the wharf is quite on a par with me when I have my articles in warehouse. Up to that point I and my people have paid a vast amount of local and imperial taxation, and my brother has not paid one penny. I ask, sir, is this fair trade? and I hope Mr. Giffen or some other of your clever correspondents will answer the question."

As I before pointed out, the names of distinguished political economists have been quoted in support of

doctrines to which they were distinctly opposed. Few men would dare to be so unpatriotic as to suggest that trades should be extinguished, unless the operatives could be more profitably employed in other directions. Here is another contribution to the subject:—

“Certain speakers quote the United States and France, the latter especially, as showing a decline both in exports and imports. It would be a mistake to deny that at present depression is general. But, as Lord Dunraven, in his exhaustive and exact speech in the House of Lords, suggested, there are special reasons in the case of most foreign countries which do not affect us. Thus France can hardly be said to have yet recovered from the effects and debts of the late war.

“The commerce of the United States, in spite of its growth, is still too much affected by artificial and stock exchange operations to have its natural swing; and on the other hand, in the militant countries, such as Germany and Austria, depression hardly exists. Thus, in spite of all that can be said, it seems to be established that the position of England, both as to increase and depression of trade, is like her economical position, exceptional amongst nations.

“Mr. Giffen has latterly defended the extraordinary position that for the greater efficiency of our labour in the future less should be employed in agriculture and mining, and that foreign manufactures should increase. This, of course, is based on *à priori* principles.

“No doubt it is to be desired that every form of manufacture should be produced in that country which can produce it most cheaply, and that to this end, industries should change from one country to another as the power of cheapening their production changes. But this is *only beneficial* to all nations concerned, if that nation which is deserted by an industry has power and scope for *re-employing the capital* and labour thus set free. It is the whole assumption of the free trade argument, it is the

first principle of Mill, and the basis of Mr. Giffen's present contention, that this should be so. If it is not, and it requires no proof to show that in the England of to-day there is no such scope for capital and labour thus unemployed, then the increase of manufactures abroad is not to our interest, but quite the reverse."

Mr. George Potter, President of the London Working Men's Association, writes:—

"I am convinced that the time has now come for a sound, impartial, and thorough inquiry into the subject. It should be remembered that out of a population of 26,000,000 in England and Wales about 8,000,000 persons are directly dependent on productive industry. The remaining 18,000,000 care but little from what source their food, clothing, and other comforts come so long as they can get them cheap. This is not only selfish, but extremely short-sighted. We, however, must look at things as they are.

"But it is simply mocking the common sense of these 8,000,000 producers to tell them, as they are now being told, that they are all the better off for the bread being taken out of their mouths and put into the mouths of foreign workmen. It seems to me a matter of vital importance that these 8,000,000 working men should find a voice in the matter, and that their view of the labour question should be brought before the country by some means or other.

"Let it here be mentioned that in the coal trade alone the loss to owners and producers on the yield of 1882 by the reduction of price in 10 years is not less than £78,000,000, and metallurgic, textile, and agricultural industries all tell the same tale. To expect this state of things to redress itself is like whistling for the moon.

"I advocate imperial federation as a relief from our industrial depression. Why should England not amalgamate with her colonies and dependencies in one vast free trade, and protect ourselves from other countries? Foreign

countries are doing this to us now. We could command everything we require in our own Empire, and imperial federation would be equally advantageous to our colonies as ourselves.

“Our colonies have had and do now require our money to open up their countries, and also our protection. In return for this we could have that foreign trade through them we require, and by so doing keep our wealth in our own Empire. There would be ample competition in this country, so that our colonies would obtain manufactured articles as cheap at home as going elsewhere for them.

“The principles of free trade were discussed a few days ago at a co-operative meeting in Manchester, at which Mr. Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (*‘Tom Brown’s School Days’*) was present, and in acknowledging a gift of £2,000, presented to him for his long and useful services in the cause of co-operation, said :—

“‘England was still at the head of the nations in commercial and manufacturing industry. How long did they think she would remain so if commerce and industry continued in the old grooves? To him it seemed that the critical time, the parting of the ways finally, had come.

“‘Often before within living memory there had been times of depression and stagnation in trade, but never anything like that of the present time. One universal cry of distress was going up from every great trade and industry in the land. And what was that cry? Surely, the strangest that ever went up from any great trading community till now—“Too much corn,” “too much sugar,” “too much cotton,” “too much labour,” too much, in short, of every species of wealth; and yet merchants and manufacturers were being ruined, while two-thirds, at least, of our people were underfed, badly clothed, and miserably housed.

“‘Did anyone believe that this could last? How had this come about, and what was the remedy? Free com-

petition had been proclaimed as the sole adjuster of supply and demand—the semi-sacred law of trade—and so every man's hand had been against his neighbour until the keenest and least scrupulous, instead of the wisest and most upright, of men had come to the front, and got to the front of almost every branch of industry and trade. He did not say that the time had actually come when an honest and scrupulous man could not live by trade, but it was not far off.' ”

Foreign politicians show no signs of becoming converted to our hopeful views with regard to universal free trade.

In October, 1884, Mr. Blaine spoke as follows in Indiana :—

“The struggle in all human society is first for bread. Food and clothing are the primary elements of human society, the primary elements of human progress, and to secure this you must put people in the way of earning good wages. The beginning and end of wise legislation is to give every man a fair and equal chance. What agency will best accomplish that? What legislation will most tend to that end? Certainly it will not tend to that end to throw open our ports and say, send ye all here your fabrics to compete with our own people, who are just opening their shops and building their factories, for if you do you cannot spin a wheel or turn a lathe in these factories at home unless you can get your labour at the European prices. All legislation of a protective character is and must be for the benefit of labour, because labour is the principal element in the cost of the fabric, hence if there be any man who is pre-eminently and above all others interested in the tariff it is the labouring man.”

The sugar-growing question is also of great importance, and the startling decadence caused by iniquitous bounties or bribes has occasioned a fearful amount of suffering among thousands of our fellow subjects.

In the sugar trade it is calculated that 51,000 English workmen are thrown out of employment, and that in the

West Indian colonies a capital of £30,000,000, giving employment to 500,000 people, represents practically a dead loss. The price of sugar, which never previously fell below 17s., is now 11s.

Mr. W. J. Harris, M.P., has also expressed his opinions on these matters in decided and forcible language. In fact, from a number of writers, we may conclude that a growing conviction exists in the minds of thinkers of every shade of opinion that we have been beguiled and hoodwinked by theorists and visionaries. Mr. W. J. Harris says :—

“The American and colonial corn-growers are at the present time suffering, to some extent, like ourselves, but not so severely. The taxation incident to agriculture in the United States for all purposes is not much more than one-fourth part of our own, and in our colonies it is even less.

“The fact is we have thrown away our powers in the most lavish manner in these commercial treaties, but, most fortunately for us, they have nearly all reached the date when, by giving twelve months’ notice, we can terminate them. I believe it to be of the utmost importance for the Empire that our freedom of action should be at once regained. The future prospect is gloomy in the extreme under the present system. Our colonies, which have cost us the blood and treasure of generations, ought to be our first consideration, and while according to other countries a fair reciprocal treatment, we have no need to study the susceptibility of any of them, seeing that they have never studied ours.”

We may hope that our old character for plain common-sense will be once more established, and that fair, defensive measures will avert further disasters.

Colonel Shaw, American consul in Manchester, lately wrote to his Government :—

“I called attention in a former report to what I believed then was threatened, viz., a sentiment growing up here in

favour of so-called fair trade *versus* free trade. I still look for a revival of this not improbable phase of public sentiment in this country.

“Many things favoured the establishment of free trade in England in Cobden’s day, and peculiarly exceptional conditions have arisen from time to time since to foster the industries so favoured by wars and foreign policies through many years. During the past decade, however, a change has come over the situation.”

“A well-known Lancashire gentleman made an extended tour through the United States. He visited scores of mills, and the result of his observations may be summed up in the brief statement that if the United States were to abolish the duty on cotton goods, England would shut up every one of their cotton mills in less than two years.”

The United Statesman candidly continues :—“The refreshing frankness of this declaration is delightful. To American capitalists who are now aiding to extend our manufactures this will be interesting reading. All that is necessary for us to be swept from the field is to allow English manufactures free entry to our markets. This, it is held, will benefit English manufactures and ruin American home industries. To change our tariff in view of this state of things would be about as wise as would be the act of a man who ordered his head chopped off to cure the toothache.”

It is clear from the foregoing considerations that we must rely upon ourselves for our future policy, as foreigners in both hemispheres will certainly continue to think first of *self-preservation*.

CHAPTER LIII.

Consideration for Ladies—Exclusion of the Male Sex—Editorial Confidences—A Strange Prophecy—Spirit Rappers—Their Wonderful Self-Negation—Operatic Compliments—Stock-in-Trade—Buttons and Matrimony—Ladies in Command—A Nobleman's Opinion—Results of Refinement—"Improvements" in Poetry and Music—Unexceptionable Glees.

ALTHOUGH the questions we have been lately considering affect, directly or indirectly, nearly every household in the country, and are therefore worthy of much masculine consideration, we are, on the other hand, reminded significantly that for a considerable time we have overlooked the fairer portion of humanity in a work intended for general perusal.

As we know from long and profound investigation that the sterner sex "invariably" ignore anything like light reading, fragmentary gossip, and all the other forms of information which extend from ballads to button-holes or from joint stocks to stockings, we hereby sternly warn off all the said learned and strong-minded males from the ensuing elastic premises, whether logical or otherwise, at the same time informing them that while, in obedience to St. Paul's commands, we have no wish to advocate uncanonical "teaching" or the delivery of ladies' opinions ex-cathedrà, we see no valid reason why, at least in books, they should not have occasionally a "chapter" of their own.

Relying upon the entire absence of curiosity on the part of the male sex, we shall proceed to take the ladies into a kind of Addisonian confidence (supported, as we

shall be, by a number of costly half-crown advocates or affidavits), and minutely relate a number of details suitable for our recreation after so many serious and exhausting cogitations. It is understood that "honourable" members will in no case intrude upon us.

Previous to the startling events of 1870 a quaintly prophetic paragraph appeared in *Once a Week*:—

"Figures are said to be incontestable; and, perhaps, that is one of the reasons why prophecy flies so much to arithmetic. Some of these calculations are well-known; and here is the latest of the kind. What is wanted is to determine the date when the Imperial rule shall end in France.

"Let us go back, then, to the reign of Louis Philippe for facts which may help us in the calculation. Louis Philippe ascended the throne in 1830. If we take that as a fixed point, we shall find that by adding to it certain numbers, the result will give the year 1848, when the reign of the Orleans family came to an end. Thus, Louis Philippe was born in 1773. The ciphers of this date added together make 18; and, if you add 18 to 1830, it brings us precisely to 1848. Again, his queen was born in 1782. The ciphers of the date added together make 18; and 18 added to 1830 makes 1848.

"Or once again, the king and queen were married in 1809. The ciphers of this year also make 18; and, if we treat this amount as before, it will yield the same result. Now let us proceed in the same fashion to deal with the empire. It was proclaimed in 1852. The emperor was born in 1808. If we add the ciphers of the latter date together, and add the result to the date of 1852, we obtain the figures 1869. Again, the empress was born in 1826. Proceed as before, and the result is 1869. The emperor and the empress were married in 1853. Still repeat the calculation, and the result is 1869.

"Last of all, take the date of the revolution, 1848. Manipulate its figures in the same fashion as the others—

the sum total is 21; and this added to 1848 makes 1869. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, that the empire will come to an end in 1869?"—*Once a Week*, 1868.

This was certainly a remarkable combination of figures and facts.

Although we declare our full confession of faith in Mother Shipton and Moore's Melodious Almanack, we hope that our readers will not deem us unduly cynical if we point out one prophetic difficulty which has always puzzled us exceedingly with regard to spiritual "communications."

In fact, so deeply has this "spiritual" scepticism impressed us that we have learnt to regard spirit-rapping prophets, who have not become millionaires, as either the humblest or the most mistaken of mankind.

That men who have instructed such "numbers" of their fellows should never have consulted the convenience of Number One, must ever remain a mystery to the simple and uninitiated, who will never cease to wonder that those who have "rapped out" so many secrets in order to benefit the world should not have condescended to reserve at least a "rap" for themselves. People now begin to doubt whether they can see much further into the Millstone of the Future than other individuals.

The custom of passing the "Compliments of the Season" has grown somewhat out of fashion during the last few years. The habit, however, is continued in Transatlantic circles, as we shall presently discover, in the form of a "triangular duel" of the Uneasy School. We have often had occasion to note that "sentiments" which had become obsolete in ordinary converse were allowed to appear on the "surface" of theatrical life.

Here is a strange report of an acute tricycle match:—"Positive: Neilsson says that Patti's voice holds out remarkably well for a woman of her age! Comparative: Patti only hopes that she may be able to sing as well as

Neilsson when she is as old! Superlative: Gerster remembers the pleasure both these singers gave her when she was a little girl!—American paper.”

A study of these stage bouquets will at once convince the reader that comparisons are sometimes odorous.

The actor's stock-in-trade is said to include many peculiar and mysterious appendages, unknown to ordinary members of society. In the old school-boy days of mangled latinity it used to be said that “Necessity has no legs;” but, in spite of Mrs. Stirling's modest and womanly remonstrances, we fear that many mothers of invention have felt compelled to admit an exaggerated view of the subject with (or without) respect to their daughters, in obedience to at least a questionable form of taste. Granted, however, the “necessity” aforesaid, the adornment of “hose-piping” follows as a natural consequence.

“Stockings,” says an American actress, “form one of the chief objects of expense to an actress nowadays. You know, we would not wear anything but silk of the best quality and make, and they are always splendidly embroidered. They cost all the way from five dollars to thirty dollars a pair, and one does not think anything of going through twenty-five pairs in a season. You see, one desires to have plenty of changes, and, besides, they soil easily.

“Théo told me the other day that she has ninety-six pairs of silk hose, and she is constantly adding to the number. She has a special trunk, padded and lined with satin, to keep them in. Some of them are beautifully painted, and on the instep of one pair, Breton, the famous French artist, has lined two beautiful faces.

“Minnie Palmer probably has the largest collection of stockings of any American actresses. She always has her eyes open for new beauties. She told me that she had found some gems in a French house in London. She goes in very strongly for stripes and embroidery. Lotta also

has a fine collection. She is rather thrifty, however, and her possessions represent rather the natural accumulations of time than an ardent love for the beautiful. She prefers pale-blue and salmon.

"Then there is Lilian Russell. She has a passion for handsome hose. But, bless me! what *outré* colours and designs she takes up. Sara Jewett loves brightness and poesy, and her stockings are usually pale pink or ciel azure, and made more lovely by painted birds'-heads or flocks of butterflies. Eleanor Carey has a refined and demure taste. She will only have blacks, browns, greys, or mauves, with perhaps pink or silver thread clocks.

"Mrs. Florence will wear only lisle-thread stockings, white or brown in colour. Mdme. Janaushek's tastes are still more singular. Her stockings are thick, heavy woollen things, that she knits herself between the acts of her plays or while she is riding on railroad cars."

Here is another subject which deeply concerns the ladies. We recollect reading a Bow Street report of a "miserable" who had most imprudently married a woman whom he found to be utterly "insupportable."

"Why were you guilty of such an enormity?" asked the magistrate, sternly.

The unhappy one could only ejaculate—"Buttons!"

Who knows whether the neglected and unprotected female might not have button-holed her desponding mate into a more reasonable condition, reminding him of the hopeful days of promises and romance, when it was fondly hoped that all troubles would cease if the two were made one.

A Manchester paper states:—

"An important improvement in sewing machines, which will prove of the greatest utility, is now on view at 2, Cooper Street, in this city. It is a button-hole attachment, invented by Mr. Isidor Nasch, a German gentleman, and as it will make and finish a button-hole in half a minute as perfectly as it can be done by hand—whilst by

hand labour the same work would take nearly eight minutes—the gain in time is something extraordinary.

“The button-hole apparatus can be affixed to the head of any existing sewing machine, and its mode of use may be learned in half-an-hour by those who are accustomed to a sewing machine. The raising of a lever is all that is needed to put the attachment in work, and by turning down the lever the button-hole stitch ceases.

“The attachment can also be used for embroidering, and in edge stitching it far surpasses hand labour. As the cost of the attachment will be moderate, it is certain to come into general use by all who own sewing machines.”

We have not seen the sewing machine in question, and must therefore leave its merits to be decided by the ladies.

We now come to consider one especial gift appertaining to the fair sex, namely, their unmistakable power of romantic inventiveness. As their art of life often consists in concealing their art and emotions, such being the laws and conditions of society, it is no wonder that they should have constructed a world peculiar to themselves.

Of late years we have certainly witnessed the development of many powerful female minds, who have led us by the thread of genius into numberless enchanted islands of vivid imagination. It is soothing to us poor males to note that our free and independent Shirleys and George Eliots *do* sometimes admit their delight “in having a stronger being to shelter and watch over one.”

Concerning these relations of the sexes, Lord Salisbury once said that ladies were nominally in subjection, but virtually in command. It is a consolation to think that these playful remarks are generally made by men who are not very great sufferers, and who would not willingly exchange the “pains of marriage” for pleasureless celibacy.

But why should we not once more try the very old “matriarchal” system? Unfortunately the “strongest” dames actually, in their heart of hearts, dislike very much

that dreadful word "responsibility." Still, the change would be a great relief to many overburdened men.

What a delightful thought, to be only deputy care-master !

Of course our music and literature would have to be refined and "improved." Steps have actually been taken in this direction. I have positively seen an engraved music-book containing the following and several other "varnished" glees :—

"Life's a 'vapour,' filled by Fate," and

"How should we mortals spend our days? In thinking!"—instead of "drinking!"

These are, indeed, hopeful signs, which induce us to believe that we may yet see Mynheer Van Dunk converted into a kind of reformed Bacchus, wearing a moral and appropriate evening dress. For instance, a well-known glee would appear as follows :—

Mynheer Van D., though he always took tea, etc.

Mark well the "etc."

Again, the German glees make dreadful allusions to nymphs, shepherdesses, and even sly impressions on the cheek, which it does not become me to name more particularly. But one movement of a solemn magician's wand would transform "happy nymphs and swains" into genteel and austere members of society. Here is a suggested "renovation" :—

Woman's rights are now re-chur-ur-ur-ning,

Of ambition's train she is in the "van;"

And from out her "leafy treasures"

She tears a cheque for her dear man.

Every little maid grows bolder,

Gentler every gentleman.

In fact, Utopia would at last become a great and established fact.

CHAPTER LIV.

A Grand Service at St. Paul's—Dr. Wesley's Music—Gauntlett's Criticism—Remarkable Imitations—Free Church Hymns—Old and New Tastes—A Bishop on Hymns—Their Influence—Sir G. A. Macfarren's Opinions—Sacred and Secular Sources—Rousseau's Dream—Its Origin—Misplaced Selections—Rowland Hill and Diabolical Music.

WHEN an imposing choral service was celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral on the recovery of the Prince of Wales, Dr. S. S. Wesley composed a hymn-tune for the occasion. The doctor's "candid" friend Gauntlett was, as usual, on the watch, and he favoured the world with a number of his sarcastic observations.

It has been confidently said that no man was ever written down except by himself. The word "ultimately" might have been inserted in the dictum, as we have known many men and things unduly exalted or depressed for a time by the power of unscrupulous and irresponsible writers. Numerous instances will occur to the reader's mind.

Certainly, Gauntlett was always ready with his bitter certificates, intended for others, but which often recoiled upon himself. Few have surpassed him in the art of making personal enemies and in his aptitude for descending in public estimation.

At one time he declared that he had received strictly private instruction from a German musical "necromancer," under the bond of an oath of secrecy! I happen to know

that he lent one of these mysterious manuscripts to a lady. A few months after receiving the precious volume the lady proposed to return the secret treasure, when her musical faith was considerably shaken by the oracle's reply:—

“Oh! it is of no consequence. I have now another theory to work upon!”

As Gauntlett's criticism on Wesley's hymn-tune excited a certain amount of interest and led to a public correspondence on the subject, I addressed the following letter to the *Manchester Guardian*, pointing out several strange and unlooked for coincidences:—

“THE THANKSGIVING HYMN-TUNE.

“SIR,—When I read Dr. Gauntlett's letter I took no notice of it, because the difficulty would be to find modern psalm-tunes which were not more or less secular. Little did I think, however, that the offender was our best cathedral musician. I am sure that no one would deplore the occurrence more than this strict and conscientious writer.

“Strange to say, on this occasion he happens to sin in very good company; your readers shall be the judges. When *Elijah* was first rehearsed at Birmingham, Mendelssohn paused before one piece, stating that he proposed to omit the next number, as his friends had told him it was too much like ‘Auld Robin Gray.’

“The most splendid jury in the world, after playing the piece, would hear of no such omission, or we might have lost for ever no other than the lovely ‘O rest in the Lord.’ Thus, two of the noblest men are alleged to have split upon the same rock. In Dr. Wesley's case I can only suppose that he performed the task by request, without feeling very particular interest in it.

“The most common phrase to be found is that of ‘Non nobis,’ in the ‘Hallelujah’ Chorus, and fifty other places;

say 1,2,3,4,4,3,2,1. Next to this comes the form 1,3,5,8, and back again home, after certain varied forms of loitering, as you find in ‘Rockingham,’ the ‘Andante, Mendelssohn’s sixth organ sonata,’ and the above cases, with several others. I had formerly compared several quaint resemblances with Dr. Wesley, such as ‘Merrily danced the Quaker’ and ‘How lovely are the Messengers,’ etc., which are as strange as they are unintentional.

“On such a great public occasion, it was indeed to be wished that only noble national music should be used, especially when we are deluged with wretched and intentional adaptations from vulgar and secular sources.

“Certainly, Mendelssohn and Wesley would have cut off their right hands rather than knowingly create such a world-wide and deplorable scandal. I cannot find the tune in my edition, and therefore I can neither endorse nor dispute the statement.

“February 27, 1871.”

Amateurs should compare the tune “Rockingham” with “O rest in the Lord.”

While there are many grand hymns which we could ill afford to lose, it must be admitted that a large number are open to objection. Here are a few comments on the question:—

“The Free Church Assembly has been greatly exercised on the matter of psalmody. It does not approve of ‘human hymns.’ Not that it prefers inhuman hymns, but it thinks that human compositions are not to be tolerated in divine worship.

“Were not Wesley and Lyte, Toplady and Keble, Doddridge and Ken, mere sinful men? So the Kirk must fall back upon David, who, as we all know, was sinless, especially just before he wrote the 51st Psalm. But the funny thing is that the Assembly does not like to have the Psalms in the prose version—that is, the version nearest the

original—for that would lead to the prelatical and Popish habit of chanting, which is altogether abominable, though it is true David and Asaph wrote their Psalms especially for chanting—yes, even for that worst of abominations, antiphonal chanting. So the Psalms have to go through the excruciating process of versifying.

“The result is a doggerel, compared with which Sternhold and Hopkins, Brady and Tate, were charming. Besides these there are a certain number of ‘paraphrases,’ which the *Scotsman* divides into three classes, ‘ranting, namby-pamby, and milk-and-watery.’

“We scarcely know to what class the following verse belongs, though it was considered particularly good by the ‘demonstration’ at which a number of these non-human hymns were sung :—

“‘O tongue to fraud inclin’d,
What portion shalt thou find—
What shall be done to thee?
Sharp arrows of the great,
With coals of burning heat,
Of juniper that be.’

Mark the rhyme, ‘great,’ ‘heat.’ Funny people the Free-Kirkers!”—*Eastern Morning News*.

As the schoolboy said, there is no accounting for gusts (gustibus) of taste and feeling. A solemn stanza to one man is ridiculous to another. Take the following impressive instance :—

“This is the day which was the night
When wicked men they did conspire,
To blow up the Houses of Par-li-a-ment
With gunpowdire.”

On the other hand we believe that Dryden himself greatly eulogized certain ancient attempts at rhythmical composition :—

“On cherubs and on cherubins
 Full royally He rode.
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.”

To the taste of many presumptuous moderns these uncouth, angular efforts will not appear particularly gratifying.

Here is a poem by an outspoken Philistine.

The Rev. Sydney Smith, in his clever ridicule of mean, compromising toleration, proposed that a missionary bishop, in order to suit the cannibal tastes, should always have ready “a cold clergyman on the sideboard.” A destructive poet went a step further and said:—

“If I were a Cassowary
 On the plains of Timbuctoo,
 I’d eat the missionary,
 His gown and hymn-book too.”

While wishing long life to an earnest apostle of good, and having no objection to his collegiate vestment, we should willingly surrender to the natives or quadrupeds the literary part of the meal. In fact, a society of rhythmical bibliophagists would be very useful just now, considering the great glut in the serio-comic poetical market.

Our episcopal leaders are apparently not quite content with our “sacred” poetry.

At a large meeting Bishop Fraser said:—

“My Lord Russell, who has an aptitude for coming out with letters at very opportune times—(laughter)—has a substitute for religious instruction. He thinks it would be sufficient if we opened our schools with reading a passage in the Bible, and with singing a hymn.

“I have no doubt my Lord Russell is familiar with that celebrated saying of Fletcher of Saltoun, that if he could only have the making of a people’s ballads he would let all the parliaments in the world have the making of their

laws, and so, when one remembers how much sometimes the most acquired polemical theology can be concentrated in a hymn, I suspect, if you really wanted to give theology in the strongest possible form, you could not do it better than by teaching the children some decidedly theological hymn; and therefore I am perfectly surprised that a nobleman with such an experience, and who is in favour of what he calls religious liberty, could have wished to have theology insinuated in this very insidious, but at the same time very potent form in the shape of a hymn—(laughter)—and I want to know what pattern it is we are going to follow in this new system of education.”

If the new and active bishop could persuade convocation to settle the hymn-book question, he would confer a lasting benefit upon our national Church. For myself, with many others, I care but little for the best of sacred rhymes. It is merely clothing theology in a courtly or theatrical suit, and religion does not seem to look well in spangles. The noble Saxon prose is worth a hundred “blue, ethereal ske-ies.” Still, I would not close the door against our weaker brethren; but I would say distinctly, that not a line should be given out, as the rubric directs, which had not the complete and deliberate sanction of competent authorities.

It is strange that our Church provides so many bars and bolts against error, and yet leaves open the metrical door of variety and heretical teaching. The greatest doctrinal fraud can be quietly introduced in a rhyme, which would in a sermon lead to severe and well-deserved punishment. It is little known that Wesley anticipated the Pope as an infallibilist, yet so it was. He believed in human perfection, and our Church does not; yet this and fifty other “isms” can be cloaked in a hymn-book.

Much of our history is written from old ballads and rhymes. Now, in five hundred years, if “Cumming” events do not cast their shadows *behind*, our Church nursery rhymers will puzzle future historians. Take Keble as one

of the best. In the first edition of his poetry we read of the bread and wine "in the heart, not in the hand;" in a later edition, we have "in the heart and in the hand!" Here is something like caprice or rebellion, and it provides a fatal instance of "development." You may refine it away, and talk of toleration in little things, but you must stop somewhere; we owe much of our dissension and scandal to crafty church ballad makers, who insinuate their own views instead of those which are found in our articles. In fact, you cannot really speak of a "little" treason, and it is useless to say—"Pardon the intruder, and he will not offend again." Little wrongs make giant progenitors. Let us close the door of poetical heresy before the strong man becomes stronger, and deprives us of truth, reason, and liberty.

The talented Sir G. A. Macfarren published in 1868 a number of excellent observations on hymn-tunes:—

"I desire to make a few remarks upon the vicious system of allying religious hymns to tunes already married to secular words, that lawlessness in art which demoralizes the sacred poem while it exalts not the character of the laical music.

"Firstly: the doubtful merit of originating this too popular practice belongs not to Rowland Hill of the Tabernacle; belongs not to Martin Madan of the Lock Chapel; belongs not to Thomas Sternhold of Henry the VIII.'s privy chamber; nor belongs to his French prototype, Clement Marot, of Henry the II.'s licentious court.

"Richard de Ledrede, Bishop of Ossory, in the fourteenth century, wrote Latin hymns to popular song tunes; the Monks of Reading, in the reign of Henry III., sang a Latin hymn to the six men's song of the people, 'Sumer is icumen in;' and Thomas Archbishop of York, in the time of William the Conqueror, made it a rule to adapt Latin devotional words to every minstrel's tune in current esteem.

"A practice that was bad when it was new, lost none

of its evil in growing old, but became worse and worse, when, in later times, the subjects proper to the tunes were of a more secular, since more personal, nature than formerly; and men who had not the doubtful talent to originate this mischief, should have exercised the certain prudence of profiting by experience in its avoidance.

“The tune of ‘Miss Ann Catley’s Hornpipe,’ so called because that favourite of the public was wont to dance to it, was originally sung by the same versatile performer in Kane O’Hara’s dramatic piece ‘The Golden Pippin,’ as a song named ‘The Guardian Angel;’ this name gave it sufficient odour of sanctity for Madan, the popular preacher of the Lock Chapel, to include it in his collection of hymn-tunes, where it first figured under the less pious and far less significant title of ‘Helmsley.’ [Prodigious!]

“Again, the tune called ‘Rousseau’s Dream,’ which is a dance in a comic opera, that the great revolutionary philosopher claimed, if he did not compose—that of ‘Pilgrims of the Night,’ which is an unmitigated French dance tune—these tunes, and many others of the same stamp and of like extraction, though they are of the worst possible class of tunes which bad taste could choose, induce not the worst effect of this system of profane adaptation to sacred use.

“Like ‘Abridge,’ and ‘Darwell,’ and ‘Truro,’ and very far too many others of the original hymnical fabrications of cobblers, tinkers, Dissenting ministers, and, alas, even beneficed clergymen of the last century, these adapted tunes are not generally known in connection with any other time, or place, or sentiment, than the hour, the house, and feeling of worship; and thus, however coarse the appetite they gratify, they lead not the thoughts of the singer or the hearer out of the church, into secular situations and secular circumstances.

“The direct contrary is the case with the numerous misappropriations from vocal and instrumental works that are universally familiar, and that have therefore the effect

from which those others are free, the effect of reproducing in the sanctuary all the thoughts with which they are elsewhere associated; and this is the worst effect of Sternhold's system in the sixteenth century, and Hill's revival in the nineteenth.

"So, when one hears in church the Prayer from *Masaniello*, one sees, in the mind's eye, the scene of the Spanish viceroy's nuptials, with the dumb fisher-girl of Naples witnessing the rites, and discovering in the perjured bridegroom her betrayer, and when one hears the Andante from the grand scene of Agatha, in *Der Freischütz*, one pictures the anxiety of the ranger's daughter for the success of her lover in the trial shot, whereon her life's happiness depends; so again, when the passage from *Elijah* wherein the prophet prays for the rain, is misapplied to another sense and transplanted into the Church service, the hearer cannot but imagine the situation in the oratorio, with the boy watching the growth of the coming cloud, which swells from the size of a man's hand until it bursts in a refreshing flood upon the parched land; and so, yet further; no one can divest the theme of the variations from Beethoven's Sonata in A Flat of the social surroundings with which it is familiar to him—the fireside, the friends around it, the gentle eyes that reflect the tender sentiment of the music, or even the boarding-school lesson at which the difficulties of the piece as much perplexed the pupil as irritated the teacher—when one hears this lovely melody distorted into a hymn-tune.

"If music be anything other than a meaningless emission of sounds, if music be anything more than a regulated succession of noises, then is the power of suggestion one of its highest and one of its most irresistible qualities. This power of suggestion works more or less forcibly upon more or less sensitive, more or less poetical minds; but, while perhaps only the richest imagination is susceptible of a full impression from a great work of art, the meanest perception is always awake to memory's promptings, and

experiences most keenly from a strain of music the suggestion of the circumstances under which it has before been heard.

“Here have been quoted at random some pieces in common Church use, and we have noted some of their suggestions to many of those who have heard them in the situations for which they were designed. Instances, quite as glaring as the above, or more so, might unhappily be multiplied; and might in some sort be defended, were the names of the good musicians who have prostituted their ability upon such perversions any defence for the mischief they have aided.

“The excess of an evil takes not from its deformity, and even the countenance of respected practitioners gives not respectability to an abominable practice. If there ever was truth as to art and its influences, this certainly is one; the principle of Thomas Sternhold and Rowland Hill is, without exception and without qualification, wrong; they may put sacred words into one’s mouth, but they cannot shut the secular thoughts, appropriate to the music to which those words are misfitted, from his heart; and, in fact, in a far worse sense than the divine intended when he spoke of the diabolical proprietorship of extra-ecclesiastical melodies, the Devil will have such pretty tunes to himself, though he go into Church to fetch them, and receive them with the benefit of clergy.”—*Musical Times*.

These words are worthy of the subject and the author.

CHAPTER LV.

A Novel Combination—Fastidious Inventors—The Fiddle-Piano—A Yorkshire Devotee—A Trio for Two—An Interesting Visit—Delicate Details—Cost of Inventiveness—Another Curiosity—Revolving Musical Glasses—Marvellous Tones—Publicity Desirable—Effect in Large Buildings.

It is interesting to discover a new form of musical instrument, although it may be composed of materials which, separately, are well known to the world. The spirit of invention is, however, so exacting in its nature, that many ideas are long hidden from the public; the delay often causing them to be regarded as “copies” of a more recent undertaking. The fact is, an original constructor, who has devoted many years to his subject, sees so much more before him in the shape of desirable adjuncts, that he postpones year after year his final presentation, while a less complete specimen has in the meantime satisfied the minds of outsiders.

These remarks apply in a great measure to a peculiar musical instrument which I was privileged to hear fully thirty years ago at Cleckheaton, in Yorkshire. The members of our string quartet party were invited by Mr. Mann, the indefatigable inventor of the instrument in question, to hear the effect of his novel combination. Although several forms of the “fiddle-piano” have been publicly exhibited, those which I had previously seen were played upon by ordinary looking bows moving to and fro, and thus causing a disagreeable, scratchy kind of

pause at the end of each mechanical stroke. Mr. Mann ingeniously avoided this difficulty, as will soon be seen.

Probably not many persons have heard a Beethoven Trio fairly played by two performers on a pianoforte and "strings." It was our good fortune to witness such an attempt, and considering the difficulties which had to be surmounted, the result was in many respects undoubtedly remarkable.

An account of the event may be deemed interesting, as these ingenious devices often slumber on for years, until they are brought to light by accident, or the solicitations of friends. An inventor too often sacrifices a life for an "idea," and in course of time a naturally sociable man becomes as it were a plague-smitten hermit, lost to everything but his all-devouring "mania."

In the drawing-room at Cleckheaton we saw an instrument like a grand pianoforte, but covered in all round to the floor with wood, so as to form a very large sounding-board. Inside were placed horizontal catgut strings, as in a grand piano, and over these an endless coil of horsehairs ran on pulleys, thus forming a perpetual bow. As a proof of the immense care and patience displayed, I may mention that each horsehair was separately joined by means of the finest silken thread, in order to prevent the slightest jar upon the ear. A certain lady in the house performed this peculiar and laborious duty. When you pressed down a key, piano-like, the required string was slightly raised, so as to touch the ever-running bow, which was worked by a pedal, like the front bellows pedal of a chamber organ.

The compass extended from the double bass to those of a violin, and the effect was very different to the tones of a hurdy-gurdy mechanical sound which I had heard from common bows in previous machines. Here everything was scientifically done. The raising of the string did not sharpen the tone, and there were compensating springs to allow for changes of temperature. You could press the

key and string lightly or heavily, and increase the intensity by running the bow more rapidly.

Also, the finger could produce a tremolo effect, as on the violin; thus, instead of a mere machine, it became capable of great variety and expression, as there was a left-foot pedal to open a number of swell shutters, similar to those of an organ. The double bass notes were "round" and excellent; those representing 'cello and tenor parts were also good; and if the upper violin notes sounded somewhat thinner than the tones of a good violin, they were still sufficiently remarkable to deserve our applause.

After partaking of a pleasant repast, we visitors played a quartet on our accustomed instruments, and then retired to the dining-room in order to hear, at a distance, our host and his fair companion play their singular "trio." The violin and 'cello parts were copied in two staves, for right and left hands. The string player waggishly imitated the usual trial of fifths, and these having been found to be nicely tuned to the pianoforte temperament, off they started. The effect was really very good—far beyond that attained in average amateur chamber music, as every note was well in tune.

The high notes were not of course equal to those of a great violinist, but no doubt they could be improved. As each well-known subject was heard we smiled with deep interest, and at the close we rewarded the inventor-player and his partner with a good hearty cheer.

I found that this fiddle-piano, as I may call it, had occupied the attention of the family for two or three generations, and fearful were the calculations of time and money expended; but what inventor cares for these things? The mania must run its course.

Our friend jocularly named his "loss" as amounting to twenty thousand pounds, his relative having saved that sum more than himself!

I said, "Why not bring it out; what would be the cost of each instrument?"

"About seventy or eighty pounds, but" (mark this, ye impatient, practical people) "I could spend ten more years over it!"

"What do you want now? It sounds very well."

"I want the pizzicato."

(Whether this has been done I know not.) Thus it is with musical alchemists. The inventor "never *is*, but always *to be* blest." We afterwards heard still more remarkable and totally different sounds floating about this "haunted" house.

In a third room was a very singular instrument. A number of goblet-shaped glasses were perpetually revolving inside a large, upright pianoforte case. When the keys were pressed down by one's fingers, corresponding pads or buffers came in contact with the glasses, and produced a powerful, mellow, and thrilling sound, such as I had never heard before. The effect of similar tones would be very surprising in a large building like the Crystal Palace.

There was but one difficulty which a novice had to encounter. As the buffer did not immediately create a full and mature sound, it was requisite to *anticipate* each note for an instant, in order to secure a continuous melody. When once this art was acquired, the sweet, crescendo effect was particularly pleasing. Unlike the soft, fleeting sounds derived from musical glasses, the tones produced by this novel arrangement were full, rich, and exceedingly penetrating.

In this case, again, I never heard that this "revolutionary" contrivance had been fully completed, so patient and fastidious are thoughtful and creative minds. I can, however, safely assert that such marvellous and ærial harmonies would be greatly appreciated by popular audiences.

During all the years which have elapsed since this memorable visit, several instruments have been presented to the public, having a similar object in view; one I have heard of where the strings were not touched by a bow or friction plate, but instead of this a silken thread attached to each string formed a connecting link, and, it was said, produced an agreeable effect. Possibly many improvements have been made; but considering the large, resonant sound board, and the many ingenious details contained in what I believe to be the original fiddle-piano, I think we are in duty bound to render all honour to the unfaltering courage and perseverance of such devoted experimentalists.

CHAPTER LVI.

Old Cambridge Customs—Ancient Mess Tables—The “Fen-Bell”—May-pole in the Strand—Anecdote of Dickens—Mugby Junction—Beethoven as a Conductor—Spohr’s Account of Him—Golf in Pall Mall—Football in Covent Garden—The Temple Organ—Lord Palmerston—Poetical Industry—Wordsworth and Tennyson—Laborious Authors—Indians at the Temple—Old Theatre Royal—Macready Conquered.

IN accordance with a custom which I trust is not displeasing to my readers, the concluding pages of this volume will be occupied by miscellaneous paragraphs of a somewhat gossiping character.

We sometimes obtain our information by circuitous paths. The following statement will be “news” to many Cambridge men. Unfortunately our scribe has not produced his “authority” :—

“A stranger who was once dining at Cambridge, in company with various University dignitaries, relates that after the long and stately meal was over, and the cloth removed, a waiting-man brought in a large roll of linen, about half a yard wide, placed it on the table, and unrolled a very little of it, after which a great silver bowl was set in the middle of the board. The bowl was empty, and the whole ceremony passed unheeded by the company.

“The stranger guest had the curiosity to inquire of his neighbour the meaning of the observance. He, however, confessed his ignorance, and the question went round the table till it came to a person of antiquarian tastes, who said that the custom dated back to the days when gentle-

folk ate with their fingers and used no napkins ; that then the bowl of water was passed to each guest that he might dip his fingers in it, drying them afterwards upon the linen which was unrolled the length of the table as a common napkin.

“ While still at table, or soon after the company left it, the visitor heard the sounding of a bell, and, on asking for what purpose it rang, he met with the same difficulty in getting an answer. Again the antiquarian came to the rescue, with the information that it was the ‘ Fen-Bell,’ rung at the same hour every evening, in accordance with the will of a person dead ages before, who once, belated on his homeward way, lost himself in the mist among the fens, and only found his road at last by help of a bell, which indicated to him the direction of the town ; in gratitude for which circumstance he ordained that a bell should ring at fixed hours of the evening, for all time to come, to guide the wanderer upon the marsh.”

I believe that “ change-ringing ” was first planned and practised at St. Botolph’s Church, Cambridge.

The May-pole in the Strand was a hundred and thirty-four feet in height, and was raised by seamen commanded by the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral, as landsmen were supposed to be at that time incompetent for the task. The May-pole was removed in 1717, and was presented to Sir Isaac Newton ; it was erected at Wanstead Park, in Essex, where it was employed for raising a telescope. The church of St. Mary was built on the May-pole site. Pope alludes to the change in the “ Dunciad : ”—

“ Amid that area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o’erlooked the Strand ;
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain),
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane ! ”

Who has not heard of the celebrated “ Mugby Junction,” immortalized by that profound and acute observer,

Charles Dickens, of eternal memory? We are almost selfish enough not to regret many of his peculiar mishaps when his temporary martyrdom happened to form a picturesque background for a striking and enduring picture. In a pleasant mixture of gossip and information Mr. G. Dolby relates :—

“After returning to London, and giving another successful reading in St. James’s Hall, the party were once more on their journeyings *en route* for Manchester and Liverpool, at which latter place Mr. Dickens was announced to give two readings, and at the former one. A slight accident detained the train at Rugby. When the train was fairly off again Mr. Dickens proceeded to explain to his friends the experience he had gained, and which led to the origin of ‘The Boy at Mugby.’

“Entering the refreshment-room, he and Mr. Wills had each asked for a cup of coffee, which was supplied to them. While Wills was feeling in his pocket for some small change wherewith to pay, Mr. Dickens reached across the counter for the sugar and milk, when both articles were suddenly snatched away from him and placed beneath the counter, while his ears were greeted with the remark, made in shrill and shrewish tones, ‘You shan’t have any milk and sugar till you two fellows have paid for your coffee.’

“This speech was delivered by the woman whom he had pointed out to me as ‘Our Missi,’ and it gave infinite amusement to a page in buttons, who, with that demoniacal spirit which seems to seize some boys at the idea of somebody else ‘catching it,’ was so overjoyed that he burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The discomfited travellers left their coffee on the counter after an apology for making so free with the sugar basin.

“But it was an evil day for that ‘buttons,’ for he figured as ‘The Boy at Mugby’ in the next Christmas number of *All the Year Round*, a number which, produced

in the same year, 1866, under the title of 'Mugby Junction,' and incorporating the stories of 'Barbox Brothers' and 'Barbox Brothers and Co.,' attained a circulation in the first week of publication of over 250,000 copies."

If the great Beethoven was a Teuton in gravity, and regarded most of his works as partaking of a religious character, he combined with that feeling of solemnity much of the warmth observable in more southern and excitable temperaments.

"Spohr, when at Vienna in 1813 for the first time, saw him conduct at a concert, and records that the great master's oddities astonished him very much. 'Beethoven,' he says, 'had accustomed himself to indicate the marks of expression by all kinds of peculiar movements. Whenever a *sforzando* occurred he would vehemently open both arms, which before had been crossed on his chest. For a *piano* he would bend down, and the softer it was the lower he would stoop; for a *crescendo* he would draw himself up more and more, till at the arrival of the forte he gave a leap into the air; he would frequently scream out to increase the forte without being aware of so doing.'

"When Spohr was laughing over this strange behaviour with Seyfried, one of the conductors of the Theater an der Wein, Seyfried told him about a funny incident that happened at a concert given by Beethoven in 1808. Beethoven was playing a new pianoforte concerto of his own, but at the beginning of the first *tutti*, forgetting that he was the soloist, he jumped up and began to conduct in his usual style. At the first *sforzando* he flung out his arms so violently as to extinguish both the lights on the piano desk. The audience laughed, and he was so put out by the disturbance that he made the orchestra leave off and go back to the beginning.

"Seyfried was afraid that the mishap would again occur when the same passage was repeated, so he sent two

choir boys to stand by Beethoven and hold the candles. One of them unsuspectingly drew near to look over the piano part, and when the fatal *sforzando* arrived he received such a slap in the face from the composer's right hand that he dropped his light in terror. The other youngster, more cautious than his companion, had been anxiously following Beethoven's every movement, and by suddenly stooping he escaped the blow. The audience now laughed more than ever, and the first *allegro* of the concerto was quite lost.

"When Spohr first met Beethoven the deafness of the great master was rapidly gaining ground—*piano* passages were then inaudible to him. At a later date his conducting grew still more comical, for he sometimes lost the place, and his motions were quite at variance with the music. In the midst of a few quiet bars he would spring into the air to indicate a fortissimo that no one either wished or expected, and it was impossible not to laugh, however much sympathy with the afflicted composer might make one inclined to grieve.

"Beethoven's last appearance as a conductor was at a performance of *Fidelio* in 1822, but to his great mortification he had to lay down the bâton. He stood in the orchestra when his Choral Symphony was played for the first time in 1824, and had to be turned round to see the applause which his music had called forth."

A little earlier sympathy might have modified the great composer's peculiarities and soothed his personal sufferings.

During the last century the game of *Palle-malle* was played in London, and hence the title of Pall Mall. The pastime was something like that of Golf, and was introduced by James I., who desired his son, Prince Henry, to practise it. The words are derived from "*Palla*," a ball, and "*Maglia*" a mallet.

During the last century the space occupied by Covent Garden was used for football matches, and we learn from the poet Gay:—

“Where Covent Garden’s famous temple stands,
That boasts the work of Jones’ immortal hands,
Columns with plain magnificence appear,
And graceful porches lead along the square;
Here oft my course I bend, when, lo! from far
I spy the furies of the *football war*;
The ’prentice quits his shop to join the crew;
Increasing crowds the flying game pursue.
O! whither shall I run? The throng draws nigh:
The ball now skims the street, now soars on high;
The dexterous glazier strong returns the bound,
And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.”

In our own time we have read of fierce combats which were occasionally designated “football fights.” If the zeal manifested in the game could be more generally tempered by discretion and forbearance, this bracing exercise would be still more attractive and beneficial than it is sometimes found to be.

“The Temple organ, by Father Smith, is famous for the long competition it underwent with one by Harris. Both instruments were erected in the church. Blow and Purcell were employed to perform on that of Smith; Battista Draghi, organist to Queen Catherine, on that of Harris. Immense crowds came to listen, but though the contest lasted a year, they could arrive at no decision. Finally, it was left to Judge Jefferies, of the Inner Temple, who was a great musician, and who chose that of Smith.”

The above remarks are taken from an entertaining work entitled “Walks in London,” by A. J. C. Hare.

Most Englishmen will confess to having entertained

feelings of great respect for the cheery Lord Palmerston. Here is a quaint allusion to the ever-buoyant statesman, who would have chuckled at the "wilful" misunderstanding with all his accustomed heartiness and good-humour:

"Young composers often succeed in producing startling effects through using false quantities in their rhythms, and this fault is always difficult to correct. Mispunctuation in writing is somewhat analogous to false accent in music, and the following curious instance of mispunctuation may help them to a better understanding of the subject:—

"'Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large, but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing.'"

Among many bold virtues possessed by the noble lord, we appreciate his avoidance of too many "haves," "have hads," "had had," and the "double past" tense in his writings. In fact, he generally stood firmly on his feet when English honour was concerned, and his "menacing brow," as opposed to aggressive foreigners, was not often disregarded by them.

[A few weeks after the above lines were written a discussion arose in the *Times* on the "have had" question, and I was glad to see that the general opinion was in favour of condensation.]

We have often had occasion to note the care and labour bestowed on productions which, at first sight, appeared to be the result of spontaneous inspiration. Whether the following incident be correctly reported or not, the general rule will still hold good that a great work is almost invariably the outcome of great thought and deliberation, although in many cases the "author" may be in a great measure unconscious of his previous cogitations.

A short newspaper cutting will illustrate the principle as suggested above:—

"One of Tennyson's friends quoted one of Tennyson's

lines in the poet's presence, as a happy instance of the natural expression of a spontaneous thought, whereupon the poet said, 'I smoked a dozen cigars over that line.'"

"David Livingstone said—'Those who have never carried a book through the press can form no idea of the amount of toil it involves. The process has increased my respect for authors a thousandfold. I think I would rather cross the African Continent again than undertake to write another book.' 'For the statistics of the negro population of South America alone,' says Robert Dale Owen, 'I examined more than a hundred and fifty volumes.'

"It is said of one of Longfellow's poems that it was written in four weeks, but that he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down. Bulwer declared that he had rewritten some of his briefer productions as many as eight or nine times before their publication.

"One of Tennyson's pieces was rewritten fifty times. John Owen was twenty years on his 'Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews;' Gibbon, on his 'Decline and Fall,' twenty years; Adam Clark, on his 'Commentary,' twenty-six years. Carlyle spent fifteen years on his 'Frederick the Great.'

"A great deal of time is consumed in reading before some books are prepared. George Eliot read 1,000 books before she wrote 'Daniel Deronda,' and Alison read 2,000 books before he completed his history."

In Mrs. Houston's very agreeable "Memories" we find another example, supplied by the poetry of contemplative Wordsworth. One of his visitors was dilating on the ease and spontaneity of a small and graceful poem. The illusion vanished when it was discovered that so anxious was Wordsworth to employ a great variety of words, and polish to the utmost his lighter compositions, that his custom was to have a dictionary by his side in order to consult it, and thus prompted to call every possible expression which could embellish his ideas.

A few years ago I extracted an amusing paragraph from the *Musical Standard*. The concluding hit at some of our secular sacred novelties is worthy of notice by those who desire sobriety and "decency" in our musical services.

"According to a weekly paper, a Temple story has been in circulation during the last few days, which is too good to be lost. A number of young Indians are pursuing the study of the law within that venerable enclosure. Dr. Vaughan courteously invited them to spend an evening at his house. The hour fixed arrived, but nobody came. When some time had been spent in waiting, the doctor's lady rang for the maid (a fresh one), whose duty it was to open the hall door. She entered with an air and aspect which gave token that more than the heat of the weather had been exciting her. 'Have the gentlemen arrived?' 'No, please, mum, no gentlemen; but a lot of himpertinent Christian Minstrels has been a ringing of the bell, which I have been putting away, mum.'

"The taste of the maid was superior to that of some musical clergymen. She, at any rate, was determined not to have 'nigger' music sung in the Temple."

The old Theatre Royal in Fountain Street was admirably adapted for the comfort and satisfaction of an audience. There was a spacious pit, not extending under the boxes, but enclosed and sloping upwards almost to the dress circle, so that everyone could see over the lower seats with ease, undisturbed by shuffling, standing, or promenading pittites. These important points are too often forgotten.

There were no intrusive and incongruous "stalls" to mar the symmetry of the house, and rob both pit and boxes of their most useful and ornamental supporters.

Then S. Butler, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Horsman, Munyard, and Davidge were really unsurpassed in their various characters. Miss Woolgar as Audrey and Miss E. Mon-

tagne (Mrs. Compton) were greatly admired in many favourite parts.

Later on we saw for many weeks G. V. Brooke, Barry Sullivan, Wallack, Cathcart, Swinburn, Amy Sedgwick, Miss Angell, and a host of others, too numerous to note down, most of whom extended their fame either in London or America.

For the number and variety of our greatest dramas, the old Theatre Royal would have compared favourably with any other at home or abroad. Shakespeare was foremost in the bills, and his glorious works were continually before the public.

I never saw a finer Lady Macbeth than Mrs. Weston's, and I have witnessed a "few" grand performances. She positively overawed the domineering Macready, in spite of his grasping, selfish "business" of the stage. She was no "Juliet," acting the amiably dreadful for an hour or two, but the "mother of *male* children" only, the murderess of any man except her "father," and the unflinching master of her weaker lord.

I saw that Macready was astounded at her splendid effort, and I mentioned it to one of the proprietors. "Oh, yes," he said, "you are quite right; Macready could not withstand her tragic outbursts, and he admitted it. Next morning he sent a 'wonderfully' polite note to her, enclosing five pounds!"

Few could produce a similar testimonial.

Let us hope that we may once more see in Manchester a competent and permanent company, and thus again emulate the undoubted triumphs of "the olden time."

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